

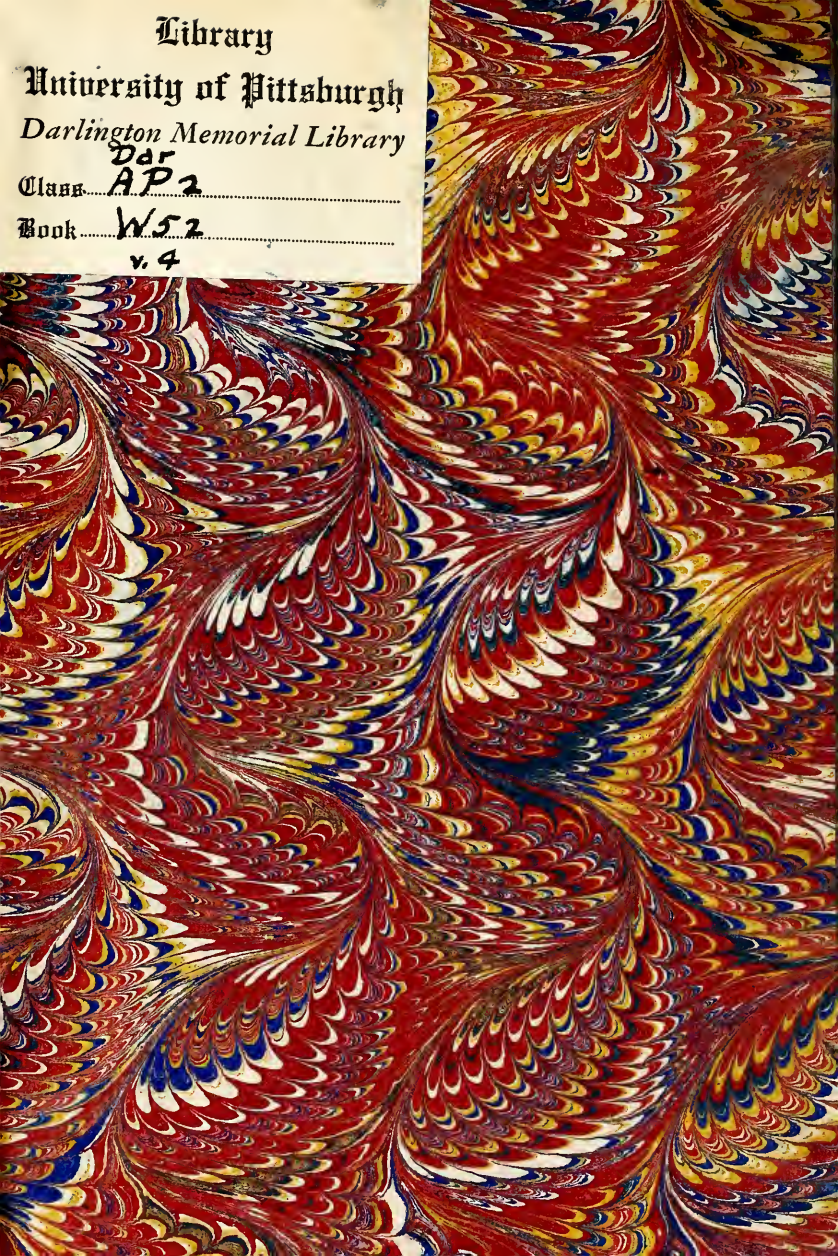


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THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1835.

ADVANTAGE OF LITERATURE TO THE POLITICIAN.

BY CHARLES BRANDON.

POLITE literature is so general and liberal in its character, that the least proficiency in it entitles a man to some consideration and regard. The writings and the precepts of great men are full of instruction that lie in darkness to those upon whom the light of literature does not shine. The authors of antiquity have left us many noble examples not only to behold but to imitate, and by keeping which constantly before their eyes, other statesmen have formed both their minds and their conduct. I admit that there have been many men of excellent virtue and admirable parts, who, without any learning, and by the mere force of genius, have done honor to themselves and service to the state. But when to the gifts of nature are added the acquirements of art, then I know nothing more illustrious and distinguished. If we are insensible to the advantages of such studies, and look only to their delight, we cannot but think the employment of the mind the most agreeable and liberal of pursuits. Although we have been unable ourselves to taste the refined pleasures of literature, we cannot but admire and envy the enjoyment of them by others. What, more than these, dissipate care and relieve anxiety? What expands the mind and ennobles the soul, more than this inward fountain of profit and delight? Who has a keener relish for the beauties of nature and of art, who

is more alive to generous impulses and noble actions; who is better prepared to be the ornament of the forum and the delight of the social circle; who can be more serviceable to his friends and to his country; whose breast is freer from vice, or more redolent with virtue, than his who overflows with the spirit of antiquity, who breathes the same air with Tully, and who is separated by time, and not by principles, from the master spirits of Greece and Rome? *Haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernocrant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

It cannot be denied, that from its nature, our government brings into active requisition all the latent talent which its bosom contains. The avenues to fame and usefulness are so broad and so open, that no one can justly complain of monopoly and exclusion. Perhaps greater encouragement is given, and greater applause bestowed upon political than literary eminence. But is not this right? Should not those who live for the present age, be rewarded by the present age? and those who live for posterity, receive their pay from posterity? In every country, government is the first care of the people. The machine of government must be framed, and its wheels put in motion, before matters of lesser importance can receive due attention. Hence the inaccuracy of our legislation, and the haste with which inexperienced youths are hurried into public affairs and public offices. Congress is the great market where most men bring their talents and their eloquence for sale. Congress is the sacred temple which stands on the top of the hill of fame, and on either side of the eminence, behind and before, to the right hand and to the left, are seen immense numbers of persons of every rank and grade; few at the top, many in the middle, and more at the bottom; some scarcely able to hold fast to the rocks and the bushes, and others tumbling headlong backwards to the plain; some looking up with hope, and others looking down with fear; some advancing with caution, and others pressing forward with eagerness, and all of them presenting a scene of confusion and of contrast—of extinguished reason and of excited passions, of black suspicion and green-eyed jealousy, of aspiring confidence and crumbling hopes, which it is really disgusting to behold, and utterly unsafe to engage in.

I shall endeavor to show, however, that this tendency of our government, apparently accompanied with the most injurious consequences, may yet contribute to the advancement of literature and science. Learning has often been brought into contempt by the pedantry of its professors. In many

persons it seems to be something extraneous, which disfigures all their thoughts and clogs all the motions of their minds. It encumbers and weighs down their intellect, instead of giving it force and elasticity, and what was intended to assist, actually impedes their progress in sound and useful knowledge. On others, however, learning sits with better grace. There are some who do not feel awkward in the classic robes which are flung in ample folds around them. Their knowledge is so incorporated with their own minds, that it is impossible to distinguish their acquired from their natural abilities. If we will examine the causes which have secured present power and future fame to the statesmen and public men of modern times, I think we shall find that a familiar acquaintance with literature and science has not been among the least. It enlarges the mind of the orator, and gives him a wider range of thought. It opens to him a broader field for illustration. It enables him to infuse more easily his opinions into the minds of others, and to form more liberal and enlightened maxims for the government of his own conduct. No two men have impressed their own characters upon the constitution and government of this country, more than Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson. And we are assured that their early acquirements in literature, the resources which it furnished, and the wide field it opened for analogy and illustration, gave them early distinction among their contemporaries, and prepared them to act in a becoming manner, the great part which they were destined to perform on the stage of the revolution.

In all popular governments, and in none more than in ours, eloquence is the most efficient instrument to secure power to the individual and favor with the people. Few, perhaps, are disposed to go as far as Cicero, in declaring that the orator should be thoroughly acquainted with every art and every science, because few, in maintaining the opinion like Tully, would be so fortunate as to describe themselves. It is true, that eloquence cannot be brought from afar—and that learning may toil after it, and yet seldom reach it. But if, as the great masters of antiquity teach us, it arises and flows from a knowledge of all those things, which to know singly requires great labor and employs numbers of individuals, surely he who makes advances in learning, is laying in the materials of eloquence, which a fervid genius and glowing imagination will always hold at command. Does not the cultivation of the memory enable the orator to recollect his ideas and avoid confusion in presenting his views? Does not history impart political wisdom, and supply him with an inexhaustible store

of facts for analogy and comparison? Does not philosophy strengthen and expand his understanding? Does not poetry stock his fancy with copious images and beautiful allusions? Do not the mathematics improve and render accurate the reasoning powers? In fine, is not a tax laid upon every branch of human knowledge, and the vast revenues thus collected from every quarter, deposited at last in the grand exchequer of eloquence? What science was unknown; what language unstudied; what art uncultivated, and even what country unvisited, by Cicero, before he appeared in the forum and on the rostrum? Was not my lord Bolingbroke, an idle, profligate, and uneducated man, until political distinction roused his ambition and inspired him with a thirst for knowledge? What man was ever more accurate and universal in his reading, or derived more immediate profit and eminence from his learning, than my lord Carteret? Where in the whole course of English history, will you find a profounder scholar than Mr. Burke, or a better educated man than Mr. Pitt? If the sciences are of a friendly and social disposition; if an acquaintance with one throws light upon the intricacies of another, then are no two branches of knowledge of such mutual assistance, or which flourish better in the neighborhood of each other, than politics and general literature. If then eloquence is the most certain path to political distinction; if literature is the sister, or I would rather say, servant of eloquence, we need not fear that learning will be neglected by the ambitious in this land of popular government. What class of persons so eager for fame, or so quick in finding out the way to distinction, as political men? Who understand their interests better or pursue them more constantly and more vigorously, when once understood. They will not rely upon artifice and public favor, when intrigue is contemptible, and popularity uncertain. They will not possess a real, or feign a pretended indifference to letters, when letters command the respect, if they do not obtain the suffrages of the people. Like the skilful architect, who has a splendid edifice to rear, they will erect it upon solid foundations, and support it with massive and well proportioned columns.

Most statesmen are ambitious to distinguish themselves by their writings as well as their actions. Having secured temporary applause, they struggle to attain lasting distinction, and to make their names as familiar to posterity as they have been to their own generation. Having passed through the various offices of the republic, they retire to the shades of private life, and the same luminary, which has sometimes shone with refulgent heat, and sometimes been covered by

envious clouds, at last descends towards the occident with a steady and unbroken pace, and with all the mildness and continuing benignity of a summer's day. Tully withdrew from the bustle of office; but from the groves of Tusculum he sent forth dissertations, that delighted the world as much as the orations which he had thundered in the forum. Burke retired from the turmoil of business, but the philosopher at Beaconsfield rivalled the orator in the house of commons. Even Mr. Fox, whose whole soul was wrapped up in politics, and who seems to have been formed by nature exclusively for public speaking, promised to the world as a historian, what he had already fulfilled as a debater. Few statesmen have been so ignorant of the influence of the pen as not to seize and to wield it, and this indeed may safely be affirmed, that they have in modern times at least been as learned as authors by profession. Poetry has been cultivated by the favored few; fiction as been pursued by men of imagination; but the solid and substantive parts of literature have in all ages been greatly indebted to the labors of statesmen and of orators. That which has occurred in past times, will occur at the present and in the future; that which has taken place in other countries, will surely take place in ours.

There is no one whose success in the pursuit of fame depends so much upon the opinions or rather caprices of men, as the politician. The slightest combination of circumstances; the least change in the state of parties; indeed, the influence of a single name, or the effect of a single calumny, may not only deprive him of his power, but wither his prospects, and perhaps blast his reputation forever. He is exposed to the attacks of open enemies and treacherous friends, and there is no passion so vile, and no prejudice so vulgar, that may not be artfully used against him. Many will not acknowledge the talents which they secretly admire, and detract from actions which in their hearts they approve. At one time elevated, and at another depressed; now the idol and now the execration of the people, he sails upon waters that are easily troubled; and is tossed about, the sport of every wind and at the mercy of every wave—in storms which the imprudence of friends and the malice of enemies have combined to create. So truly may it be said of him,

*Incedis per ignes
Suppositas cineri doloso.*

But even when the dreams of hope have been realized, and the whispers of fancy verified, there should be some solace to dispel the gloom of the evening of life. When the course of honors has ceased with the flow of age; when the hatred of

enemies and the kindness of friends suffer a retirement from public affairs, it should be remembered that this retirement is granted, not as an indulgence to sloth and inactivity, or as an apology for the gratification of the passions, but as an incentive to farther usefulness, by giving to the mind new vigor, and fitting it for new efforts. He whose chief happiness is the indulgence of the appetites, and to whom the excitements of the world are as necessary as the air which he breathes, will find old age a season of uneasiness, and his happiness destroyed by passions which he has not the means or the power to gratify. He will find that men will observe his present habits, rather than be blinded by his past distinction; that he is left unmarked in the obscurity of the crowd, and that what he does, whether good or ill, soon gives way to new objects of regard. Those only whose ease is dignified by study, and whose advanced years are adorned by philosophy, can reasonably expect that men will extend to them in old age, the honors which they have enjoyed in the prime of their lives, or that numbers will be engaged in studying their lives, in courting their favor, in extolling their actions, and in listening to the dictates of wisdom as they flow from their lips. He who has provided internal sources of meditation, and whose happiness depends upon himself and not upon others, so far from finding age an insupportable burthen, will rejoice to have changed the hot passions of active life, for the mild enjoyments and literary pursuits of a philosophic retreat. He will not be forward to proffer his services, where they will be sure to meet with a repulse. Having lived a president, he will not be ambitious to die a constable. It was thus that Bacon delighted that world which had already disgraced him, and that Raleigh turned his prison into a study. Such were the feelings and such the sentiments that dignified the retreat of Turgot, and brightened the declining days of Franklin. *Cogitanti mihi saepe numero et memoria vetera repetenti, perbeati fuisse illi videri solent qui in optima republica, cum et honoribus et rerum gestarum gloria florerent, cum vitae cursum tenere potuerunt, ut vel in negotio sine periculo vel in otio cum dignitate esse possent.*

BOLINGBROKE ON EXILE.*

AMONG the many advantages to be reaped from a study of the lives of eminent men, none is so great or so useful, as the

* In this essay it is the aim of the author to be as *unphilosophical* as possible.

lessons of practical wisdom and the maxims of private deportment, with which it usually fills the reflecting mind. What knowledge can be of greater service than an acquaintance with the arts by which men have risen to power and fame; with the motives of their conduct, and the grounds of their principles; with the good they have done, and the evil they have committed; indeed, with what they have left us to imitate, and what to avoid. And as great events differ rather in the occasion which produced, than the causes which bring them about; as the springs of human action, and the sources of human distinction, vary in appearances rather than reality; as the moral sense of mankind is nearly the same in one age that it is in another, and what is estimable to-day, is likely to be so to-morrow, I know no safer path for the young men of this republic, either to follow or to eschew, than the footsteps of those who have advanced or retarded, the great cause of public liberty and social improvement.

It is well known, that on the downfall of the Oxford ministry, lord Bolingbroke was attainted of high treason, and was obliged, or rather chose, to fly to save his head. The recent opposition, headed by Sir Robert Walpole, thirsted for the blood of those who had so long stood in their way to power, and in the former days of England, there was but one step from the cabinet to the scaffold. I will not enter into the merits of the accusation which the new ministers, flushed with victory, brought against their predecessors in office; nor follow lord Bolingbroke (at least for the present) in the various schemes which he formed, while in exile, for his own restoration, and the re-establishment of his party. It is only necessary to state, that during his retirement into France, he of course sought for all those consolations which philosophy affords. It is natural for a great mind in adversity to try to soften, and if possible to conceal its afflictions, and when shut out from the pursuits of ambition, to amuse itself with the pleasures of study. Pride will not allow us to own that the world has made us miserable, and that which others conceive to be evil, we try to persuade ourselves is good. Lord Bolingbroke was little disposed to acknowledge that anything his enemies might do against him, could give him the least uneasiness, and therefore he published, shortly after his return from banishment, his '*Reflections on Exile*,' a little treatise, written very much after the style of Seneca, but at the same time ingenious if not original, and eloquent if not profound.

I must, however, in opposition to his lordship, contend that there is in the bosom of man, an attachment to the place of his birth, antecedent and superior to reason. It may be

encouraged by education and fostered by prejudice; but still it is a part of our nature, and like all other parts of our nature, may be blunted, but can seldom be destroyed. Suppose that a child is taken from its mother as soon as it is born, and is never allowed to see her until he has grown to maturity, why does that child, though now a man, feel joy and attachment to its parents, the very instant it knows them? It has never received any good from those who brought it into the world, and of course no sense of gratitude or feeling of selfishness can give rise to his affection. It is nothing but that sentiment, which, as it is implanted by the Deity, is common to all men, and is almost as intense as it is universal. These remarks apply with equal force to the love of country. It is not because we have received benefits, or are under any obligations to our country, that we feel an attachment to it. For men frequently love their country, although they have been oppressed by its laws and impoverished by its rulers; and there are few who do not prefer the land of their birth to that of their choice, although one may be despotic, and the other free. I cannot therefore but agree with the poet, from whom his lordship quotes a passage, not however without a sneer,

‘Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.’

Again, there is a difference, which his lordship either does not perceive, or will not acknowledge, between the man who leaves his country from choice, and him who is compelled to do so from exile. It is true that in large cities like London or Paris, you will see numbers from every part of the world, some in search of wealth, and others of fame; some in the pursuit of pleasure, and others in the employments of business. It may be true, also, that there is no nation so barbarous, and no clime so inhospitable, where men do not settle and appear to be contented. But *compulsion* makes the great difference between him who goes of his own accord, and him who is obliged to do so on account of banishment. There are many evils which we can endure, and many hardships which we can bear, if they are brought upon us by our own misconduct and misfortune, but which are intolerable when inflicted by the whim or oppression of others. There is something so insufferable in restraint, that we could not enjoy pleasure, if we were forced to pursue it. So restless is the spirit of locomotion, that with our present nature, we could not be happy even in paradise, if we were compelled to remain within fixed limits, and yet had a curiosity, or rather a burning desire, to pass beyond them. There are few men that do not feel themselves honored when sent as ministers to foreign

courts, and yet we know it is a very common punishment with kings, to send subjects whom they dislike, apparently on a foreign embassy, but really into splendid exile. It is not the mere change of place, but the *manner* and the *circumstances* under which that change takes place, that grieve us; the one abstractly may be pleasant; the other too irksome to be borne.

His lordship, in holding that change of place is a matter of no moment, only proves that we can be reconciled to it. Examine the causes which have, since the creation of the world, produced the countless migrations from one country to another that we read of in history, and you will find that by far the larger number arose from necessity, than from choice. Sometimes driven out by force, and sometimes by the over population of a country; often for the sake of conquest and of gain, men have from time to time been induced to change their abode. An Englishman may spend the larger part of his life in the Indies, with the hope of making a fortune, and of returning and enjoying it at home. But would he ever have consented to reside in Calcutta, if he could have met with equal success in London? Change of place then is an evil, but like all other evils, can be borne by a philosophic mind, and even compensated by a greater good. Banishment does not, of itself, change the nature or destroy the virtue of a man; but he could have preserved both his nature and his virtue, and have been as happy with both at home as abroad. Banishment does not, of itself, deprive him of the pleasure of looking at the sun, the stars, and the moon, but he could have admired these wonders of nature in his own, as well as in a foreign land. So that all other things being equal, change of place makes a great difference in the feelings and situation of a man.

It is quite easy to pick out from the annals of past ages many illustrious examples of men who have borne exile with fortitude and honor. It is quite as easy also to point out numbers who have met death itself with heroic firmness. But we must not judge of a general rule by the exceptions which may be brought against it. For to pass by thousands, it is necessary to speak only of Tully. This is so glaring an instance of the misery of exile, that his lordship could not pass it by without notice. I will not dwell upon the lamentable weakness of Cicero in banishment, but will merely ask if lord Bolingbroke himself found exile that trifling evil, which with so much eloquence and philosophy, he pronounces it to be? I will not say that his lordship was miserable while away; but he certainly cast many a lingering look back to his native

England; formed many a scheme to restore himself and his party to their former power, and returned many a sincere thank to king George, when his gracious majesty gave him permission to return. I am not so mean-spirited as to think that exile is too grievous to be borne by a man of virtue and philosophy; but at the same time I cannot go so far as his lordship, in ascribing to virtue every thing that may spring from pride, and in trying to lessen that dread which a citizen ought to feel for any punishment of the state, however unjustly that punishment may sometimes be inflicted.

There is in every man some one passion that prevails over the rest, and gives a tincture to the character. The Stoics indeed contended that a victory over one passion, was a victory over all, but I think the truer doctrine is, there must be a conquest over all, before there is a conquest over any. While, therefore, a man has any passion in his bosom, which he has not the means to gratify, he cannot be happy in exile. Thus vanity was the cardinal vice of Cicero, and he could not therefore allow his brother to see him deprived of the ensigns of authority. Indeed, lord Bolingbroke says this himself, and assures us that we must root up, not merely one, but every passion, before we can derive any consolation from exile. This may be philosophy; but of what avail are the most ingenious arguments, if brought against human nature. Change our nature and you change our desires, and *then* I may admit that what all men now consider as a great evil, may prove a rich fountain of happiness.

But let us descend to particulars. What if a man, some one may say, does lose his estate by exile? The wants of nature are but few, and easily supplied. There is scarcely any man that is not able to get enough for animal subsistence; there are many who not only live, but live contented, with poverty; indeed, the greatest men have prepared their homely repasts with the same hand that led armies and conducted nations to empire. This is all true; but habits are formed by practice, and not by reason or reflection. Our uneasiness under misfortune does not consist so much in the misery of our present condition, as in reminiscences of our past felicity. The man who has been reared in poverty and want, draws no melancholy contrast between his former and present situation. The scorn and contempt of men do not follow him in his obscurity, and although he might desire to fare better in the world, yet he is enabled to bear what he has so long been accustomed to. He meets with no ingratitude from those whom he has cherished; nor is his friendship returned with indifference and neglect. It is true, that men in seeking for

happiness, often pursue misery, and when satiated with the gratifications of wealth, will sigh for the contentedness of poverty. But this is nothing more than that disposition so natural to men, of running from one extreme to another. Exiles do not grieve because they do not feed on tables as rich, or sleep on couches so soft, as they have been accustomed to. It is the past, and not the present, which affects; it is the mind, and not the body, that is affected.

But the loss of estate is nothing to be compared with the loss of friends. Man is a social being, and, as many philosophers assure us, cannot and dare not live alone. His most happy hours are spent with those to whom he is attached, and with whom he can sympathize. A virtuous friendship is the offspring of a virtuous heart, and its pleasures are among the most refined enjoyments of life. Without doubt, if all those who profess to be our friends, but who really are not so, were stricken off from the catalogue, the number left would be small indeed. But still there is scarcely any man, so high or so low, that has not some one closely allied to him by the ties of friendship; whose company he may indeed master philosophy enough to dispense with for a time, and even forever, but whose absence cannot fail to be a constant source of regret.

Aristotle, with whom Bolingbroke seems to agree, placed the *summum bonum*, in the joint pleasure of mind, body and fortune. Whether this doctrine, or those of the stoics and epicureans, be correct, it is foreign to our province to inquire. But supposing it to be so, if exile deprives us of the pleasures of fortune, and many of those of the mind and body, it evidently takes away from that height of happiness which the philosophers hold up to us as the great object of our lives, and which mankind so eagerly and so universally pursue. Besides, it disables us from doing the same degree of good which we formerly had it in our power to effect, and forces us to live for ourselves, instead of fitting us to live for others. There are men who affect to be above the opinion of the world, and who, wrapping themselves up in pride or philosophy, feign an indifference to the praise or censure of mankind. I know that a man of virtue and moral courage will not deviate from his course, or have a lower opinion of himself, because he is falsely accused and unjustly condemned. But is there any man of good sense that would rather be hated and despised than loved or respected? Is there any one who does not regret, if he is not chagrined at the senseless clamor and shameless ingratitude of men? Is there any one who, while a citizen, was bold to defend his country,

is not sorry that he is unable to save it, now that he is an exile?

I suppose that lord Bolingbroke meant to say, not that exile was to be sought after, but that it was to be borne by a wise and virtuous man. Certainly! Every one must regard with contempt, the man who is wretched in adversity because he was giddy in prosperity, and who is not able to tear himself from past enjoyments, or reconcile himself to his present condition. Misfortunes do indeed fall heaviest upon those who are the least prepared for them; but still they are misfortunes to whomsoever they happen. Many fine sayings are recorded by different writers of great men going into exile. But in the first place it is very doubtful whether they were ever said; and in the second place, if said, whether they came from the heart. The prevailing passion attends us to the grave, and of course accompanies us into exile, and a great statesman or philosopher would scarcely let slip such a fine opportunity of displaying his indifference to the reverses of fortune and the concerns of men.

In what I have said, I have taken for granted that exile was unmerited; if however it is just, and if to the crime is added the punishment, no situation can be more deplorable than that of the banished man. The scorn and contempt of his countrymen, whom he has injured or deceived, follow him in his retirement. He has little consolation in looking at the past, and little encouragement to look forward to the future. He has no opportunity to soothe resentment or soften anger, by intercourse and communication with his friends and fellow-citizens. He has not the smiles of an approving conscience, nor can he appeal from human tribunals, to that higher one, which is reserved alike for judges and for criminals. He meets with no respect from those among whom he is obliged to live, because they are aware of his character and crime, and see with their own eyes the condign punishment which justice has inflicted upon him; and thus despised in one country, and neglected in another, he steals unnoticed or rather marked with infamy, through a long, because disgraceful life. And although it is looked upon as a want of philosophy, to think any evil sufficient to depress a man of spirit, yet he soon finds how much influence the opinions of the world and the approval of his own conscience have upon his happiness: for, as sir James Mackintosh, and many others both before and after him have said, there is no condition so high or so low—no innocence so spotless or depravity so consummate, that can place a man above the praise or censure of his fellow-men. It is a wise provision of Providence thus to have implanted this sen-

timent, this noble and not abject sentiment, in the human heart. It does not destroy independence, and is one of the main safeguards of virtue. And whatever a false philosophy may teach us, however much pride may steel our bosoms against impressions from without, and with whatever injustice the world may sometimes pronounce its fickle decisions, there never was a truly noble spirit that did not feel regret, though not perhaps chagrin, at the loss of the good opinions of mankind.

As the various diseases to which flesh is heir to, affect different parts of the body, and are more dangerous and fatal when they come in a troop, than when they come singly; so events that affect the mind of man, are more serious in their character, and more dreadful in their consequences, when they rush upon us in torrents, than when they fall in gentle and almost unperceived showers. An ambitious man may lose his estate; but he does not feel the loss, because by nature and by education, he has a contempt for riches. A selfish man may lose his friends; but this is no evil to him; for his heart has ever been sealed to the noble sentiments of a virtuous friendship. And thus, as there are different passions in the breasts of different men, each man is affected and grieved only as his own particular passions are thwarted and deprived of the means of gratification. And as all the evils of which we have spoken individually, fall collectively and together upon the banished man, it is a perversion of terms to call exile and happiness the same, or even allies. Follow the great men of history in their forced retirement from the land of their birth. How many have engaged, sometimes in honorable, too frequently in base designs, to restore themselves and their families to their native land. How many have plunged into all the projects which the most boundless ambition and the most merciless avarice could suggest—an avarice and an ambition which, as they have been unable to gratify in one country, they resolve to glut in another. How small is the number of those who practise that specious philosophy, which it is so easy to admire, and not more difficult to dwell upon.

Having said thus much of the arguments, it may not be out of place to make a few remarks on the style of the 'Reflections on Exile.' It ranks among the first of lord Bolingbroke's writings, and on this account, and not merely because it is from the pen of that distinguished author, it may be admitted into the select and exclusive circle of the English classics. Although in some parts pedantic, and pedantic too in a display of learning that has no very great bearing upon the

point in view, yet it is full of that fire and eloquence which was so characteristic of his mind. He borrows indeed many fine sentences, and indeed passages, from Seneca; but still the Reflections are essentially his own, and in every page is seen that flow of bright thoughts and burning words, which render him, in so eminent a degree, the favorite of those who admire the strength and force, quite as much as the beauty of the English language. It does not belong to that class of his lordship's productions, which treat of philosophy and religion, which he wrote after his final retirement from office, and which disappointed as much as they had excited public expectation. There are but one or two sentences in the essay which hint at those sceptical sentiments which lord Bolingbroke is well known to have entertained, but which he did not support with ability, equal to the bold confidence with which he advanced them. His was not a mind to advance the landmarks of science. He did not reflect that all knowledge, and especially science, is progressive; but with the spirit of one who has a respect for his own abilities, equalled only by the contempt which he has for those of all his predecessors, he boldly entered the fields of philosophy, and expected to accomplish in a day, what thousands had failed to effect in the course of centuries. But science did not move at the touch of his wand, nor religion extend by the power of his pen. Men were surprised to find themselves disappointed in what they had so long and so fondly expected, and were stunned to see such splendid parts which the Creator designed for better purposes, so strenuously exerted against the cause of morality and piety. And although it is very difficult to pronounce a correct opinion about a man, so differently regarded, both on account of his politics and his religion, yet we may safely say, that he deserves to be ranked among the brilliant, rather than the useful; the great, rather than the good. And we may justly apply to him in earnest, what Goldsmith sang of Burke in jest:

‘He gave up to party what was meant for mankind.’

EXCERPTS—No. II.

‘Nihil dictum, quod non dictum prius.’—*Ter.*

‘There is nothing new under the sun.’—*Solomon.*

IN my first number, I proposed an attack on the vice of money-making, wealth accumulating—and made some observations upon that topic. I shall follow it up by giving the opinions of

others on this subject, and comparing things as they are, by things as they have been; draw, if I can, the consideration of abler heads, and cooperation of stronger pens than mine, to the rescue of our manners, customs, and modes of thinking and acting.

‘*Riches*, by constantly flowing into a city, produce *inequality* of ranks, introduce show, expensive living, luxury, and sensuality: they become an idol to which all men bow the knee: and being *worshipped* as the passport to *power* and to pleasure, they corrupt the heart, eradicate virtue, and foster vice; avarice and meanness unite with vanity; dissimulation and cunning with splendor.’—Kames, vol. ii, 37.

‘*Luxury*, a never failing concomitant of wealth, is a slow poison that debilitates men, the *fashionable* properties of sensuality, avarice, cunning, and dissimulation, engross the mind. In a word, man, by constant prosperity, degenerates into a mean, impotent, selfish animal.’—Kames, vol. ii, 116.

In the time of *Pyrrhus*, he attempted to corrupt the Roman senators, but made not the slightest impression on them. Rome had not then been *fertilized* by the bounteous stream of Asiatic luxury, which produced such an universal corruption of manners, and so metamorphosed the warlike fancies of that people, as to draw from *Jugurtha* the exclamation—‘Pity it is, that there should not be a man so opulent, as to purchase a people so willing to be sold.’

Cicero mentions an oracle of Apollo, ‘that Sparta would never be destroyed, but by avarice,’ and then adds, ‘that the prediction will hold good in every nation, as well as Sparta.’ Rome and Sparta were republics—so are we.

Demosthenes, the orator, and professed champion of Athenian independence, was not proof against Alexander’s bribes. The downfall of the Portuguese was no less rapid than their exaltation—and the passage to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, gave them unbounded power and immense wealth, and with them, Pandora’s gifts of indolence, effeminacy and sensuality; making them an easy prey to the Dutch, who again in their turn, lost their energy in proportion to the increased appetite for riches; until now they never think of their country, unless as subservient to their private interest.

It grieves me to find that the desire for wealth is making such rapid strides in this country. Profligacy of private manners, and corruption in government, will be in this country, as in all others, the consequences of great opulence. How little attachment is now discoverable in the body of our people, to our excellent constitution. What value is set upon the opinions of our ancestors and those who framed it, (scarce

fifty years old!) No attachments but to private interests and selfish gratifications. When party distinctions of federalist and democrat subsisted, the people were divided; but they acted from principle—principle was at the bottom of the distinction—whether the tendency of the respective administrations of the government, by these parties, tended to consolidation or not. The rule of action was new; men might honestly differ, as to the manner in which it would work. None wished to violate the sacred instrument—all were willing to spill their blood for its defence. Experience taught that both parties were right, and both wrong, and for several years the country advanced under the amalgamation of the better views of either party. But now—I speak that which must be the sound opinion of the intelligent and moral part of the community—now the abolition of those party names, and with them their causes; and the substitution of other points of division of opinion; those based on personal considerations, having in view only personal aggrandizement; open the door wide to let in the flood of corruption, which opulence, wealth, and the subsidizing all within the reach of promise and performance, will generate and swell. For the moment, party springs from the hotbed of personal preference—money, in all its modes of appliance, is its aliment and support. The fruit of that stock is public corruption and popular debasement.

Of the Romans it may be said, that their history has two periods—that of the republic, and that of the monarchy. During a considerable part of the first period, they were distinguished by their genius, magnanimity, and national spirit, and made suitable attainments in what are the ordinary objects of pursuit—wealth and dominion. In the second period, they continued for some time to profit by the advantages which had been formerly gained; and while they walked in the track of the commonwealth, or practised the arts, and retained the lessons which former ages had taught, still kept their possessions. But after the springs of political life, which had been wound up in the republic, no longer continued to act; when the management of the state became the concern of a single person, who was thereunto advanced by corruption and bribery, and individual wealth and general luxury enervated the community; the national character declined, and the power of a great empire became unable to preserve what a small republic had acquired. So says, in part, the accomplished Ferguson.

At the period of the gothic invasion, the state of manners, luxury, and effeminacy of the Roman people, is well described

by Americanus Marcellinus, a condensed account of whose ample description, may be found in Gibbon, in his 31st chapter. I will give one or two parallels: 'The greatness of Rome was founded on the rare and almost incredible alliance of *virtue* and of *fortune*. Her infancy was employed in a laborious struggle against the tribes of Italy. In her youth and manhood, she carried her arms beyond the seas and mountains, and laurels were brought from every country of the globe. Verging towards old age, the *venerable city* devolved upon the Cæsars the care of her patrimony.' 'Her native splendor was degraded and sullied by her nobles, with unbounded license of vice and folly; the acquisition of knowledge seldom engaged their curiosity; they abhorred the fatigue of study—but the harmony of vocal and instrumental music was repeated in the palaces of Rome. Yet even these unmanly delicacies yielded to the more imperious passion of *avarice*.' 'The prospect of gain would urge a gouty senator to Spoleto; and a wealthy childless citizen was the most powerful (as the most courted) of the Romans.' 'Sometimes these heroes undertake some arduous adventures. On a hot day they sometimes have courage to sail in their painted galleys, from the Lucrine lake to their superb villas on the sea coast of Puteoli, (some twelve or fifteen miles) and compare their expeditions to the marches of Cæsar or Alexander. Yet should a fly presume to settle on the silken folds of their gilded umbrellas, or should a sunbeam penetrate through some unguarded and imperceptible chink, they deplore their hardships, and lament, in affected language, that they were not born in the land of Cimmerian darkness and eternal night.'

What, says Sallust, who by-the-by practised many of the vices which he reprobates, (he may find *nobilis fraterum* in this day) speaking of these same Romans, who at our schools and colleges are crammed down our throats will he-nill-he, (but whose examples of warning we heed not) 'Ease and riches, the grand object of the pursuit of others, depressed and revived those, who, without regret, had undergone toils and hardships, distresses and dangers. First a love of money possessed their minds; then a passion for power; *avarice* rooted out faith, probity, and every worthy principle; and in their stead, substituted insolence, inhumanity, and a mercenary spirit. These corruptions at first grew by degrees, at last, the infection spreading like a plague, the state was entirely changed, and the government, from being the most righteous and equitable, became cruel and insupportable.' 'The *vice* of avarice, as if impregnated with deadly poison, enervates both soul and body; is always boundless and insatiable; nor are its

cravings lessened by plenty or want.' When Tiberius was emperor, in the 775th year of the city, the prodigality of the times had risen to the highest pitch. The senate felt bound to interfere, and they referred the sumptuary laws to the emperor, (who at that time was very frugal in his manners) and to show what was the state of things, I give an extract from his message to the senate: 'If a REFORM is intended, (*that cabalistic word, reform*) in truth, *where* must it begin, and how am I to restore the simplicity of former times? Must I abridge your villas, those vast domains, where tracts of land are laid out for ornament? Must I retrench the number of slaves, so great at present, that every family seems a nation in itself? What shall be said of massy heaps of gold and silver? Of statues wrought in brass—of pictures highly finished? How shall we *reform* the taste for dress, which according to the *fashion*, is so exquisitely nice, that the sexes are scarce distinguished? How are we to deal with the articles of female vanity, that rage for jewels and precious trinkets, which drains the empire of its wealth, and sends our money to the very enemies of Rome?' What says Demosthenes of the state of Athens, before an assembly convened to consider of the most eligible methods to provide for the public exigencies, in which he speaks of Athens, uncorrupted, illustrious, and fortunate; and the same state degenerated and disgraced. 'To Themistocles, who commanded in the sea fight at Salamis; to Miltiades, the general at Marathon, our ancestors erected no brazen statues. These men were never deemed so superior to their fellow-citizens. The Athenians of those days never gave up *their* share in the honor of any noble action. Now you resign to Timotheus, Iphicrates, or Chabrias, all your share in the actions at Encyra and Naxos, and heap extravagant honors on your generals. To Menon, the Pharsalian, who with cavalry and bravery, in the war at Eion, assisted against the Lacedæmonians, and in earlier times, to Perdiccas, who fell on the barbarians in their retreat from the slaughter of Platæa, and completed the ruin of the king, our ancestors never voted the freedom of the city, persuaded that the honor of being a citizen of Athens, was too exalted, too illustrious, to be purchased by any services. But *now*, my countrymen, it is exposed to common sale: the most abandoned of mankind, the *slaves of slaves*, are admitted to pay down the price, and at once obtain it.' (They had, as we learn from a note to this oration, conferred the freedom of their city on two men, whose only pretence to merit was, 'that their father had been famous for improving the art of cookery!!' I have never learnt whether *Ude* obtained the freedom of Paris.)

Again the severity of the orator breaks out: 'Five and forty years did our ancestors *govern Greece*, with general consent; more than two thousand talents did they collect into our treasury—many and noble monuments did they erect, of victories by land and sea. The edifices they have left to us, their decorations of our city, of our temples, of our harbors, of all our public structures, are so numerous and magnificent, that their successors can make no addition. Yet were the *private habitations* of the men of *eminence* so moderate, so consonant to that equality, the characteristic of our constitution, that if any of you knows the house of Themistocles, Cimon, Aristides, Miltiades, or any of the then illustrious personages, he knows, that it is not distinguished by the least mark of grandeur. But *now*, ye men of Athens, as to public works, the state is satisfied, if the roads be repaired, if water be supplied, if walls be whitened, if any trifle be provided! And in private life, of those who have conducted our public affairs, some have built houses superior to the public edifices, others have purchased and improved an extent of land greater than all their dreams of riches ever presented to their fancies. Individuals are the masters of all advantages, the directors of all affairs; whilst the people stand in the mean rank of servants and assistants; fully satisfied, if these men vouchsafe to grant them some small share of their abundance.'

What says a modern Juvenal, in hitting off the vices of his nation: 'The first impression of a foreigner, on entering England, is that of the evidence of wealth—and the moral inquirer is struck with the *respect* in which wealth is held: money, with us, is the mightiest of deities. The fable which is related in one of the beautiful visions of *Quevedo*, illustrates the social system of England: "The *world*, the *flesh*, and the *devil*, are all formidable personages; but *lucre* is a match for them all. The friend of money hath the better end of the staff."

I might enlarge, for sheets, in quoting the opinions of others, ancient and modern, upon this important topic. But enough has been set forth, to establish the verity of the proposition; and it is for us to make the application, and turn to the remedy. It is a remark that was made philosophically of this country, before the war of 1812, that from the year 1794, up to that time, it had been a period of increased wealth and commerce, and decreased honor. The meaning simply was, that in the thirst for wealth, the enlargement of commerce, the monopoly of trade, (for we had become the carriers of almost all the commercial world) we had submitted to imposition. England impressed our men and searched our ships; France confiscated

our property, and *denationalized* our flag. We grumbled, *but made money*—and when finally, by paper blockades, and decrees dictated from Italy and Prussia, that ‘*spes accrescendi*’ was cut off, we concluded our national honor required satisfaction. We declared war—fought well—gained reputation—created a debt—and remained ‘*in statu quo, ante bellum,*’ as to all the matters for which we did fight. But the war had a good effect on the country. The capital of the country was thrown into new channels, and our extensive manufactures, which render us independent of our former suppliers at home, and their competitors abroad, date thence their origin. The migration to, and settlement of the western states, is principally to be attributed to the derangement of commercial enterprise, and the sterility of the eastern states. It is true, we have natural advantages for navigation over any country in Europe, in our situation, the character of our coasts, our variety of timber for building ships, and products with which to load them, and we must essentially and always be a maritime power, and hence a very natural predisposition to the appetite of *money making*, but this may and ought to be curbed by education and legislation, so as to protect the country from violent and ruinous reverses. More of this hereafter.

DEMOCRITUS.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

NOTES on the settlement and Indian wars, of the western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania. From the year 1763 until the year 1793, inclusive. Together with a view of the state of society and manners of the first settlers of the western country. By the Rev. Dr. Jos. Doddridge. Wellsburgh, Va. 1824.

IN noticing the history of the early settlers of our valley, for the purpose of obtaining a correct idea of their manners and modes of thinking, it is necessary to keep in view, not only the dates of the respective settlements, but the parent sources of the emigration. The population of the shores of the Ohio, was commenced at several places, by distinct classes of individuals, whose descendants still bear the impress of the originals from which they sprung.

In the spring of the year 1763, a destructive and general war was commenced by the Indians inhabiting the country west of the mountains, upon the settlements of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina. These hostilities, which were carried on with more vigor and unity of design, than had

been usually displayed on the part of the savages, were attributed by the English historians, to the influence of the French jesuits; but may be more properly considered as having grown out of the treaty of peace, concluded at Paris in February, 1763, between England, France, Spain, and Portugal. By that treaty, Canada was ceded to Great Britain, a measure offensive to the Indians, not only because they preferred the French to the British, but because the latter nation claimed the western country, while the former were content, as the Indians understood, with Canada, and Louisiana proper. They saw, therefore, with great alarm and jealousy, the occupation of Canada by the British, already in possession of the shores of the Atlantic, and were easily led to the conclusion, that a neighbor so powerful and ambitious, would soon grasp at the broad regions watered by the Ohio. A danger so urgent united the western tribes in a league against the common enemy, and a war was commenced along the whole line of frontier, extending southward from the lakes, the object of which was, to drive back the tide of emigration, which was beginning to set towards the Allegheny mountains. The onset was suddenly, and almost irresistible. The forts at Presque isle, St. Joseph, and Macinac, were taken, and those of Bedford, Ligonier, Niagara, Detroit, and Pitt, preserved with great difficulty.

This war was ended, by a peace made by Sir William Johnson, in 1764, at the German Flats; and during the ten years immediately following, the people from the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the most northern counties of Virginia, moved in considerable numbers to the shores of the Monongahela, and to that region which is now called western Virginia. Their strong places were at Redstone, now Brownsville, fort Pitt, and Wheeling. The majority of this emigration was from Pennsylvania, and was of Scotch Irish descent. They were a bold, rough people—social and convivial in their habits—illiterate and somewhat lawless—but imbued with a strong hereditary veneration for learning and religion.

Kentucky began to be settled in 1775. The first settlements there were in the interior of the present state, at Boonsborough, Harrodsburgh, Lexington, &c., and from this nucleus, the population spread towards the Ohio, and up and down the shores of that river. This band of pioneers came from Virginia and North Carolina, and differed essentially in character and origin from that above mentioned. It was more homogeneous than the population of most other new countries; and has continued to this time to receive but few accessions from any other than the parent states.

Tennessee was settled chiefly from North Carolina.

At a period a little later, Judge Symmes came from New Jersey, followed by a few persons from that state, and, if we mistake not, a large number from Pennsylvania. General Putnam led a party of New Englanders to Marietta; and the people of Connecticut began to settle the 'Reserve,' which bears the name of their state. The pioneers already established on the southern shore of the Ohio, and experienced in Indian warfare, assisted the newer settlers in the northwestern territory, in all their wars, and augmented their numbers by emigration.

The American population of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Missouri, is of still more recent origin, and has been received from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, as well as from the Atlantic states.

These historical facts should be kept in mind by those who are curious in their researches in reference to the springs of national character. The strong peculiarities, and prominent points of *western* character, are most properly sought among those who came first, who have lived longest under the influences of a new country, and who have been least affected by the subsequent influx of emigrants from the sea-board; they are found best developed in western Pennsylvania, western Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee—and in the more western settlements which have been formed chiefly from these states; they are least observable where the population is most mixed, and are scarcely perceptible in our large commercial towns and cities.

The book before us, is the production of a reverend gentleman, who was reared in the wilderness, and was intimately acquainted with the whole subject on which he writes. His father came to western Virginia in 1773, during the deceptive calm which preceded the rupture of 1774, usually called Dunmore's war. Brought up in the wilderness, the inmate of a cabin, Dr. Doddridge spent his whole life in the midst of those dangers and vicissitudes which make up the life of the borderer, and has detailed a variety of minute circumstances, which render his book exceedingly valuable.

The author adverts, in an introductory chapter, to the feelings with which, at the age of fifty, he looks back upon a life, passed wholly amid the scenes of the wilderness, and embracing changes so rapid and so wonderful, as almost to exceed belief. His earliest recollections are of the log cabin, the fort, the boundless wilderness, and perils of the chase. His infant slumbers were disturbed by the yell of the Indian, and the scene of his sports was a forest in which danger lay ambushed under so many shapes, that even the child grew

cunning in eluding, and self-possessed in meeting it. The exploits of the chace and of the border warfare formed the familiar gossip of the fireside. Then followed the rapid expansion of the settlements, and the introduction of civil institutions—the ingress of inhabitants, the establishment of counties, the building up of villages, the erection of court-houses and places of worship, until at last, extensive farms, valuable manufactories, commercial marts, and richly freighted vessels, occupied the places, which in the memory of the writer, had been solitary places and scenes of carnage.

Some of these reminiscences are amusing enough, yet afford matter of serious reflection, when we recollect that the privations described were those of thousands of the gallant men to whom we are indebted for the conquest of the country.

He says, ‘some of the early settlers took the precaution to come over the mountains in the spring, leaving their families behind to raise a crop of corn, and then return and bring them out in the fall. This I should think was the better way. Others, especially those whose families were small, brought them with them in the spring. My father took the latter course. His family was but small, and he brought them all with him. The Indian meal which he brought over the mountains, was expended six weeks too soon, so that for that length of time we had to live without bread. The lean venison, and the breast of wild turkies, we were taught to call bread. The flesh of the bear was denominated meat. This artifice did not succeed very well; after living in this way for some time, we became sickly; the stomach seemed to be always empty, and tormented with a sense of hunger. I remember how narrowly the children watched the growth of the potato tops, pumpkin and squash vines, hoping from day to day to get something to answer in the place of bread. How delicious was the taste of the young potatoes when we got them! What a jubilee when we were permitted to pull the young corn for roasting ears! Still more so, when it had acquired sufficient hardness to be made into jonny cakes, by the aid of a tin grater. We then became healthy, vigorous, and contented with our situation, poor as it was.’ p. 100.

‘The furniture of the table, for several years after the settlement of this country, consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates, and spoons, but mostly of wooden bowls, trenchers, and noggins. If these last were scarce, gourds and hard shelled squashes made up the deficiency. The iron pots, knives, and forks, were brought from the east side of the mountains, along with salt and iron, on pack horses.’ p. 109.

‘I well recollect the first time I ever saw a teacup and

saucer, and tasted coffee. My mother died when I was about six or seven years of age. My father then sent me to Maryland, with a brother of my grandfather, Mr. Alexander Wells, to go to school.'

'At Col. Brown's, in the mountains, at Stony creek glades, I for the first time saw tame geese, and by bantering a pet gander, I got a severe biting by his bill, and beating by his wings. I wondered very much, that birds so large and strong should be so much tamer than the wild turkeys; at this place, however, all was right, excepting the large birds which they called geese. The cabin and furniture was such as I had been accustomed to see in the backwoods, as my country was then called.'

'At Bedford, every thing was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up, was a stone house, and to make the changes still more complete, it was plastered in the inside, both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining room, I was struck with astonishment at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world that was not built of logs; but here I looked round and could see no logs, and above I could see no joists; whether such a thing had been made by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture. I had not the courage to inquire any thing about it. When supper came on, my confusion was "worse confounded." A little cup stood in a bigger one, with some brownish looking stuff in it, which was neither milk, homminy, nor broth: what to do with these little cups, and the little spoons belonging to them, I could not tell; but I was afraid to ask any thing concerning the use of them.'

'It was in the time of the war, and the company were giving accounts of catching, whipping, and hanging tories. The word *jail* frequently occurred; this word I had never heard before; but I soon discovered, and was much terrified at its meaning, and supposed that we were in danger of the fate of the tories; for I thought as we had come from the backwoods, it was altogether likely that we must be tories too. For fear of being discovered, I durst not utter a single word. I therefore watched attentively to see what the big folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous beyond any thing I ever had tasted in my life. I continued to drink as the rest of the company did, with tears streaming from my eyes; but when it was to end, I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, as I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grown persons, I saw

one man turn his cup bottom upwards, and put his little spoon across it. I observed that after this his cup was not filled again; I followed his example, and to my great satisfaction, the result as to my cup was the same.'

There is something in this anecdote very characteristic of the backwoods boy. All who have studied the habits of the people of the frontier, or indeed of any rude people, who are continually exposed to danger, have observed the wariness of the children, their independence, and their patience under suffering. Like the young partridge that from the moment of its birth practises the arts necessary to its own safety, the child of the woods is self-dependent from early infancy. Such was the case in the scene so artlessly described by our author, where a child of six or seven years old, drank a nauseous beverage, for fear of giving offence, and instead of appealing to his relative for protection, observed and watched for himself, until he found out the means of relief by his own sagacity. An Indian boy would have done the same.

The following anecdote will be new to some of our readers: 'A neighbor of my father, some years after the settlement of the country, had collected a small drove of cattle for the Baltimore market. Amongst the hands employed to drive them, was one who had never seen any condition of society but that of the woodsmen. At one of their lodging places in the mountain, the landlord and his hired man, in the course of the night, stole two of the bells belonging to the drove, and hid them in a piece of woods.'

'The drove had not gone far in the morning before the bells were missed, and a detachment went back to recover them. The men were found reaping the field of the landlord. They were accused of the theft, but they denied the charge. The torture of sweating, according to the custom of that time, that is, of suspension by the arms, pinioned behind the backs, brought a confession. The bells were procured and hung round the necks of the thieves. In this condition they were driven on foot before the detachment until they overtook the drove, which by this time had gone nine miles. A halt was called, and a jury selected to try the culprits. They were condemned to receive a certain number of lashes on the bare back, from the hand of each drover. The man above alluded to was the owner of one of the bells; when it came to his turn to use the hickory, "now," says he to the thief, "you infernal scoundrel, I'll work your jacket nineteen to the dozen—only think what a rascally figure I should make in the streets of Baltimore, without a bell on my horse!"'

The man was in earnest; in a country where horses and

cattle are pastured in the range, bells are necessary to enable the owners to find them; to the traveler who encamps in the wilderness, they are indispensable, and the individual described had probably never been placed in a situation in which they were not requisite.

Hunting was an important part of the employment of the early settlers. For some years after their emigration, the forest supplied them with a greater part of their subsistence; some families were without bread for months at a time, and it often happened that the first meal of the day could not be prepared until the hunter returned with the spoils of the chase. Fur and peltry were the *circulating medium* of the country; the hunter had nothing else to give in exchange for rifles, salt, lead, and iron. Hunting, therefore, was the employment, rather than the sport, of the pioneers—yet it was pursued with the alacrity and sense of enjoyment which attends an exciting and favorite amusement. Dangerous and fatiguing as are its vicissitudes, those who become accustomed to the chase, generally retain through life their fondness for the rifle.

‘The class of hunters with whom I was best acquainted,’ says our author, ‘were those whose hunting ranges were on the western side of the river, and at the distance of eight or nine miles from it. As soon as the leaves were pretty well down, and the weather became rainy, accompanied with light snows, these men, after acting the part of husbandmen, so far as the state of warfare permitted them to do, began to feel that they were hunters, and became uneasy at home. Every thing about them became disagreeable. The house was too warm, the feather bed too soft, and even the good wife was not thought, for the time being, an agreeable companion. The mind of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and chase.’

‘I have often seen them get up early in the morning, at this season, walk hastily out and look anxiously to the woods, and snuff the autumnal winds with the highest rapture, then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple of buck horns, or wooden forks. The hunting dog, understanding the intentions of his master, would wag his tail, and by every blandishment in his power, express his readiness to accompany him to the woods.’ p. 124.

A hunt usually occupied several days, and often extended to weeks; the hunter living in a *camp*, hidden in some secluded place, to which he retired every night, and where he kept his store of ammunition, and other *plunder*. There were

individuals who remained for months together in the woods, and spent the greater part of their lives in these camps, which are thus described:

‘A hunting camp, or what was called a half-faced cabin, was of the following form: the back part of it was sometimes a large log; at the distance of eight or ten feet from this, two stakes were set in the ground a few inches apart, and at the distance of eight or ten feet from these, two more, to receive the ends of poles for the sides of the camp. The whole slope of the roof was from the front to the back. The covering was made of slabs, skins, or blankets, or if in the spring of the year, the bark of the hickory or ash tree. The front was left entirely open. The fire was built directly before this opening. The cracks between the poles were filled with moss. Dry leaves served for a bed. It is thus that a couple of men, in a few hours, will construct for themselves a temporary, but tolerably comfortable defence against the inclemencies of the weather.’

‘The site for the camp was selected with all the sagacity of the woodsmen, so as to have it sheltered by the surrounding hills from every wind, but more especially from those of the north and south.’ The author might have added, that these shelters were so artfully concealed, as to be seldom discovered except by accident. He continues:

‘An uncle of mine, of the name of Samuel Teter, occupied the same camp for several years in succession. It was situated on one of the southern branches of Cross creek. Although I lived many years not more than fifteen miles from the place, it was not till within a very few years ago, that I discovered its situation. It was shown me by a gentleman living in the neighborhood. Viewing the hills round about it, I soon discovered the sagacity of the hunter in the site of his camp. Not a wind could touch him; and unless by the report of his gun or the sound of his ax, it would have been mere accident if an Indian had discovered his concealment.’

‘Hunting was not a mere ramble in pursuit of game, in which there was nothing of skill and calculation; on the contrary, the hunter, before he set out in the morning, was informed by the state of the weather in what situation he might reasonably expect to meet with his game; whether on the bottoms, or on the sides or tops of the hills. In stormy weather, the deer always seek the most sheltered places, and the leeward sides of hills. In rainy weather, when there is not much wind, they keep in the open woods, on the highest ground.’

‘In every situation it was requisite for the hunter to ascertain the course of the wind, so as to get to leeward of the game.’

‘As it was requisite too for the hunter to know the cardinal points, he had only to observe the trees to ascertain them. The bark of an aged tree is thicker and much rougher on the north than on the south side. The same thing may be said of the moss.’

‘The whole business of the hunter consists in a series of stratagems. From morning till night he was on the alert to gain the wind of his game, and approach them without being discovered. If he succeeded in killing a deer, he skinned it, and hung it up out of the reach of the wolves, and immediately resumed the chace till the close of the evening, when he bent his course towards his camp; when he arrived there he kindled up his fire, and together with his fellow-hunter, cooked his supper. The supper finished, the adventures of the day furnished the tales for the evening. The spike buck, the two and three pronged buck, the doe, and barren doe, figure through their anecdotes. After hunting awhile on the same ground, the hunters became acquainted with nearly all the gangs of deer within their range, so as to know each flock when they saw them. Often some old buck, by means of his superior sagacity and watchfulness, saved his little gang from the hunter’s skill, by giving timely notice of his approach. The cunning of the hunter, and of the old buck, were staked against each other, and it frequently happened that at the conclusion of the hunting season, the old fellow was left the free uninjured tenant of his forest; but if his rival succeeded in bringing him down, the victory was followed by no small amount of boasting.’

‘Many of the hunters rested from their labors on the sabbath day; some from a motive of piety; others said that whenever they hunted on Sunday they were sure to have bad luck for the remainder of the week.’

Among other graphic sketches, the reverend historian gives the following account of a wedding in the olden times.

‘In the morning of the wedding day, the groom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father, for the purpose of reaching the mansion of his bride by noon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials; which for certain must take place before dinner.’

‘Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people, without a store, tailor, or mantuamaker, within a hundred miles, and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance. The gentlemen dressed in shoepacks, moccasins, leather breeches, leggins, and linsey hunting-shirts, all homèmade; the ladies in linsey petticoats, and linsey or linen shortgowns, coarse shoes and stockings, handkerchiefs,

and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons, or ruffles, they were the relics of old times—family pieces from parents or grandparents. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, and pack-saddles, with a bag or blanket thrown over them: a rope or string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather.’

‘The march in double file was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horsepaths, as they were called, for we had no roads; and these difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes by the ill will of neighbors, by falling trees and tying grape vines across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the way side, and an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding company with smoke. Let the reader imagine the scene which followed; the sudden spring of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the chivalric bustle of their partners to save them from falling. Sometimes, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground. If a wrist, an elbow, or an ankle, happened to be sprained, it was tied with a handkerchief, and little more said or thought about it.’

The author describes minutely the dinner, which was ‘a substantial backwoods feast of beef, pork, fowls, venison, and bear meat, roasted and boiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables,’—and the dancing, which consisted of ‘three and four-handed reels, square sets, and jigs,’ and which ‘generally lasted ’till the next morning.’

We leave out many amusing and curious descriptions, relating to the customs of this primitive people, to make room for the following remarks, which, coming from the pen of an aged and respectable christian minister, are worthy of an attentive perusal. In a chapter on ‘civilization,’ the author remarks the happy change in the moral and physical condition of the people among whom he has spent his life, points out many of the causes, and then proceeds as follows:

‘The ministry of the gospel has contributed no doubt immensely, to the happy change which has been effected in the state of our western society. At an early period of our settlements, three presbyterian clergymen, commenced their clerical labors: the Rev. Joseph Smith, the Rev. John M’Millan, and the Rev. Mr. Bowers; the two latter of whom are still living. They were pious, patient, laborious men, who collected their people into regular congregations, and did all for them that their circumstances would allow. It was no disparagement to them, that their first churches were the shady groves, and their first pulpits a kind of tent, constructed

of a few rough slabs, and covered with clapboards. He who dwelleth not, exclusively, in temples made with hands, was propitious to their devotions.'

'From the outset, they prudently resolved to create a ministry in the country, and accordingly, established little grammar schools at their own houses, or in their immediate neighborhoods. The course of education which they gave their pupils, was, indeed, not extensive; but the piety of those that entered into the ministry, more than made up the deficiency. They formed societies, most of which are now large and respectable, and in point of education, their ministry has much improved.'

This is taken from a book published in 1824, and of course was not written with any view to the questions which have subsequently been vexed—but what a severe rebuke does it convey, to those who are continually railing against the ignorance and irreligion of the west, and are inviting colonies from lands supposed to be more highly enlightened in reference to religion. The venerable pioneers of religion, did not discover any sterility in the intellect of the west, which rendered instruction less efficacious here than elsewhere, and 'they prudently resolved to *create a ministry in the country*.' Instead of inviting men from abroad, they established 'grammar schools at their own houses,' and prepared the sons of their neighbors for the pulpit and the bar. This is the true theory, and the only one under which any country can flourish.

'About the year 1792, an academy was established at Cannonsburgh, in Washington county, in the western part of Pennsylvania, which was afterwards incorporated under the name of Jefferson college.'

'The means possessed by the society for the undertaking, were indeed but small; but they not only erected a tolerable edifice for the academy, but created a fund for the education of such pious young men as were desirous of entering into the ministry, but unable to defray the expenses of their education.'

'This institution has been remarkably successful in its operations. It has produced a large number of good scholars in all the literary professions, and added immensely to the science of the country.'

'Next to this, Washington college, situated in the county town, of the county of that name, has been the means of diffusing much of the light of science through the western country.'

'Too much praise cannot be bestowed on these good men, who opened these fruitful sources of instruction for our infant

country, at so early a period of its settlement. They have immensely improved the departments of theology, law, medicine, and legislation, in the western regions.'

'At a later period, the methodist society began their labors in the western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania; their progress at first was slow, but their zeal and perseverance at length overcame every obstacle, so that they are now one of the most numerous and respectable societies in this country. The itinerant plan of their ministry is well calculated to convey the gospel throughout a thinly scattered population. Accordingly, their ministry has kept pace with the extension of our settlements. The little cabin was scarcely built, and the little field fenced in, before these evangelical teachers made their appearance among the inhabitants, collected them into societies, and taught them the worship of God.'

'Had it not been for the labors of these indefatigable men, our country, as to a great extent of its settlements, would have been, at this day, a semi-barbarous region. How many thousands, and tens of thousands, of the most ignorant and licentious of our population, have they instructed, and reclaimed from the error of their ways? They have restored to society even the most worthless, and made them valuable and respectable as citizens, and useful in all the relations of life. Their numerous and zealous ministry bids fair to carry on the good work to any extent which our settlements and population may require.'

'With the catholics I have but little acquaintance, but have every reason to believe, that in proportion to the extent of their flocks, they have done well. In this country, they have received the episcopal visitations of their bishops. In Kentucky, they have a cathedral, a college, and a bishop.'

'Their clergy, with apostolic zeal, but in an unostentatious manner, have sought out and ministered to their scattered flocks throughout the country; and as far as I know, with good success.'

'The societies of friends in the western country, are numerous, and their establishments in good order. Although not much in favor of a classical education, they are nevertheless in the habit of giving their people a substantial English education. Their habits of industry and attention to the useful arts and improvements, are highly honorable to themselves, and worthy of imitation.'

'The baptists, in the state of Kentucky, took the lead in the ministry, and with great success. Their establishments are, as I am informed, at present, numerous and respectable.'

'The German Lutheran and reformed churches, in our coun-

try, as far as I know, are doing well. The number of Lutheran congregations is said to be at least one hundred, that of the reformed it is presumed is about the same amount.'

He remarks that the Germans have the best churches, organs, and grave-yards, and adds, 'it is a fortunate circumstance, that those of our citizens, who labor under the disadvantage of speaking a foreign language, are blessed with a ministry so evangelical, as that of these very numerous and respectable societies.'

How different is the spirit of this truly pious writer, from that of the would-be patriots of the present day, who are continually whining about the influx of foreigners, but who either conceal the fact, or have not taken pains to inform themselves of its existence, that those who do not speak our language, have a ministry of their own, who modestly, but efficiently, attend to the great work of disseminating sound principles. It is refreshing to read this simple, and clear, yet impartial exposition of the labors of christians of different sects, and to know that they have respectively done their duty—refreshing to learn that a numerous and zealous ministry were industriously employed in laying the foundations of education and religion, while many of those were yet unborn, who now are most fluent in describing the ignorance, destitution, and moral depravity, of our country.

THE NIGHT BIRD.

NIGHT's curtains are falling
Around her wide dome,
And mother-birds calling,
Young wanderer's home.

The humblebee, singing,
Comes out of the rose,
And through the woods, ringing
His curfew, he goes.

No voice on the mountain,
No step in the vale;
The moon in the fountain
Looks splendidly pale.

Hush! hush! the dark river
Is lifting its waves,
On shelves where forever
The hoarse torrent raves.

Oh, no!—'tis the wild flowers
Singing for morn,
When again in fresh bowers
Each bud shall be born.

Yon grove of sweet willows,
'Tis they that complain,
As the wind their green billows
Sweeps over again.

Yet the sounds are still sweeter
Than thus can have birth;
Such sounds are far meeter
For heaven than earth.

Say, whence are these numbers?
Why waken they,—when
Even sorrow hath slumbers?
Look down in the glen.

There's a tree bending over
The roar of the stream,
Through its dark leafy cover
Shoots one little beam:

Look! look! the boughs sighing
Lay open her rest;
'Tis a bird!—is she dying?
There's blood on her breast.

Know you not the wild story?
Each night on that spray,
In musical glory
Lone wakes she the lay.

'Tis her fine fond madness
To sing thus forlorn;
And to deepen her sadness,
She leans on a thorn!

A10.

STANZAS.

THE shadows which grow on the ridge of night,
Or on islands that float in the pale star light,
Are more pleasant to me
Than the smiles that flee
From the giant of morning, proud and free.

These shadows are soft as a maiden's eyes,
Which weep for her lover when daylight dies;
But the world is gay
In the hot sun ray
And misery flieth away, away!

They are gone, the poets who once shed light
Like noon, but pleasant as pale starlight;
And I love to dream
In the shadowy beam,
Which their spirits have cast on time's dark stream.

The living are here—and the dead are gone;
But their fame is alive like a changeless dawn,
Which shall never be old,
Nor seared, nor cold,
But shine till the tale of the world be told.

A10.

THE FIRST REVOLUTION OF ANCIENT ROME.

It too often happens that private interest prevails in public councils, and what pretends to be for the good of the people, is really for the benefit of a few individuals. Patriotism is a virtue so easily and so often feigned, that persons frequently find it very convenient to mistake their love of self for love of country, and struggle hard in the cause of public liberty, because it is identified with the advancement of private views. Revolutions, especially, which usually break out from the misrule of the few, too frequently end in the tyranny of the many; and instead of trembling at the rod of the despot, a country is cursed with the lawless reign of the populace. When the minds of men are unsettled, and the work of innovation is begun, no stop can be put to the spirit of reform, or rather of anarchy, and the most virtuous persons are hurried along in the common whirlwind. Then, as if to calm the tempest, and restore the warring elements to their wonted tranquility, some mighty mind, formed for troublous times, springs into existence, and the common herd, tired or unable to manage in such trying moments, submits to it the whole direction of the storm. But while mankind have so often been made the blind instruments of their own ruin, and abject tools for the purposes of others, they have sometimes gone exactly as far as it was proper to advance, and stopped at the very place beyond which it would have been unsafe to proceed. Thus we have, if I mistake not, a noble spectacle in the revolution of 1688, when the English people rose calmly in the might of their power, and placed the king of their choice on the throne of the Stuarts. We have a no less noble spectacle when the American colonies, in imitation, at once and defiance of the mother country, after a long and bloody revolution; accomplished the very thing they desired, but hardly hoped to effect. And similar to these great events in their origin and end, but far distant in time, and unconnected in date, is the *First Revolution of Ancient Rome*.

This revolution had its origin in a love of liberty. Tarquin, it is well known, paved the way to the throne by the basest of crimes. He was neither elected by the people or confirmed by the senate, but pretending to a hereditary right to the crown (a right which had never been recognized since the building of the city) he cruelly put to death his own father-in-law, and boldly proclaimed himself king of Rome. He slew all the senators that had opposed his elevation, surrounded himself with a body guard, and having no hold on the affections of the people, determined to govern by fear, since he was unable

to do so by kindness. He never held meetings of the senate in public, but decided the concerns of the people and of individuals, according to his own will, and not according to the laws. He strengthened his power by treaties with foreign nations, and friendly alliances with foreign princes, and in every step which he took, his main object was to make the people slaves, and himself independent, or rather absolute. He did not scruple to put to death, not indeed openly, but by perfidy, citizens of other countries, and to take his enemies captive by fraud and treachery. At last the rape of Lucrece, adding private injury to public oppression, set fire to materials that for some time had been ready to burst into flames, and was the immediate occasion, but by no means the sole cause, of the downfall of Tarquin. And Brutus throwing aside the disguise of folly, which with such deep policy he had worn so long—and swearing himself, and calling upon the rest to swear, by the chaste blood of Lucretia, that they would expel the Tarquins, and never allow a king to reign in Rome, carried the dead body through the crowded streets, and roused the people to avenge their wrongs, as they thronged into the deserted forum.

The Romans plausibly did give consent,
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

Such oppressions as those which I have briefly spoken of, could not long be borne by a brave and generous people, whose chief magistrate was indeed a king, but whose constitution was comparatively free. The kings of Rome, had hitherto been kings in name, rather than authority; each one had, in some degree, and in a certain manner, been as it were a founder of the city, and if Brutus, through a fond but untimely desire of liberty, had expelled every one of them, he would have found the people, not only unprepared, but unwilling, to support him in his immature efforts. But they were now ripe for resistance and rebellion, and needed only an active and zealous leader to plunge into a republic; and they were so fortunate to have, as I shall endeavor to show, what is necessary to the success and good effects of every revolution, honest and virtuous men to conduct them in their first efforts after freedom. And from this whole matter, there is one very useful and instructive lesson to be drawn, that the people should never give up one inch of their liberties, for the sake of conciliating their rulers. For what is conferred as a favor may be construed as a precedent, and as the stealth of power from the many to the few, is silent and by degrees, the direst wrongs and most baneful tyranny, may be the result of a slight and imprudent concession. Thus the people, in return

for some favor which they had received from the senate, granted to that body the privilege of choosing the king. The consequence was, that Servius Tullius was chosen without the vote of the tribes, and Tarquin usurped the kingdom against the wishes of the people, and without the confirmation of the senate.

Brutus, it is denied by no one, was a stern and inflexible patriot. Roused by the injuries which his family, his friends, and his country, had received, he surprised every one by the extraordinary abilities which he so suddenly displayed, and which seem to have been called forth by the public and private wrongs which at that time fell so heavily on Rome. If the recorded history of this man be true, I am inclined to think that he disguised his talents, not merely to find safety in his own insignificance, but in order to bring about sooner, and more effectually, what he always must have longed for, the expulsion of Tarquin, and the downfall of the monarchy. After he had driven the tyrants into exile, he did not build a new monarchy upon the ruins of the old; but in order to cut off the ambitious dreams of those who might aspire to kingly power, and to clear himself from any suspicions which a jealousy of newly acquired liberty might cast upon him, he bound the Romans by a solemn oath, that they would expel the Tarquins by fire, by sword, and by all the means which God had placed in their hands, and that they would never allow them, or any other person, to reign at Rome. He did not take advantage of the hurry and confusion that always attend a revolution, and seize to himself the power which he had snatched from others. But laying the whole government at the feet of the people, he clothed himself only with that authority, with which they chose to invest him. He not only condemned his own sons to death for their plots and treasons against the state, but witnessed their execution with his own eyes. This is indeed an action which it is very difficult either to admire or to condemn. It was not human; it was either brutal or divine. The feelings of the father, either never struggled in his bosom, or were overcome by a stern and relentless sense of public duty. According to Livy, his paternal feelings shone forth in every feature of his face, amidst this awful execution of the laws. And even Plutarch, who does not give so favorable an account of the transaction, says, that after his two sons were put to death, Brutus retired from the crowd, to give vent to those feelings in private, which he could restrain no longer in public. Finally, he sealed by his death the principles of his life, falling, as he did, at the head of the republican armies, against the banished

king and his powerful allies. And the mourning of the matrons and the whole senate and people, consummated his claims to the title of benefactor of his country, and founder of the republic. Virgil has nobly sketched his history and his praise, towards the end of the sixth book of the *Æneid*:

Consulis imperium hic primus saevasque secures,
Accipiet; natosque pater nova bella moventes,
Ad paenam pulchra pro libertate vocabit,
Infelix! utcunque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

Marcus Valerius, surnamed Publicola, from his popularity and deference to the people, was distinguished for his eloquence, moderation and dignity, and was second to neither of the founders of the Roman republic in their love of the people and devotion to public liberty. He was a senator of great parts, and most sterling patriotism, and by yielding the supremacy to Brutus, gained the confidence of the people, the senate, and even the first consul himself. Having obtained a triumph for the victory which he gained over Tarquin, he was elected counsel for the second time. Neglecting to procure the choice of a colleague, and building his house upon an eminence that overlooked the forum, he excited the suspicions of the people. Indignant that they had so soon forgotten his past services, and that they considered rather where he was than who he was, he removed the materials which he had prepared, from the top, and erected his house at the very bottom of the hill. While in office, he passed several laws to abridge the power of the consuls, and to better the condition of the people, and in a truce that was concluded between Rome and one of its neighbors, sent his own daughter as a hostage. From these actions, and indeed from the whole tenor of his life, it is evident that Publicola was what he professed to be, a republican, and an enemy of kings. He never attempted to increase his power, but on the contrary was at pains to abridge it. He never filled his private coffers from the public treasury, but on the contrary ordered the public money to be carried from his own house to the temple of Saturn, and so poor was he when he died, that the expenses of his funeral were paid by the people. His posterity inherited his talents and his fame, as well as his rank, and for ages, as we may learn from Livy, not only filled the first offices, and passed through the highest honors of the republic, but like the founder of their family, were always zealous advocates of the people and the people's rights.

With regard to Collatinus, the third founder of the republic, it is not so easy to form a correct opinion. Supposing what

Nieburgh contends for, to be untrue, there is upon the life and character of Collatinus a discrepancy which it is difficult to reconcile. According to Livy. he was deposed before the conspiracy of the Aquillii and Vitellii, and merely because his name was Tarquin. According to Plutarch and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, he was banished after the conspiracy, and for attempting to screen the criminals from punishment. Either of these accounts is probable; for in the first place, it is quite likely, that the people, in the wayward fickleness of their humor, should pretend to be frightened by names as well as things, and should punish a man for the sins of his family, as well as his own. And it is equally probable that Collatinus, even amidst the ensigns of authority, should preserve a feeling of attachment to his nephews, although they were involved in the consequences of treason. But supposing that either the one or the other account be true, there is nothing in the conduct of Collatinus which proves him to have been a secret friend of the Tarquins, and a concealed enemy of public liberty. In those times of excitement, when men were in danger of an enemy from without and themselves from within, nothing was more natural than for each man to entertain suspicions of his neighbor. And in the blaze of patriotism which followed the extinguishment of monarchy, the least faltering or hesitation would be viewed as a desertion of the popular cause. And I make no doubt, that if Brutus had acquitted his sons, he would have been loaded with the same suspicions that were heaped upon Valerius for building his house on the top of Velia, and upon Collatinus for being named Tarquin, and extending mercy to his unfortunate relatives.

The great fault of all the revolutions that I know of, is, that they have gone too far, and have brought upon mankind evils as great, if not greater, than those which they overturned. Most nations have found a change of government but a change of rulers, and unable to bear those ills they have, have flown to 'others that they know not of.' It was fortunate then for Rome, that in the first flush of victory, her leaders did not rush into the arms of anarchy, and tear with a thousand hands, what had only been torn by one. How lawless must have been the character of the people, if they had been surfeited with liberty, before they had ever tasted of its sweets. How deplorable must have been their condition, if they had taken upon themselves affairs to which they were unequal and unaccustomed, and the government of which would soon have fallen into the hands of one man. Adding to public liberty by gradual encroachments upon royal prerogative,

they enabled the people to bear what would otherwise have been too great a burthen, and to appreciate what would otherwise have been valueless in their eyes. Thus *by degrees*, and on that very account, the more firmly, were established, the liberties of the Roman republic. During the course of 400 years, the contests between the senate and people, which in other countries would have been the curse and ruin of the state, proved at Rome a rich source of national wealth and national greatness. I lay it down, then, as a principle of government, which is confirmed by experience, though denied by men, that it is better for a nation to obtain by degrees, than to grasp all at once, the rights and immunities of freemen. What has been so readily acquired and established, is built upon foundations too frail to be firm, and which must soon give way before the rude shocks of time, and the stormy contests of a republic.

Of all the species of government of which we have any notion, no one can deny that an elective monarchy is the worst. It has not the energy, the promptness, and the decision of a despotism; it does not possess the patriotism, the honest intentions, and public spirit, of a republic; it is destitute even of the wisdom and conduct of an aristocracy. Although Rome was so fortunate as to have able kings for upwards of two centuries, yet she soon found that her government was neither lasting or favorable to liberty, and that her rulers would not be the less oppressive because they were chosen by the people. We see in her history, as in the history of every other country, that abuses pile upon abuses, until it is absolutely a blessing to a nation to be purified by the convulsions of a revolution.

But to come down to particulars, let us mention some of the advantages which this revolution secured to the Roman republic.

In the first place, it abolished the kingly office, and placed the supreme power of the state in the hands of magistrates chosen by the people. It has ever been found, that when men are clothed with power for a great length of time, they do not feel responsible to those who conferred it, and by their own usurpations, and the indifference of others, construe the least favor and the slightest imprudences as grants of present power and precedents for future authority. This is true, especially of high offices, because the greater the power, the shorter ought the term of office surely to be. When, therefore, the Romans drove out the kings, and resolved to elect consuls in their place, they made an incredible improvement in the genius of their constitution, and laid the key-stone of

their future grandeur. Need I contend that any accession to public liberty is a public advantage? Does it require argument to prove that offices which are elective are better than those which are hereditary? Is it still a problem of government whether the people are safer in their own hands, or in the hands of those whose cardinal principle it is, that the best way of governing mankind is to grind them into the dust?

As the consuls were chosen yearly, a field was opened for the ambition of those who aspired to the favor of the people, and the government of the state. Encouragement and rewards were set before virtue and talents, and to reach the height of power and fame, it was only necessary to perform great actions and display great abilities. The minds of men were not consigned to torpidity and oblivion. Timid and shrinking talent was brought into the broad and open field of competition. The forum was prepared for those whose tongues nature had touched with persuasion, and art had polished with refinement, and the field of battle was thrown open to those whose souls bounded for deeds of arms and chivalry. Coming to the helm of affairs yearly, they brought with them freshness of mind and newness of ambition. Remaining in office but a very short time, they were of course anxious to distinguish their consulate by some memorable event; and although the names of the Roman consuls now lie entombed in the pages of Livy, yet there were few in that long line of illustrious men, who did not leave some monument of their own greatness, and some proof of the boundless ambition and exhaustless energies of the government which they so ably administered.

But it may be asked, what difference was there between the Roman monarchy and the Roman republic, when the kings and the consuls differed in name rather than authority. It is true, that such may have been the case at first, but in a short time the consuls, though apparently absolute, were really dependent. They were elected yearly by the people, and could not be chosen for the second time, until ten years after their first term had expired. At the close of their office, they were obliged to defend themselves before the people, and if guilty of any offence, received proper punishment. They could obtain no provisions for the support, and no levies for the pay, of the armies which they led to battle, against the wishes of the people, and could make no treaties, and conclude no truces, without the consent of the senate. Indeed, we find in many parts of the Roman constitution, what shows itself in the whole of the British, that admirable balance of power and of interest, which is so necessary to the healthful

condition and vigorous action of all political institutions. In the material world, do not the two great laws of attraction and repulsion keep all nature in proper harmony and action? Would not the planets and satellites fly from their orbits into the wilds of space, if either of them yielded in force to the other. So close is the imitation of the productions of nature after those of art, so much are the works of man formed after those of God, that what is beautiful and perfect in the material world, is often so in the moral, the mental, and the political. It was this revolution which laid the foundation of that republic, which shot forth into such mighty majesty. It was this revolution which started into existence that deep and intricate policy, which always uniform, was steadily pursued from the reign of Romulus to that of the Cæsars, and which, consummate in its conception, and unrivalled in its success, threw open the gates to universal empire.

The circumstances with which this revolution was attended, naturally inspired the people with a just horror of kings and kingly government. To these may be traced that jealousy of their liberty, and that aversion to every thing like royalty, which was so prominent a feature in the Roman character, and so main an element of Roman greatness. Hence the spirit of the people in their contests with a useful, indeed, but haughty aristocracy. Hence the vigilance with which they watched, and vengeance with which they pursued, those who aimed at kingly power. Hence their rigor towards Coriolanus, and punishment of Cassius, of Manlius, and of all who bent their eyes on royal authority. In every revolution, there are always some who retain attachment to the old state of things, and the number is not small of those who prefer the glare of a monarchy to the plain simplicity of a republic. Besides, the people are fickle, and if they do not find every innovation an immediate change for the better, they return back in despair to their old paths, and most generally visit with heavy punishment those who, in their opinion, have led them astray. When we remember how many Tories there were even in our own country during the revolution, and reflect upon the severe but merited fate of those who formed the first conspiracy against the Roman republic, we cannot but perceive how admirably this revolution had succeeded in attaching the people to their new form of government, and those who administered it. This attachment was not slight or transient, but deep and fixed in the bosom of the people. It was seen in every law which they passed, every vote which they gave, and every battle which they fought. Well, then, may Livy swell his style as he approaches this bright era of

Roman history: *Liberi jam hinc populi Romani res pace belloque gestas, annuos magistratus, imperiaque legum potentiora quam hominum peragam.*

But there is an idea that I have briefly hinted at, but which, perhaps, deserves still farther to be dwelt upon. If Rome had been free from the foundation of the city, she would probably have continued so for a century, or more, and would certainly have been a despotism before the time that she actually became a republic. The people must have viewed as a trifle, what cost them such little trouble to acquire, and would not have regretted to lose what they had been at no pains to secure. In order to be precious, liberty must be sealed with blood and treasure; if obtained with ease, it is received with indifference. But when bought at the high price which it cost us, and which it cost Rome; when alternately gained and lost; now safe and now insecure; like the lover with his mistress, we are equally devout, in the first transports of success and the frequent anguish of defeat in our worship of this idol of mankind. How were the boasted liberties of England secured and established? By mere accident, or fortune on one single effort? How long and obstinate were the quarrels, and even civil wars, between the great barons and the Norman kings? How violent the struggles to secure the great charter, and its various confirmations, the petition, and the bill of rights? What time is slow to erect, he is slow to overturn; and a government, whose principles are suggested by experience, and not founded upon theory, cannot but be firmer and stronger than one built upon general reasoning, and sometimes, indeed, vague conjecture. But while Rome kept a watchful eye upon her great men, she was but seldom too jealous of her liberties, because she had never lost them. We can trace the ostracism of Athens to the cunning usurpations of Pisistratus, and lay it down as a principle, that the rigor of the people is always produced by the unlawful desire, or the unlawful stretch, of power.

LA ROUGE, OR THE RED TAVERN.

As I was traveling, many years ago, on the high road which runs along the southern bank of the river St. Lawrence, I came, at a sudden turn, upon a singular old building, which at once caught my attention. It was a large wooden house, built in the French style; and, what struck my eye as

something remarkable, the building itself, and all its outhouses, and fences, and every thing about it, were covered with *red* paint, now dingy with age. On a high wooden post before the door, an old weather-beaten sign—on one side of which were just discernible the words ‘La Rouge,’ which I supposed to mean ‘The Red Tavern;’ and on the other, the remains of a punch-bowl, terribly worn away, either by hard drinking, or by the pelting of so many storms—swung creaking in the wind. The building was evidently very old, and it was partly in ruins. The fences about it were, some of them, blown flat down, and others lay, like a venerable tombstone, at an angle of forty-five degrees, half buried in the earth; while, here and there, a piece of aged wall had strewn its rubbish over the ground, and the rank dock weeds were luxuriating among the moss-covered stones. The building itself, too, showed marks of its having been long tenantless. The back part of it was entirely in ruins; the roof had fallen in, and through the top might be seen, here a shelf, and there an open closet, where the owls, like enough, had mansioned for years. The old barn doors were partly open, and having sagged down into the ground, seemed to have stood there, looking soberly at each other, for many a long day. Here and there, too, an old window shutter had got loose from its fastenings; and, while its more timid mate stuck close up to the window, this stood out, like a London beggar, boldly into the air, displaying to the four winds its ragged and weather-beaten sides.

As I stood looking at the old pile, and pondering on the course of time, I was suddenly reminded, by the flight of an owl across the road, that night was approaching, and that I must be on my way. I remounted my horse, which I had left, in order to look about the place, and reluctantly turned away to pursue my journey, determined to make inquiries at the first stopping-place, about the history of the old building, the appearance of which had so much interested me.

I rode on about two miles before I reached a house. Here I resolved, if I could obtain a lodging for the night, to stop, in the hope, that since this was comparatively in the neighborhood of the place about which I wished to inquire, I might, perhaps, get something of the information I desired. I had hardly stopped my horse before the cottage, when the door was opened by an old greyheaded farmer, as he seemed, who cordially welcomed me, and very hospitably invited me to stay and spend the night—an offer which I at once accepted. The old man I found to be a Frenchman; but he spoke English very intelligibly, as did also, as I presently discovered, all his family, which consisted of the old dame, a lady in weeds and buxom face, and two blooming girls.

It was not long before the hospitable board—amidst the blushes of the youthful fair ones—was covered with a simple, though plentiful, repast. And when at length we were all seated around it, and the old man began, in a friendly, though not impertinent manner, (for a Frenchman cannot be impertinent) to make inquiries concerning my journey, I determined to avail myself of the opening thus made, to speak of the Red Tavern. The moment I mentioned the subject, the old man ejaculated, ‘Jesu Maria!’ and devoutly crossed himself, in which motion he was immediately followed by the rest of the family. ‘And did you not see him?’ said the old man, as soon as he recovered himself, staring at me, terrifiedly, as he spoke.

‘See whom?’ said I; ‘what do you mean?’

‘Why, de pedler of *La Rouge*—de man—de—de ghost wid de sack under de arm—de vallise?’

‘I saw nothing—I saw no such thing; what do you mean?’ said I.

‘Ah! mon Dieu!—ah! grand Dieu!—Monsieur, you are very happy!—Jesu Maria! you are very well safe, Monsieur. Mon Dieu!’

It was some time before the old Frenchman was sufficiently calm to make any explanation. At last, out of a multitude of shrugs and ejaculations, I collected the information, that the terrible being referred to, was the apparition of an old pedler, who had been murdered in the Red Tavern, some thirty years before, on account of a large sum of money which he was accustomed to carry about with him in a vallise, or portman-teau, under his arm; that immediately after the murder, the tavern was deserted by its keeper, and had been untenanted ever since—except by the ghost of the pedler, which, as the old man confidently affirmed, had been seen a hundred times, about dusk, entering the front door of the tavern, with a vallise under its arm, just as the pedler himself did on the night he was murdered; and that always, as the report went, just as he reached the door, he would look back, and grin horribly; at the same time baring his bosom with his left hand, (for his right carried the vallise,) and pointing to the bloody spots, still fresh as ever, where he had been stabbed; and that he believed, in fact he was quite certain, that several persons, at different times, had turned crazy on the spot, at the sight; and the old man ended with congratulating me again on my escape.

Of this story, it was not difficult to know how much to credit; and though I thought it no more than polite, in return for the old man’s hospitality, to express the utmost astonishment

and terror, during the relation of these marvels, yet my curiosity was only excited to learn more particulars concerning the murder, by whom the crime was committed, and whether the murderer was brought to justice. For, as it took place during the revolutionary war, when, it is probable, such scenes often occurred in the strife on the Canada borders, the crime might have passed unpunished; which, upon consideration, I concluded must have been the case, since, according to ghost-law of time immemorial, the poor pedler-spirit would have gone back quietly to his grave, as soon as he was avenged by the death of his murderer. However, as I presently found, the law did not hold good in this case; for while, as I was assured, the aforesaid ghost still haunted the confines of the Red Tavern, its enemy had been dead many a year. This remarkable fact I could account for only in one of two ways: either by setting it down among exceptions to general rules; or, on the consideration, that in this new and free country, as the laws of man have been much altered, so, like enough, ghost law may have undergone divers amendments, in order to adapt it to the greater degree of freedom, which seems to belong to the very soil, and therefore to the *graves*, of our happy land: in fact, I should not wonder if there were in existence (what kind of existence is more than I can tell) a regular *ghost constitution*.

But to my story. When the old man had finished his marvellous explanation of the cause of the agitation he had shown at my mention of the Red Tavern, I begged to know if he were acquainted with any particulars concerning the commission of the crime, the terrible effects of which he had just been describing. 'Yes! yes!' said he, 'I know de whole story. It is rather strange one. I will tell it you, Monsieur, if you would like to hear it. It is a story I know pretty well; I have told it good many times to travelers;' and he looked at his old helpmate for a confirmation of his last assertion. She assented, by a kind of melancholy smile, which seemed to say, 'indeed I have heard that sad story often enough.'

The old man rose from the table, and seated himself, after first, Frenchman like, offering it to me, in a large, old fashioned arm-chair, which looked as venerable as its occupant. 'Now, Monsieur, I assure you, what I tell you is true; I had it from de priest himself, who knew all about it, for he buried with his own priestly hands de—de—' and at the thought of the pedler, came the thought of the pedler's ghost, and the old man shook again. He went on. 'Oui, Monsieur, you may depend upon it, I had the story from the priest himself. Ah! good old father! he has been in his grave for many

a long year—*Requiescat in pace;*’ and he crossed himself devoutly.

I shall not attempt to repeat the story in the words of my host; for though it was told in a manner so vividly interesting, as to leave all the details of it stamped perfectly on my memory, yet I am sure, that it is beyond my power to represent to others the full impression which was made upon myself. I must, therefore, tell the tale after my own fashion; yet I trust that it will not appear wholly unattractive, even when arrayed in the homely garb which alone I am able to give it.

It was during the revolutionary war, and about the time of the attack on Quebec, that, one stormy winter’s night, the landlord of the Red Tavern was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. Compelled, in these times of danger, to be cautious, the landlord, before venturing to unbar the door, opened the window, and thrusting out his head into the storm, asked who was there? Answer was returned by two voices at once, that they were two American officers, on their way to join the army at Quebec; they had got benighted on the road, were lost in the dark, and drenched by the storm; and begged to be let in immediately to warm themselves, and get some refreshment.

Now, the landlord of the Red Tavern was, like most Frenchmen of that period, a great friend to the Americans, because he was a great enemy to the British. He no sooner heard, therefore, that the applicants for admission were American officers in distress, than he hurried down to open the door for them. He welcomed them in the warmest manner—pitied them very much—declared that he would have a fire directly—begged them to have a little patience, and they should have something to warm them outside, and in, too; all the while, in the interval between his condolences and protestations, blowing the fire, and piling on the wood. It was not long before a crackling blaze began to curl around, and climb between the crossed sticks, and soon a cheerful fire presented itself to the cold hands and wet clothes of the travelers. These, who had not spoken since their entrance, except by a short answer, now and then, to the hospitable expressions of the landlord, now seemed at length to be *melted* sufficiently to speak their gratitude; and they expressed warm thanks for the kind and ready attentions of their host.

In a short time, down came the landlady, her face a little awry, to be sure, as well as her cap. However, she was in tolerable humor, begged pardon for her dishabille, and immediately set herself about arranging the table, and preparing the wherewithal to appease the hunger of her guests; and it

was not long before the travelers, having divested themselves of their wet cloaks, and dried and warmed themselves by the fire, were seated round the hospitable board.

‘Now, gentlemen,’ said the landlord, ‘I will tell you that I am doing for you, what I would do for nobody else, not even if it were my old customers—and that, because you are going to whip those scoundrels, the British. Yes, Messieurs, I am sharing with you my last loaf. A troop of your soldiers passed by, this morning, on the same destination as yourselves, and I gave them all, except just enough for the immediate use of my family; and now, Messieurs, even that is before you, and you are welcome to it: *oui*, Messieurs, only beat the d——d rascals.’

He had hardly finished speaking, when a knock was heard at the door. ‘Who can it be,’ said the landlord, ‘at this time of the night, and such a night, too. But whoever it is, he cannot come in, for I have nothing for him.’ The knocking was repeated, and somewhat more loudly. The landlord ran up to the window above. ‘Who’s there?’

‘Oh! pray, sir, let me in! I am Joines, the pedler—you know me, sir—Joines, the pedler. Pray let me in! I am hungry, and almost froze by this storm. Pray open the door, sir.’

‘Know you? I never heard of you,’ said the landlord, who, though he recollected the ‘Canada pedler,’ as he was called, immediately, was unwilling to acknowledge his recognition, for fear that he should be unable, if he did so, to turn him off. ‘I know no such person—you have mistaken the house. But whoever you are, I cannot let you in; I have nothing for you. A party of soldiers came along this morning, and carried off every thing.’

‘Oh dear! well, sir, then I can go without; only let me in to the fire, or I shall freeze!’ And the poor pedler begged so hard, that the tender-hearted landlord could not bear it.

He shut the window, and went down to explain the state of the case to his guests. ‘Now, Messieurs, this is your affair, not mine. You have all before you, and it is for you to say, whether you will permit any one to share it with you.’ The officers could not resist this appeal to their generosity, and they told the landlord by all means to let him come in immediately; he should share what they had, little as it was.

‘Well, then, Messieurs, I will just give you a hint as to who he is, before I let him in. He is an old pedler, who has been trading about the country, these twenty years. He is commonly called, on the borders, ‘the Canada pedler.’ He is a great miser, and is said to be worth a fortune.—Yes, yes, wait a moment, and you shall come in.—He always carries a

vallise, or portmanteau, under his arm, as you will see, which folks say he keeps all his money in; and I think it like enough, for he will never let any one come near it.'

As he finished his account of the pedler, the landlord opened the door. In stepped an old man, bending with the weight of his years, and his head covered with grey hairs; but with a countenance, the native firmness of which, age, instead of softening down, had only served to fix in deep furrows. But his lips, contracted, as well as compressed, showed that that firmness had been exercised only in pursuit of mean objects. Small sunken eyes twinkled under his grey, bushy eyebrows, and added an expression of keenness to that of resolution, which the rest of his face displayed.

As he entered, the old man bowed low to the landlord and his guests, and walked quickly towards the fire, uttering exclamations, expressive of suffering from the cold. He wore no coat or cloak, and the sleet was collected on his shoulders; while his long beard glittered with frost. But what particularly attracted the attention of the officers, was a vallise, which he carried under his right arm, and which he seemed to hug up to his side, as he approached them. The landlord offered to relieve him of it, but he drew back, mumbling, 'only a few old clothes'—'no consequence,' and he laid it down carefully by his side.

After the pedler had warmed himself a short time, he turned his head rather wistfully towards the table, but said nothing. One of the officers, whose name was Edwards, perceiving this, invited him to seat himself at the table, remarking that their fare was somewhat scanty, to be sure, but he should be welcome to his share of it. The old man, with a great many thanks and protestations, accepted the offer; and taking up the vallise, he took a seat at the table, and laid his burthen down by his side, as before.

'You seem to be very careful of that bundle, sir,' said Benton, the other officer; 'it must contain something valuable.'

'Valuable! oh! nothing, nothing, indeed, sir, your honor—only a few old clothes—didn't want it in the way, that's all, your honor, that's all—nothing in the world! ha! ha!'—and while he laughed, the old wretch turned pale with fear and falsehood.

When they had ended their repast, or rather, when every thing eatable was consumed, the pedler turned to the landlord, and asked if there was any old hole in which he could put such a poor body as himself in, to sleep; he could not afford to pay for a handsome lodging; he would be content with a corner any where, just so that he might catch a little sleep; he should have to be off before light in the morning.'

The landlord replied, that if he could not afford to pay like other folks, he must not expect very good accommodations. But—‘Oh! no!’ interrupted the pedler, ‘I don’t want ’em, I don’t want ’em; how can a poor body, like me, afford to pay for any such things. Here, let me just lay myself down by the ashes here, that will do for me very well—shall I, sir? shall I?—that will not give you any trouble;’ and the landlord assenting, he muttered to himself, as he turned away to lie down, ‘the less trouble, the less pay! I know that well enough.’ Before settling himself to sleep, the pedler was observed to tie up his valise carefully in a handkerchief, which he then fastened round his neck, at the same time, as he lay down, using it for a pillow; so that it would be impossible to take it away without waking him. Again he was heard to mutter, as he settled himself down, ‘hard enough, to be sure, but it’s better than if it was softer—ah! ah!’ and the miser muttered and sighed himself to sleep.

In a short time, the officers expressing their desire to follow the pedler’s example, the landlord conducted them into different apartments, on the same floor with the dining hall, and on opposite sides of it; and bidding them a ‘good night,’ he retired to his own chamber above.

I have said that the names of the officers were Edwards and Benton. The characters of the two young men were very different. Edwards was a wild, dissipated, and, by some considered, an unprincipled youth; yet capable, at times, of generous actions, as wanton and excessive as his follies. He was one whose prodigality often drove him into acts of meanness; who, from the constant habit of longing for money, wherewith to pay the debts incurred by his extravagance, and, therefore, of striving to get it by all possible means, was gradually learning to regard money as the great blessing of life, and to think almost any course allowable, by which it might be obtained. It is thus, I believe, that the youthful prodigal becomes the aged miser.

Benton was of a very different character. He was the son of a sea captain; and his mother having died while he was very young, his education had been entirely neglected, and indeed worse than neglected. For being necessarily thrown, while his father was abroad, into the hands of strangers, and bandied about from one to another, his temper, naturally jealous and surly, was not only deprived of the softening and warming influences of domestic affection, but fuel was constantly furnished to its native violence and irritability, through the rough and unkind treatment, which, on account of those very defects of temper, he generally met with. Thus had

Benton grown up, pitied by a few, as unfortunate, feared by others, as dangerous, but avoided by all, as, at least, disagreeable.

At the breaking out of the revolutionary war, he determined, for various reasons, to join the army of his countrymen: one of which motives was, the natural desire of giving stirring employment to a vigorous and fearless spirit; and another, a hatred of the British, from several individuals of which nation, and some of them officers, he had suffered in his youth, very harsh treatment. The motives of Edwards for enlisting in the army, were of a different sort. The desire of obtaining distinction was, probably, no weak consideration in his mind: but stronger than that, or any other motive, was the hope of freeing himself from the assaults of his importunate creditors. The two young men were natives of the same village; of which also the father of Edwards was the clergyman; and as they were setting out about the same time for the army before Quebec, they resolved to travel together.

I have made this digression, as somewhat necessary to a just conception of what remains to be told. Let me now resume the thread of my narrative.

Edwards found himself unable to sleep. The figure of the old pedler was before his imagination the moment he began to drowse, and called him back to wakefulness. 'The old wretch,' said he to himself, 'oh! if I had but what he is sleeping upon, how much I could do with it.' And then he thought upon his debts, and difficulties, and troubles, till he was almost beside himself. 'I must, I must clear myself, somehow or other,' he muttered, and then a thought suddenly darted into his mind. He sprung up, but presently he fell back again. 'What! rob? Can I rob? Am I going to be a robber, a thief?' and he deliberated. 'But, no! no!'—and as he spoke, he sprung up again—in such a case as this! what harm will it do? He deserves it, the old villain! I dare say he has gained most of it by robbery, or cheating, (which is the same thing) himself. No!—I'm sure—in this case—'tis not like robbery—how much I could do with it! and of what use is it to him? He will never use it! and when he dies, like enough he'll bury it—I'll have it—I will have it!' and he sprung to his feet. But stay! I shall have to fly; I must get ready to be off—I wonder where he put the horses! No! it is not robbery! it can't be called robbery! it is a God-send! it is no more than picking up money in the road—he'll never use it!

In this way did the young man strive to stifle thought, till he found himself dressed and ready for action. He softly opened the door of his chamber, and looked into the hall. It

was no longer filled with darkness. The storm had passed off, and now the full, cold moon was pouring down its light through the windows upon the floor.

He started at the unexpected sight: it seemed to him that the eye of angry Heaven was looking down in that cold, steady light. But he steeled his heart and looked around. Every object was distinctly visible. There stood the table, the vacant chairs; and there, beyond them, lay the pedler, his grey head whitened by the moonlight, which came down full upon it, while the rest of his body was in shade. There, too, was the vallise, which, while it supported the head of the pedler, was at the same time clutched by both his hands.

The robber approached him stealthily. He looked down at the vallise, to see how it was secured. He touched it to see if it was held firmly: the hands of the pedler were instantly, and as it seemed, instinctively compressed around it. He stirred too in his sleep, and muttered. The robber started back. But he recovered himself: 'he was only talking in his sleep—all is still now—let me try again.' Again he pushed the vallise gently: again the pedler moved and clasped his treasure closer than before. Yet he did not wake: he only turned a little, and was quiet again. 'I cannot do it—it cannot be done!' exclaimed Edwards to himself.—'I must have it! I will have it—I'll kill him,' he cried; and he looked around for some weapon. A knife lay upon the supper-table. He banished thought, he seized it, he stooped down—just then he heard a latch move behind him: he started back and looked round: great God! what was that? He stood, trembling, a moment to listen; while the knife hung loose in his hand:—'it was the wind!' He stood but a moment; but that moment was precious: it gave him opportunity for reflection. 'Good God! what am I doing! what am I going to do!—murder?—what!—I?—murder?—oh! my mother! my mother in heaven! is this your child?—away—away—away!' He threw down the knife—he rushed to his chamber—he fell upon his knees, and thanked God that he had been saved from blood-guiltiness—from murder—"Thou shalt not kill"—oh! God!—oh! my mother! my sainted mother!" and the remembrance of his pious mother's prayers and teachings, when he was a child, entirely overcame him. He threw himself upon his bed in an ecstasy of remorse, and there poured out tears, copious tears of contrition, mingled with melting thanks to heaven for his deliverance.

Presently, the door of the room was opened, and the pedler, who had been awakened by the noise which Edwards' violent movements had made, staggered in. 'Who's here? is any

one here?" The light was reflected into the apartment. 'Ah! it's your honor? are you ill, sir? I thought I heard a noise this way, your honor, and I didn't know but, perhaps, somebody wanted help.'

The sight of that man living and speaking, and in tones of kindness too, whom, unconscious of his danger, a moment before he had been about to deprive of life; and who, if he had succeeded in his attempt, would, at that moment, have been lying there, a bleeding corpse—the sight of that man standing before him, and offering him his aid to relieve him from what he supposed a slight illness, whom, just now, he was going to stab to the heart—awakened anew the pangs of remorse, mingled with ardent feelings of gratitude; and he could only exclaim 'thank God! thank God! oh! my mother! my mother in heaven above, forgive, forgive your son—thank God! thank God!'

'Dear sir! dear sir! pray, what is the matter? what is the matter? what is it in mercy, your honor's done, so bad?' exclaimed the astonished pedler.

'Oh! nothing! nothing! I am not very well—pray leave me, leave me! you can do nothing for me—I am much obliged to you—pray leave me!'

'Oh! certainly! certainly! your honor! I didn't mean to be impertinent—I didn't know but you might want some help. I'm sure, it is nothing to do with me. Good night! your honor! I hope your honor 'll find yourself better in the morning.'

So saying, the pedler shut the door; and presently after Edwards heard him settling himself down again to sleep; and soon all was still. Long, long did the young officer lie upon his bed, dwelling on the recollection of what had passed, and weeping, as he reflected, tears, burning tears of anguish, at the thought of what his vicious habits had rendered him capable. From that moment, he resolved a thorough reformation; and I doubt not that, had he lived, his resolution would have been carried into full execution. But alas! not many more days upon the earth were to be his. A guilty action, however slight, and however much repented of, generally pays, in this world at least, its penalty.

At length, thought yielded to the demands of exhausted nature, and slumber stole over him—slumber, but not rest. Busy dreams—that wild night-thinking—succeeded reasonable thought, and went beyond it. Again he sat at the table—again a knock is heard—he opens the door—'what do you want?'

‘Food and lodging, and some fire to warm me—I’m a’most froze.’

‘What’s that under your arm?’

‘Nothing! nothing! your honor, only a few old clothes.’

‘Villain! it’s money! give it me—wont you?—then take that—and that—oh! what have I done! I have murdered him—oh! don’t, don’t die!—old man, don’t die!—good old man, I didn’t mean to hurt you!—Oh God! he’s dead! how pale he is! how still! oh! God! I am a murderer! oh! oh! oh!’—and in the violence of his emotion he awoke and sprung up. ‘Oh! horrible! have I done it? have I?’

In this bewildered, half-awakened state, he rushed to the door to see if his dream was true—he opened it. The grey dawn was just breaking, and mingled with the fading moonlight, gave to everything in the room a misty, uncertain look. There was a dark body, not before the fireplace, where the pedler had lain down, but at some distance from it. He went towards it—‘Oh God! great God! it’s true!—I have murdered him!—oh! oh! oh!’—and his shriek rang through the house. Down thundered the landlord. ‘What’s the matter here? what’s the matter? Is any body hurt?—Oh! ah! Mon Dieu!’—Near the door, and far from the spot where he had lain, lay the pedler, flat upon his back, his breast covered with blood, and his hands stretched above his head, as if he had been dragged along by something held between them. A little way from the body lay a bloody knife, the very one which the miserable Edwards had taken from the table.

‘There! look there! what think you of that, landlord? Who do you suppose did that bloody thing? Do you think I did that? I didn’t do that—don’t say I did that—I’ll tell you something—but you must not mention it to any body:—I *almost* did it—yes! I know I thought of it!—Do you see that knife there? well! I had that knife in my hand—but, hark ye! mind—I didn’t kill that man there—I did not—I did not—let me see—did I now? did I? did I?—no! no! no! I’m sure I didn’t do it—I’m sure of it—do you hear me, landlord?—What’s the matter? don’t you believe me? I tell you I didn’t do it! no! I did not, indeed.—Now, I’ll tell you just what I did, and I recollect it as well as you do.—Here! look here! I came out of my chamber here, d’ye see—there, I can almost see my tracks—can’t I—well, never mind!—There I walked right up just here—it wa’n’t out there! (somebody has moved the old man!) The moon was shining bright, much brighter than it does now, right down upon his head—what makes you look so, landlord? it’s not much of any thing that I did—I tell you. I didn’t kill that old man there! Oh! no!—Oh! how pale he

looked, after he was dead!—how still he was! but I told him not to die!—Oh, no! I didn't kill him! no! no!—I thought of it, I know—I was going to—but I recollect all about it—I know how I managed it, well enough. You see, I came just here, (it wa'n't out there) and I took hold of his bundle—you see, he had a bundle—don't you remember he had a bundle? He said it was old clothes, and I told him he was a villain!—it wa'n't old clothes—it was no such thing—I'll tell you what it was—but you mustn't tell that either—it was guineas, gold guineas—I know it—I'm sure of it! Well, what was I saying?—guineas—bundle—bundle—I don't know, what was it? let me see—bundle—bundle—landlord, this thing has made me almost crazy—oh! I know—wasn't it?—no!—oh! I remember now—I've a fine memory, landlord, always had—I recollect now—you see, I took hold of his bundle—but it was no use—the old man clung to his guineas—don't you say any thing about their being guineas, do you hear?—that wouldn't do—well—well—ah!—yes! he held the bundle fast. Well, then, I took that knife there—that's the same knife, I believe; it was just like that—I took that knife off the table, and was just going to kill him, when—oh! oh! I know who did it—that Benton—Benton—Benton!—ah! ha! I knew I didn't kill him—I knew I didn't—didn't I tell you so, landlord? ah, ha! I'm safe! I'm safe!—ha! ha! ha!—and overwhelmed with ten thousand emotions, in addition to what he had already suffered, it was too much for nature to bear; and the miserable lunatic fell senseless on the floor.

The landlord called loudly for assistance, and immediately ran to the chamber of Benton, to see if the suspicion, which had flashed on the mind of Edwards, as soon as he recollected the sound of the latch, were just. The door was fastened; and on no answer's being returned to his call, the landlord forced it. No one was there; but the window was open, and there were foot-prints on the ground beneath. The landlord next hastened to the stable; one of the horses was gone. The proof was sufficient, and measures were immediately taken to pursue the murderer.

The rest of the sad story is soon told. The unhappy Edwards was seized with a brain-fever, which in a few days put an end to his life. Benton was taken, and brought to trial. At first he seemed determined to deny every thing, and defend himself to the utmost; but when he heard the account of poor Edwards' suffering and death, he seemed to be deeply touched, and soon after confessed all. He declared that he had resolved, on retiring to his chamber, to obtain the pedler's valise, which, he doubted not, contained a large sum of money,

at all risks; that while he lay waiting till all should be asleep, he heard a voice in the hall; and opening his door carefully, he saw a person, whom he immediately recognized to be Edwards, moving about the pedler, evidently with the same intentions which had filled his own mind; that while he was watching to see the result, he, by accident, touched the latch, the noise of which, he saw, immediately caused Edwards to retreat; he observed the scene that followed, and judged, from what he heard, that Edwards would not make a second attempt; he therefore waited till all was again quiet, when he sallied out, to effect his object, which he was able to do, only by committing murder. Such was the confession of the hardened Benton. He showed no signs of remorse, or of grief, except on account of the fate of the companion of his boyhood. He was condemned and executed. Thus ends this tale of crime and suffering.*

* * * * *

It was late in the night, before the old Frenchman concluded his relation of the story I have been repeating. On wishing me a good night, he cordially invited me to stay a few days at his house. The truth was, as I suspected, that it was a long while since the old man had met with so good a listener, and he was quite unwilling to lose me immediately. I consented to stay one day; for I wished to have an opportunity of examining the old tavern more particularly, now that I had heard these interesting details concerning it.

Accordingly, the next evening, about dusk, at which time I understood that the pedler was commonly wont (with a second and flagrant violation of ancient ghost-usages) to appear, I set out for the tavern; taking care, however, not to mention it to the family, who would have been, doubtless, terribly frightened for me, had they known whither I was going. I went in high hopes of meeting the old pedler himself, and hearing his story from his own ghostly lips; but it is probable that the poor ghost had, somehow or other, got belated that night, for I could see nothing of him. However, I spent some time in examining, by the sombre twilight, the interior of the building, which I found to correspond exactly with the description of it, in the old man's story.

The next day, I bade my kind host a friendly adieu, and set forward on my journey. But it will be long before I forget the old Frenchman, or his story of the pedler of *La Rouge*.

O.

*This tale is believed to be founded on fact.

TO OUR READERS.

IN the offer which we made, for the best *Tale, Essay, and Poem*, to be offered previous to the 1st day of June, 1835, it was specified, that neither of the premiums would be awarded unless three pieces should be offered in competition. We regret to say, that *three* pieces, of sufficient merit to be admissible into our pages, under any circumstances, have not been offered. The time is therefore extended to the *1st day of September*.

We hope, for the honor of the country, in which there are so many good writers, that these premiums will not be allowed to be taken by any but compositions of a superior order. We shall not permit them to be awarded at all, unless such a competition shall be presented as will be creditable to the literature of the west.

Some of the articles offered for the prizes, have been written by youths, who modestly assure us that these are *first* attempts, and beg us to correct any deficiencies of spelling, grammar, style, and such small matters. We are disposed to encourage the aspirations of ingenious young gentlemen, and to do all we can to foster native talent; but we must say, that we have no ambition to be the judge of the *first* fruits of precocious genius. A proper degree of self-respect, would suggest to such writers, the propriety of making repeated experiments of their skill in composition, before they ventured to submit a piece, in competition with the essays of tried writers. But especially should they reflect upon the incredible arrogance, of sending compositions to an editor, accompanied by an assurance that 'this is a first sketch—the writer has not had time to copy or correct it'—'this is a hasty composition, which I have hardly had time to read over'—or similar excuses. We get such every day, and have had several articles offered for the premiums, accompanied by remarks of this character. The person must think his ideas are very valuable, indeed, who imagines that we will publish them in the crude and indigested shape, admitted by such an apology.

We desire to receive, for the premiums, and on all occasions, only *accurate*, and *well finished* articles—*fairly* and *intelligibly* copied. Nor are we satisfied with articles that are correctly spelt, and grammatically arranged. We hope our contributors will aim at beauty, purity, and elevation of style, and endeavor to render their offerings above mediocrity.

The next number of the Magazine, will be made up, in our absence, under the superintendence of a friend, to whose elegant pen, and classic taste, we have been indebted for much valuable assistance.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE CINCINNATI MIRROR AND CHRONICLE; devoted to literature and science.
Conducted by WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER, THOMAS H. SHREVE, and JAMES H.
PERKINS. Number 33.

It is rather a violent descent to come down from the editors of newspapers, to the conductors of the small affair whose title we have given, and we only do so, for the purpose of abating a nuisance. The smallest insect may make itself troublesome, and therefore, the little bugs must be attended to, as well as the big ones. The editors of the Mirror and Chronicle have come to the conclusion, that some notice from us is necessary to their reputation, and are so ambitious of attracting our regard, that rather than be passed by with total indifference, they will doubtless be thankful for any notice that we may pay them, like the peasant in the farce, who sang joyously

‘The prince, he did me the honor to say,
You dirty dog, get out of my way.’

In addition to this lust for notoriety, which has kept them buzzing about our ears for more than a year past, they have recently become piqued at an imagined offence on our part, which has given venom to their stings, and an unwonted activity to their attacks. We have determined, therefore, to stick them on a pin, and applying our best microscope, examine into the minute struggles, and miniature agonies, of this delicate little trio.

Some few months ago, Mr. Gallagher—who is Mirror No. 1—sent us a little poem, of his own spinning, called Erato, or some such thing, which we of course were expected to criticise. Being somewhat indisposed to the task of straining our eyes, in searching out the minute filaments of poetry, that might peradventure be interwoven in the slender thread, we handed it over to a friend, who is famous for his benevolence towards the inferior tribes of the animal creation, with a request, that if he could find in it a sensible idea, or poetic thought, grammatically expressed, he would gratify the author by noticing the same in terms of commendation. Our friend, who is quite an amateur in such matters, having moistened the end of his finger, between his lips, took up the little thing on the tip thereof, as one would lift an atom of sand, and having gazed on it for a moment, deposited it carefully in the case of his watch, behind the watch paper, promising to examine it at his leisure. He was true to his promise, and soon after handed us a critique expressed in such laudatory phrase, as if published, would have caused the poet to spread his gauzy wings, and float whole hours in joyous ecstacy, upon a sun-beam, the happiest of the ephemera.

But how uncertain are all human affairs—how rashly do unthinking mortals blast their own hopes, by crushing in the bud the germ of their fortunes! Unfortunate *Number One*! how recklessly did he destroy the budding honors, that were ripening for his brow, and would doubtless have given him among his contemporaries, that fame which will now, in all probability, not be awarded until posterity shall do justice to his long-neglected merits. The notice had been written by our friend, approved by ourself, handed over to the devil, conveyed by him to the printer, and duly set up in brevier, under

the head of 'Critical Notices'—when *Number One*, with the impatient curiosity of the boy, who crushes his watch to see the works, determined to break by violence into our sanctum sanctorum, and drag into existence the fondly-expected evidence of the immortal sublimity of his poetic genius. In the pursuance of this burglarious intention, the following paragraph was inserted in the *Mirror*, edited by the said W. D. Gallagher, and another:

'Mr. Hall's table is rather scantily supplied with books. Our city book-sellers should look to this fact, and have it otherwise. It is certainly not right, that the *leading periodical of the West* should have its powers of surveillance over *western* literature cramped, by not being furnished with *western* books for animadversion.' This was certainly a modest attempt at taking care of *Number I*.

On the same day, Mr. Perkins, then the editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle, came out in the following explicit language: 'I see no notice of Mr. Gallagher's little volume of poems, either in this number of the Magazine, or the one for March. Such an omission can scarcely be accidental; and designedly to omit to notice a volume which has come from a western man and a western press, if possessed of any merit, is, I think, to be untrue to the purpose and duty of a western magazine. Mr. Gallagher has a name in the world of letters, that should entitle any thing of his to a notice of some kind; and to pass him by, I consider as unjust, as to attack Judge Hall in the manner of the last New England Magazine.'

Of the delicacy of one of these gentlemen, in pouting his lip, because his little volume of rhyme was not honored with a notice quite as soon as he expected; of the other, in passing sentence upon us for not doing that, which it was within our own option to do or not as we pleased; and of both, in the monthly judgment they have thought proper to pass, upon the manner in which the editor of this work discharged his duty—we leave others to judge. The ordinary rules of decorum would have suggested, to persons conducting literary periodicals, in the same city, that they were not the most impartial judges, of the degree of ability, propriety, or taste, with which we have exercised our discretionary powers. A little reflection might have shown them—and *but little* is expected on their part—that in the business of selecting and arranging his topics, an editor must exercise his own judgment, and that there is some degree of arrogance in the pretension to dictate to a contemporary in such matters. The *sentiments* of an editor, as of any other writer, are proper subjects of comment; the *manner* in which he conducts his work, is so much a matter of taste, that this might be left to his subscribers. If any feeling of rivalry prompts the captious spirit of the editors of the *Mirror*, they might be quieted by the reflection, that our work is intended for the perusal of adults, and does not interfere with the proper sphere of the *Mirror* and *Chronicle*.

On the same day, on which the above quoted remarks appeared in the *Mirror* and *Chronicle*, it was announced in the latter, that 'Mr. Perkins has made an arrangement with Messrs. Shreve and Gallagher to unite the *Chronicle* and Cincinnati *Mirror*,' under the joint editorship of those three gentlemen. Here, then, the cat is let out of the bag: we see the connection between their simultaneous paragraphs, and the cause of Mr. Perkins' sensitiveness on the score

of Mr. Gallagher's poem. The 'three single gentlemen rolled into one,' have taken each other for better for worse, and the care of each other's literary fame has become a cabinet matter. They will now, all of them, have more time to attend to the superintendence of our work, and we suppose that our debt of obligation in *that* behalf will become more weighty than ever. We would not be so indecorous as to hint, that a little of the care bestowed upon us, might not be thrown away at home. They doubtless understand their own business as well as ours; we have not heretofore meddled with their concerns, and shall not do it now. We wish success to the united weaklies, and have no doubt they will deserve it—if it be true that two negatives make an affirmative.

We might inquire, while we have these subjects on our table, by what right they undertake to disclose the names of the anonymous writers in the *Western Monthly*? When a writer chooses to withhold his name, and the editor thinks proper to conceal it, what else than mere impertinence, can prompt another editor to make it public? In one number of the *Mirror*, an article in our work signed J. J. J. is styled, 'remarks on the writings of Addison and Steele, by Mr. Jewett;' and in the number before us, we are told of 'Mr. Mansfield's' article on aerial navigation, and the same liberty has been repeatedly taken, in reference to our contributors, in both these papers. By what species of *espionage*, this intimate acquaintance with our concerns is gained, we neither know nor care. The disclosures furnish a harmless kind of gossip, which may, perhaps, give interest to the *Mirror*, and be appropriate to its pages; and we shall not object to any thing by which the trio may be enabled to furnish amusement to their readers, or gain importance for themselves.

In the number before us, is a paragraph, purporting to be a review of the *Western Monthly*, for June, the writer of which signs himself 'P.', which initial is supposed to designate the *Number 3* of the concern—the last and least of the trio. It is one of the most curious specimens of ignorance, impudence, and mortified vanity, that we have lately met with. The insect that sat upon the horn of the bull, and hoped he did not incommode the great animal by his weight, was not more thoroughly satisfied of his own importance, than is the writer of that precious scrap of conceited nonsense. We do not know that we can amuse our readers better than by analyzing this little editorial atom, the first sentence of which is as follows:

'The first article of this number claims to be a notice of *Crayon Miscellany*, No. 1, by Irving. The writer says he has given the volume but a hasty perusal, and in consequence his notice is in a great part occupied by general remarks upon Mr. Irving as a writer, which, though just, are not remarkable for novelty.'

Here we have an article which 'claims to be a notice'—*how* it *claims* to be a notice, is not stated—nor are we told whether it is, or is not, what it is said to claim to be; but a little further on, the writer uses the phrase, '*his notice*,' by which he admits that it is a *notice*—where then is his objection? It is 'just, but not remarkable for novelty'—very pleasant criticism, that! We have written a *just* article about Washington Irving—but there is no novelty in it! We should be glad to know which of the fastidious three wrote the article in the *Mirror*, informing the people of the city that the town clock did not strike

regularly, and whether that was intended as an original discovery? This is rather poor stuff, we must try another sentence. The critic passes on to an article of one of our contributors—'Extracts from the journal of a tourist'—on which he makes the following sage comment:

'New Orleans, for instance, he tells us is on the left side of the river; as he was coming from New Orleans to Cincinnati; and *his* left was westward, this expression might cause some doubt as to the situation of the city, &c.'

We can readily account for the ignorance of the writer of this singular comment, whose pregnant apologies for editorial blunders, have caused him to be generally known as the Apolo-gy, and who will probably have retracted half the errors that we have pointed out, before this article can pass through the press. But as the juvenile readers of the *Mirror* might be misled by his ignorance of geography, we inform them, that good writers continually use the terms *right* and *left* bank, in reference to the *course* of a river, and that these terms are not used properly in any other way. In Malte Brun's geography, vol. 5, this form of expression will be found used thus:

'They settled on the left bank of the Rhine.' p. 143.

'The suburbs on the left bank of the Maine.' p. 161.

'On the left banks of the Iser.' p. 179.

'On the left bank of the Rokitna, is seen the small town of Kroman.' p. 186.

'Bruck, situated in a valley on the right of the Danube.' p. 199.

In the memoirs of Marshal Ney, published by his family, may be found the expressions,

'Rutten is a village situated on the left bank of the Roer.' p. 38.

'The Austrians were beaten and driven to the right bank of the Thur.' p. 164.

The writer of the tour is a plain western farmer, but it is quite obvious that his knowledge of the use of language is superior to that of the *Number 3* of the *Mirror*. We extract again:

'He also remarks that "there *are* a French and an American theatre at New Orleans;" this we believe "*are* a fact."'

In a note at the foot of the column, we find appended, 'this is grammatical, but against usage, we believe.' Indeed! then why point it out? The fact that there are two theatres at New Orleans, is not disputed—the form of expression alone, is objected to—but before the paragraph is printed, the writer finds out his mistake, and prefers the baseness of an apology, to the magnanimity of avoiding the necessity of making it! He would rather be wrong in the gratification of his malignity, than right in wearing the assumed guise of a gentleman. But he is not certain whether it is grammatical—'this is grammatical, but against usage, *we believe*.' Although one of the *leavened*—all the way from Boston—he is not quite certain what is the grammar, and usage, in this very difficult case. Could not the united ingenuity of the firm solve the enigma, or does it turn out that even *three* negatives do not make an affirmative?

The 'Buckeye celebration,' affords the writer a subject for the display of his malignity, too inviting to be allowed to pass. We committed the offence of finding something worthy of praise in a *western* festival, and of noticing, favorably, the exertions of the *natives*. The 'leavened' is offended. He

objects to the terms, 'spirited and elegant,' 'pure and felicitous,' applied to the oration of one Ohian, and the word 'elegantly,' used in reference to the recitation of another, without giving any reason, but simply to give vent to his spite. His mention of Mr. Worthington is too contemptible to require a reply. The unprovoked and ungentlemanly attacks of the *Mirror*, upon one whose production is not before the public, show the *three* to be as destitute of good manners, as they are deficient in common sense and grammar.

'Excerpts,' they have not read—'one sentence our eye lit upon.' How *lit* upon? What is the meaning of *lit*? The ephemera should really study grammar, or they will spoil all the boys and girls that read their little paper.

Enough. We have heretofore passed over the little impertinences of the *Mirror* and *Chronicle*, because it is out of our way to notice this small kind of game. They have their sphere, and we have ours—and they cannot draw us out of the course we have laid down. We have not time to write them into notoriety; and if they have no other means of making themselves known, than by prating about the *Western Monthly*, they are welcome to proceed. We can afford to put up with a little harmless gossip, or inoffensive assumption—but when these people become personal and impertinent—when they make the editor, and not his work, the subject of attack—and endeavor to wriggle themselves into notoriety, by puny acts of vengeance, they must be taught that their insignificance will not defend them from the punishment due for offences, which, though very childish, show the perpetrators to be very bad children. They are old enough to know how to behave better; and at all events, should abstain from criticism, until they have learnt to know their right hands from the left, and to distinguish between the singular and plural.

THE INFIDEL, OR THE FALL OF MEXICO. A Romance. By the author of *Calavar*. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

IN our remarks upon *Calavar*, we commented at some length upon the interesting portion of history selected by its author. We may therefore discharge, with more brevity, our office towards the work before us, the scene of which is also laid in Mexico, during the successful expedition of Cortes.

Dr. Bird has done ample justice to his subject, and has maintained the high place which he had previously taken among American writers. The *Infidel* is fully equal to *Calavar*, in all respects. We do not consider it superior to its predecessor, or affording any higher evidence of the vigor of the writer's intellect, but we think it calculated to be more extensively read. The incidents are more numerous, the transitions more rapid, and the descriptions not so much amplified, as in the former work. The character of Guatimozin is nobly drawn, and gives an inexpressive charm to the story.

The womankind are not so much to our taste as the men, but we do not object to them. The main attraction of the work is its fidelity to history, and the delightful freshness which it throws around the frightful, yet romantic story, of the conquest of Mexico. Cortes stands before us, surrounded by his grim captains, and his merciless bands of savage Europeans—and we see

mingled in singular combination, the avarice, the atrocity, the superstition, which led to deeds of the blackest criminality, and the heroism of high-minded aspiring ambition. So, too, with the Mexicans—with much that was savage, there were traits of simplicity, of self-devotion, of high virtue, and of social culture, which are classical and refreshing.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY. By the author of the Sketch Book. No. 2. Containing Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

In no instance does genius present itself in a more graceful garb, than when the energies of one highly gifted mind are devoted to the pleasing task of portraying the excellencies of another. Seldom have we read any thing with so much delight, as we experienced in the perusal of the interesting account given in this volume, of the visit of Washington Irving to Walter Scott. It gives us a better idea of the Scottish novelist, than we have ever had before. It is one of the most delightful of Irving's sketches, and will be cherished by the admirers of Scott, as a noble monument to his memory.

Newstead Abbey has also its attractions—but the memory of Byron is not honored, and respected, and loved, like that of Scott. We may wonder, as we gaze at the eccentric and profligate course of Byron; but our affections cling to Scott—we love the man who has delighted and instructed the age, while he has maintained a dignified and pure character, and displayed in himself a model of the social and moral virtues.

The second volume of the Crayon Miscellany, is unlike the first, because the subjects are wholly different, but it is equally spirited and meritorious, and will be read with avidity by his numerous admirers.

CHRONICLES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN SAVAGES; containing sketches of their ancient and modern history, religion, traditions, customs, and manners, laws and regulations, language and dialects, medicine, biography, &c., together with topographical sketches of the country west of the Mississippi, and north of the Missouri rivers. No. I. May 1, 1835. Conducted by J. GALLAND, M. D., of Carthage, Illinois.

THE title page of this work leaves nothing to say, in regard to the design of it, of which we heartily approve. The conductor is a gentleman of liberal education, who has a fondness for the study of the social and political history of the aborigines of this country. He is placed under circumstances favorable to the collection of many interesting facts connected with this interesting race, who are so rapidly disappearing before the white population of the west. We cannot but wish that the patronage of this periodical may be such as to enable the conductor to devote his time to a department of history and biography, so rich, and so intimately associated with the rise of this republic, as the one on which he has entered.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to suggest to Dr. Galland, the importance of great care, in regard to the traditions which he may publish, in illustrating the history of the Indians. These traditions, when authentic, are excellent aids in determining the origin of this race of people, but many which have been given to the public, are the ingenious fabrications of the whites. To select the genuine, and reject the spurious, will require much labor and accurate observation. When any important tradition is given, it would be satisfactory to see it accompanied with a brief narrative of the circumstances under which it was obtained, and the evidences of its authenticity.

The 'cosmogony of the Sawkee and Musquawkee Indians,' given in the present number, is one of much interest. It purports to have been preserved by them, by means of hieroglyphic symbols, in the mish-shawn, or 'medicine bag,' from time immemorial. The account given in it of the creation of the world, and the destruction of mankind by the flood, correspond, in remarkable particulars, with the Mosaic record of the same events.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

TAKEN AT BELLEVILLE, ILL. IN MARCH, APRIL, AND MAY, 1835.

The times of observation are, V o'clock, A. M. and I and IX, P. M.

The mean temperature for each of these three hours, and for each month, is as follows:

	V.	I.	IX.	Mean of the Month,
For MARCH,	34.16	50.40	40.35	41.25
APRIL,	45.37	61.42	51.90	53.18
MAY,	59.53	75.58	65.82	66.98
For the SPRING,	46.35	62.47	52.69	53.82

Thus, the mean temperature of the whole season is 53.82.

The maximum and minimum for these times of observation, are:

For March,	max. 73°,	on the 31st :	min. 11°	on the 1st.
April,	" 81°,	1st	" 27.50,	17th.
May,	" 89.50,	22d	" 40.00,	10th.

The mean temperature of well water, and the amount of rain that has fallen each month, in inches and hundredths, are

For March,	well water, 51.83—rain, 1.48
April,	" 52.75 " 1.97
May,	" 53.62 " 5.50

Mean temperature of well water for the season, 52.73, and the whole amount of rain 8.95. About three inches of snow fell on the 2d of March.

For March, the fair days are 20, cloudy 4, variable 5, rainy 2.

April,	" 18,	" 7,	" 5,	" 0.
May,	" 15,	" 1,	" 14,	" 1.

For the whole spring, " 53, " 12, " 24, " 3.

Blue-Birds were seen the 3d of March; meadow-larks, on the 15th; hard frost on the 13th and 14th of April; blue violet and spring beauty in bloom, on the 9th of April; cherry-trees, on the 20th; English strawberries, on the 27th; early peas in bloom, on the 14th May.

The latter part of May, there were frequent heavy thunder showers; at one time, every day for several days in succession.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of APRIL, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date, May, 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM-PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath- er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.						
1	58.0	81.0	68.3	29.293	SW-SW	str.bre.		fair.	
2	50.5	85.0	66.8	29.413	NE-NE	lt.bre.		clear.	fine day.
3	50.0	87.5	69.2	29.307	SE-SE	lt.bre.	.62	fair.	rain night.
4	62.0	87.5	72.2	29.227	SW-SW	str.bre.	.22	vari.	rain night.
5	63.0	83.0	70.0	29.213	W-W	str.bre.	spr.	vari.	wet morning.
6	53.0	73.0	60.3	29.373	NE-NE	lt.wd.	.21	vari.	wet morning.
7	52.0	76.0	55.6	29.210	E-E.	str.wd.	.45	cloudy.	rain 1 P. M.
8	49.0	59.0	52.6	29.117	N-NW	lt.wd.	.29	cloudy.	wet day.
9	42.0	47.0	44.0	29.167	N-NW	lt.wd.	.41	cloudy.	wet forenoon.
10	36.0	61.0	48.3	29.367	NW-W	lt.wd.		fair.	foggy morning.
11	42.0	73.0	57.6	29.373	SW-SW	lt.wd.		cloudy.	
12	52.0	82.0	64.3	29.363	SE-SE	lt.wd.	.07	vari.	rain night.
13	54.0	76.0	62.3	29.073	SE-SE	hg. wd.	.72	cloudy.	thun. stor. 8 P. M.
14	50.0	80.0	62.0	28.967	SW-N	str. wd.		vari.	
15	45.7	71.0	56.4	29.207	N-NW	str. wd.		clear.	
16	40.0	74.0	55.7	29.277	NW-NW	str. wd.		clear.	fine day.
17	42.0	78.0	60.1	29.357	N-NE	str. bre.		clear.	
18	48.0	85.8	66.7	29.397	SW-SW	str. bre.		fair.	
19	60.8	91.0	74.9	29.340	SW-SW	str. wd.		vari.	
20	62.0	82.5	67.3	29.263	SW-SW	str. wd.	.21	vari.	
21	64.0	85.0	71.3	29.243	E-E	lt. wd.	.42	cloudy.	rain 4 P. M.
22	63.0	79.0	68.0	29.370	NE-NE	lt. wd.		cloudy.	
23	56.3	87.3	70.8	29.387	SE-SE	lt. wd.		fair.	
24	62.0	78.2	69.1	29.487	SW-SW	lt. wd.	spr.	vari.	spr. 9 and 2.
25	59.0	87.0	72.0	29.417	SW-SW	lt. wd.	.27	vari.	rain 5 P. M.
26	65.0	86.0	74.0	29.310	SW-SW	lt. wd.	spr.	vari.	spr. 11 A. M.
27	66.0	87.0	72.3	29.290	SW-SW	hg. wd.	.66	vari.	storm 6 P. M.
28	66.6	88.5	77.3	29.210	SW-SW	hg. wd.	1.77	vari.	stormy night.
29	62.0	80.0	70.3	29.247	W-W	str. wd.		fair.	very windy.
30	61.0	85.0	72.0	29.353	W-W	str. wd.		fair.	
31	64.0	89.4	73.8	29.260	SW-SW	str. wd.	1.25	vari.	storm 7 P. M.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 65° 34

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 91° 00

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 40° 00

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 51° 00

Warmest day, May 28th.

Coldest day, May 9th.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - - 29.2864

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.51

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 28.94

Range of barometer, - - - - - .57

Perpendicular depth of rain (English inches) - - - - - 7.57

Direction of Wind: N. 2½ days—NE. 3½ days—E. 2 days—SE. 3½ days—S. ½ day—SW. 12½ days—W. 3½ days—NW. 3 days.

Weather: Clear and fair 11 days—variable 13 days—cloudy 7 days.

The mean temperature of this month exceeded that of the same month, in 1834, 1.15°. The maximum temperature was 5° greater. The quantity of rain has been unusually great, being exactly three times the amount that fell in May, 1834.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1835.

ORATORS.

WE were somewhat surprised upon a recent occasion, on being informed that in one of our chief literary institutions, the art of elocution was in much disesteem. As this disesteem militated against some of our long and deeply-settled convictions; and as it was clothed with the consequence of residing at a great central source of influence, we forthwith set about examining the grounds thereof, and seriously did we ask ourselves, whether for years we had been admiring and praising an art that in truth had no legitimate claims upon applause or admiration. The result of the examination was, a firmer confidence in the soundness of our original and favorite belief—a belief that the art of elocution, properly understood and efficiently applied, is one of the worthiest of human arts—that the sphere of its action is most practically useful; and that in the scale wherein is graduated the worth of every instrument of education, the place to which this is entitled is among the highest. A distinct view of the sphere of its action may, perhaps, remove some scepticism that now exists in many minds with regard to its value.

As what we term the works of nature are merely the instruments which reveal the mind of Deity, so are the various works of man no other than the means whereby he has made manifest the workings of his immortal spirit. It is this spirit going forth through these various works, that impresses the

character and shapes the destinies of every age. The heart—the mind—these are the great central birth-places of all feelings, all opinions, all truths. It is within, that from all outward sources are gathered elements. There, unseen and unheard, are they wondrously commingled; and thence are born, and cradled, and nourished into mature life, the beginnings of whatsoever is great in physical enterprises, profound in thought and lovely in emotion. It is the true vocation of those works whereunto we have alluded; whose constituent elements are material; visible to any eye, audible to any ear, to serve as instruments for revealing and making available these ideal creations. They are composed of written and spoken language, and of all the arts, mechanical and the fine. These are the handmaids to the heart and mind. Without them, of how little worth would be all thinking and all emotion. They would perish in the same womb which had given them birth. Without fit physical appliances, no ingenious schemes would be so embodied as to surround with happiness the hearts and firesides of a nation. Without painting, and sculpture, and architecture, and music, how many lovely visions, how many heavenly tones, would visit the artist's soul only again to vanish away! Without language, the golden cadences of poetry would swell and fall only in the bosoms of the inspired few. Without the mighty aids of voice, and eyes, and lip, and brow, and gesture, and attitude, never would the eloquent thought go forth winged with its rightful power. It is the single end of the art whereof we speak, to develop and perfect these last-named instruments for the revelation of thought; and it is in view of this, its single end, this only sphere of its action, that we deem it entitled to the encomium which has been extended to it.

All informing of the mind, whether by the reading of books, or men, or of surrounding nature; and all reflection on, and combination of, the results of such reading, will lose much of their interest and utility, unless a chief end thereof be exhibition before others. We cannot be insensible to their sweet and hallowing influence upon the solitary heart, though enjoyed without reference to any ulterior action upon those around. We well know how they tend to fit the immortal part for the inspection of that eye which can look only on what is holy. But this end, however worthy, is not their only one. We fear that did they stop here, their noblest end would be undone. '*Know thyself*,' is a saying incomplete until its counterpart be added, '*act thyself*.' Thus far have they wrought only upon the inward self. They have another, a wider, and a loftier sphere. Into that sphere should they go joyfully forth. We

cannot speak well of that perpetual solitude in study which we have oftentimes beheld. Surely the hermitizing of thought, the housing up of feeling, the incarceration of gentle emotion, the refusing to unfold to time and waiting until compelled to unfold in eternity, this filling a volume with rich truth and closely clasping it that its contents may be unknown forever, surely this cannot be the end for which the heart should feel, and the intellect toil. This feeling and this toil should likewise be for the instructing, the delighting, the making better of those around us. They should be revealed, unfolded, exhibited. We would not have display, but exhibition. We do not say that among the purposes for which we are here below, is the petty one of merely producing an effect, but the noble one of moving and moulding all that is immortal in man. Nor without such exhibition, can mind be unfolded into its full-blown beauty and strength. There is danger in immuring knowledge, and opinions, and feelings in the bosom. There is hazard in crowding truth after truth into the dungeon of the intellect, without often sending them forth into the fresh atmosphere of public sympathy and public observation. There is danger that in that hour when all the depths of feeling shall be sounded, when all the hidden things of the soul shall be revealed, they will be found wanting; that when thus compelled forth into air and light, like relics dug up from the buried cities of the ancient world, they will crumble away. We repeat then that the great end of observation and meditation is, an exhibition of their results. Now the elocution art only professes to educate those organical powers which, appertaining to every human being, and susceptible of vast improvement, constitute, in their completest development, and in their combined and highest action, one of the most admirable mind-and-heart-revealing engines that lies within the choice of man.

When we compare these organical powers—the voice and its auxiliaries—with the other means through which the human mind may be made manifest, we see several interesting points of resemblance and of difference. More widely diversified is their sphere of action than that of written language, or music, or architecture, or sculpture, or of the pictorial art. It is not alone in the pulpit, at the bar, in the senate and in more popular assemblies, that they appear; but moreover in all the multitudinous forms of daily and hourly conversation. And here, where least suspected, oftentimes is their influence greatest. It is not by public speeches that the national heart is moulded, nor is it the public speech which exalts the national intellect. These are rather types and results of what has long been pass-

ing from one mind to another privately. In social intercourse are the ever welling fountains, and the capacious reservoir of all which refreshes and fertilizes a nation. It is here that ever athwart each other, are shooting the myriad, counter and cross currents of feeling and opinion. Here is fashioned the character of individuals, and here are secretly shaped the destinies of a people: and that which in more public situations is achieved by what is vaguely called eloquence, is here brought about, in great part, by the mysterious and irresistible potency of *manner*. But not only is the sphere of the powers under consideration more widely diversified; in the higher departments of this sphere their action is far more intense. What agent of expression can bear any similitude, in vigor or impressiveness, to that which the orator creates when, at some fit moment, concentrating all the mysterious energies of glowing eye, emphatic gesture, and majestic form, around the free and restless cadences of his living voice, he seems, as it were, to be transfigured before you into an ideal of sublimity, or pathos, or supernatural might! You behold an impersonation of whatsoever is terrible, or beautiful, or majestic. Painting and statuary are speechless—nay, they are dead, in the presence of the orator. And what is written language in such competition? Let the just uttered thoughts of the orator be transferred into that medium. Look at them through the dress of visible words. How tame, how characterless! What before seemed living and moving truths, have now no life, no motion. Corpse-like they lie, nerveless and soulless, beneath the still shroud of written language.

What can be likened as an organ of expression to the single agent, voice?—the human voice! more wondrous far, more varied in its notes, more piercing and deep as it sweeps through its wide diapason, than any, and may we not say, every other instrument. There is no shading, however delicate, of emotion, or of thought, which the voice may not body forth. There are no tones which it has not power to utter: and tones it has which are found nowhere else—tones which pause not at the outward ear, but descend far down through the still chambers of the heart—tones which fade not away with the tongue that sounded them, but still survive, and long are echoed in the memory of the hearer. And yet how small a part of the orator's language is his voice!

But while the agents whereof we speak, are thus most intense in their action, in their permanency they fail. They cannot long endure. They are for the few of each generation. An orator is the inspired statue of only a single age. There was no power to preserve the action of Demosthenes, and

Cicero, and Patrick Henry, bequeathing it as a model and a wonder to the eye of all subsequent time. Tones and gestures cannot be so embodied that unto them we may at any after-time repair, as to a painting, and renew the freshness and vividness of former impressions. They are the shorthand of thought, imprinted on the air, and not to be read a second time. And ever on the change,

‘How like the lightning which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens.’

Now appearing, now vanishing, they seem almost spiritual. Thus swiftly do they come and go, flashing and glancing before the eye, and evanescent as the quick darting of the lizard athwart the pathway of a traveller. But as we have said in this form motion may not abide forever.

‘This golden sentence
Writ by our Maker,’

must be blotted out. Its light fades from the eye. The voice passes to faint whispers and then to silence. Strength and elasticity leave the limbs, and one grand embodier of thought vanishes from the earth. Painting may wrestle with time a little longer. At length it falls. Sculpture, though mutilated, outlives its sister, and bearing to after ages some fragments of thought, at last crumbles into nothingness. Even written language, triumphant over all save time, hardly endures, shivered and dismantled, to testify that intellect and passion once had a dwellingplace upon the earth.

And what is this engine, constructed from the voice, the countenance and the gesture—so mighty and so transient—what is it when compared with itself? Widely different. Different in the same individual at different periods, and widely unlike in the several members of the human family. Nature does indeed scatter and diversify her gifts unconsciously. From repulsive features may look forth the softest eye, and with distorted limbs, how often is united a voice like the clarion’s! But that wondrous commingling of elements, that physical *beau idéal* which enchains all eyes and all hearts, and which was finely bodied forth in the forms of Siddons and of Talma, seldom is vouchsafed to man. Nor, when we survey the portraits of those who, as orators, have moved their age—from that great ancient, whose most projecting feature bore the excrecence, whose briefer name we forbear to utter, down to Mirabeau, rejoicing in a visage hideous as that of a tiger pitted with the smallpox; are we inclined to think superstitiously of this rare combination. It is not so necessary as one, unthinking, would be induced to imagine. Hence encourage-

ment to the unfavored. But however various the degrees of this combination, the highest may, by judicious exercise, be made still higher, and the very lowest may be raised up. What miracles herein may be wrought, we are advised by the image of the Grecian orator, shouting with his mouth full of pebbles upon the shores of the stormy sea; by Cicero swelling the piping treble of his voice in daily declamation; and by the ceaseless toil, the untiring perseverance of all who in subsequent times have made their voice the vehicle of a mighty influence upon their generation. With such, the just and constant application of the principles of the art whereof we speak, unto its proper objects, was one great cause of the wide empire they held over the hearts of their contemporaries, and the gentle sway they bear in the remembering hearts of each succeeding age. We repeat, a *just* and *constant* application of these principles. No more in this than in any other department, will single and spasmodic efforts avail. Let not the young man hope to become an orator, by now and then exploding from his lungs, or here and there warningly shaking his forefinger, and occasionally, and as if by chance assuming some portentous attitude. Does any one hope to make himself a profound mathematician, by once in awhile solving a geometrical problem?—or an impressive musician, by here and there sounding an occasional note? No. Efforts constantly reiterated are the toilsome price to be paid. Stroke upon stroke must be redoubled. The result need not be feared. And *justly* too should the principles be applied. They should be brought to bear upon the entirety of the physical man—not narrowed down to the voice alone, nor to the gesture alone, nor to the countenance alone. The grand principle of all liberal education should into this sphere be transferred, to wit—that its single end is emancipation of the universal man, and that wide mastery over all his powers which shall enable him not to remember well merely, nor merely to reason well, but to conduct himself most efficiently and impressively, in every situation wherein he may be placed. The only end of a worthy system of elocution is, to give a man an unrestrained mastery over all his agents of delivery. It aims not to teach that *here* should come in the rising slide, *there* the radical pitch, and in another place the vanishing stress; that *now* the hand should sever the air thus, and thus, and *anon* move with a gentle wave-like motion. Nor is its aim to make all speakers alike, by engrafting upon them some prescribed manner, but rather to leave to each his own natural manner fully and completely developed. Its processes are only means whereby the man so discovers and subordinates his powers, that when the occa-

sion shall come up, he may impress them quickly and efficiently into his service—that over them he may get a sway despotic as that of the musician over his passive instruments—that he may, at will, arouse and direct the slumbering energies of voice, set in motion the whole apparatus of gesture, a pantomimic language of itself, and the abundant language of the deaf—and that he may clothe the eye and lip and form with that impressive life and meaning so characteristic of him,

‘ Whose eloquent blood
Spoke in the cheek ; and so divinely wrought,
That you might almost say his body thought.’

Such, then, are the organs of delivery, and such the art which professes to render them available. Are both in that esteem to which their importance entitles them? Are the former educated and protected with that almost religious care, which the high duties they are destined to perform, demands? Is the latter in that high niche of public favor, whereunto, by reason of its noble sphere of action, it should be elevated? We fear not. For strange to say, while their proper results are by thousands listened to and eulogized, they themselves are neglected,—we had almost said, scorned. And what, it may be asked, are the proofs of this? What is the evidence of the distance between its real place, and that to which it is entitled, in public opinion? We answer, look around you. Look into many of our colleges and academies. Look into the pulpit, the bar and the popular assembly. In the colleges you find fragments of systems, most inadequately and unsteadily applied;—an occasional declamation, with here and there a verbal criticism by the professor. In the academy—the first nursery of the oratorical germs—what is the estimation, what the influence of the art? Is the young mind impressed with the truth that speaking, either public or private, is one great end for which he should improve the means around him? Are the oratorical powers started forth on their high career? Is the voice here first, and gently tuned? Is the incipient effort made to give that character and meaning to the general deportment which shall render it impressive in the great world before which it must soon stand or fall? Is the elocution art a wheel in the system of academic education? We fear not. We fear the art is an empty name to the pupil. And why should it not be so, where the literary teacher has too often never dreamt of its theory, and does not blush when he announces himself profoundly unskilful in its practice? And how is it with a vast majority of our twenty thousand speakers at the bar, in the pulpit, in the legislature, and before the people in their various assemblies?

Just as it ever must be with those who try their ability on the course, ere they have gone through the preliminary and necessary processes of training. Just as it ever ought to be with those who venture into the hazardous arena of public controversy, without hardly knowing the names of the instrument of attack and defence. They hope to succeed, and they know nothing of the *tierce*, the *redoublez*, the *en garde*. Do you see yonder speaker? He is a member of the bar, and in one way, a very distinguished member too. His mind is a vast magazine of legal truth, and orderly is the arrangement thereof. He has a good frame, and his voice ranks in the same category with that of Stentor. And what an eye, and brow, and lip! He is engaged in defending a female wrongly accused of infanticide. Behold around, the expectant eyes and ears of the multitude. The theme and the spectacle certainly will inspire him. And they *do* inspire him. He feels intensely. He reasons justly. He is thronged with ideas. But alas! they have no chance to impress the minds of the jury. His voice fails to do them service. What soporific monotony! How wiry, and piercing, and meaningless, is that high, that never-ending, still beginning pitch. Why does he not modulate it? Why will he not, now and then, descend? The reason is clear; he cannot. He has no mastery over it. He is like an aeronaut who, in the upper skies, knows not the simple opening of the valve whereby he may descend. But mark the gesture. Is it auxiliary to the voice? No. It rebels against it. It utters one thing while the voice is speaking another. Why do they not both combine with the harmonious countenance to produce impression after impression, until their accumulated energy shall compel acquittal? Why do they not marshal forth truth after truth, until doubt shall be driven from its strong entrenchments in the minds of the jurymen? The answer is obvious. They never have been drilled. They know nothing of the orator's tactics. They have failed to do their duty—sentence is pronounced—darkness has descended upon the innocent, and shame and grief bow down many hearts.

And how is it in the pulpit?—that central point wherefrom should radiate celestial and vivifying light far beyond the wide circumference of christendom. Surely, if any one should speak well, it is he who speaks of immortal things. Surely, if any one may be eloquent, it is he from whose mental vision all perishable scenes fade away, as standing between the soul and its Creator, he calls upon it to reascend into its heavenly home. Now observe yonder minister. His thoughts seem to be excellent. Indeed, upon a close inspection you find

them to be very admirable. Nicely adjusted are they to each other, and in their core is something vital. But then the delivery!—how doth it tame, and dwarf them down, and unvitalize them. The thoughts are in their manhood, the delivery is in its infancy. How toneless is the voice! There is no speculation in those eyes. The arm makes certain periodical ascensions and declinations. All is spiritless. You subside into a delicious calm. You seem to hear the lulling sound of waterfalls. It is clear, the preacher has incorporated into himself the notable maxim,—‘do all things gently.’ With Aristotle and Brummel, he seems to think there can be no sure test of gentility but the remaining tranquil. It might not be in good taste to be dramatic. You are satisfied this is not of kin to that majesty of eloquence that made Felix tremble. You pronounce it chill, arctic, motionless, passionless, dead. You are half disposed, in sheer waggery, to wake up the gentleman at your elbow, and ask if the preacher be not subject to occasional fits of catalepsy. You look around upon the thronged dormitory, and are gratified with the soothing symphony of the preacher’s *manner* with that of those who nod therein. But you are amazed and indignant, when you reflect that the automaton before you, is the ostensible revealer of God’s truth to man. You behold one whom his Creator has endowed, not only with power to think, but with powers of utterance. The former he has educated, the latter he has neglected. He has hid five of his talents in the earth.

Among the many classes of speakers, there is one whereof Mr. Scrogg is a specimen. His organs of delivery have been under a partial system, partially applied. He was informed by his instructor, that elocution had to do with nothing but the voice, and thereupon he set about bringing forth its many tones. He pored over Barber, and Steele, and Rush, until their precepts were at his tongue’s end. When at college, he declaimed every week. Think of that! The five, or fifteen minutes thus expended, seemed to be in harmony with the *days* bestowed upon his other means of education. Hence has he advanced just far enough into the theory of the art, to catch stray glimpses of its vast importance, but he has hardly any thing of its practice. Ten to one Mr. S. is inclined to affectation. But observe him—mark those *crises* in his delivery; the *telling* efforts. How they stand out from the level common placeness of his general manner, like a marble arm from the figure on the painted canvass,—or rather like the figure itself, started forth into a momentary and spasmodic life. Take him by and large, he is dull, only now and then is

he tremendous. Homer sometimes nods. Far otherwise with Mr. S. He is sometimes awake. And then the air where-with an effort is rounded off;—so lofty, so celestial. Had it a tongue, it would demand, ‘was not that fine?’ He pauseth impressively. It seemeth to himself that he hath ‘bred scruples in the lay gents.’ He is mistaken. An audible sound undeceives and mortifies, Mr. Scrogg. He is not, however, quite so bad as his opponent. He does not make every thing indiscriminately emphatic. His words are not all in italics: nor too rapidly does he hurry his ideas over the minds of his hearers. The stamp is not taken off ere the impression be made. But he fails to summon each revealing power into its appropriate action at the proper time. He fails partly through lack of certain knowledge; partly through lack of taste; and, more than either, through lack of the fitting early practice. When you have an opportunity to converse with this gentleman, you ask—‘Why, Mr. S. did you not modulate your voice? Why did you not give it various and free play—now curbing it, now giving it the rein—raising it here and letting it fall there, to suit the sentiment you were uttering? Why did you at a certain time subside into those guttural and sepulchral notes, and thence instantaneously leap into a third octave? Was it to make ‘the groundlings laugh?’ Believe me, you made ‘the judicious grieve.’ And then your gesture!—are you aware that your arms did not seem to know what your voice was about? They made a world of unmeaning gesticulation. Indeed, though I say it, your whole manner was awkward, wooden, and smacked much of the stump. Scrogg shuffles about, damns rhetoric, as he calls it, and announces that *his* grand business is with *ideas*, and that he always leaves delivery to take care of itself.

Another proof of the estimation in which this art is held among us, may be derived from our small number of graceful and impressive readers. While language embodies many thoughts, whose beauty and vigor cannot be fully appreciated, unless they pass silently into the reader’s heart,—as well as many others which, for a similar end, require all the powers of delivery,—it also contains much of the beautiful and the true, which can be rendered impressive, only by the simple, the unostentatious process of reading. The thoughts in the first-named class, are tranquil, retiring, maidenly. They have nothing in them of the dramatic. They were never designed to be delivered forth in sound and action. They ask you to commune with them in solitude and stillness. Those of the second are widely different. They are muscular, nervous, energetic. For their thorough appreciation, they demand the

auxiliaries of voice and gesture. They are the children of a dramatic mind. It is the third class, holding an intermediate place—which lies within the province of the reader. His unassuming delivery is happily fitted to render their manifestation complete. But where among us is to be found their accomplished reader? Where, in the various circles of which our society is composed, is the man or the woman who can take up that composition which is susceptible of being well read, and so exhibit its meaning, as to enchain a polite company? To this query we hear the mortifying reply. Nor will the reply create surprize, when we remember that impressive reading is accounted of little worth at school, of still less at college, and of none at all in the world. Yet is it a beautiful accomplishment, an ornamental crown to either sex, and in its appropriate, though humble sphere, capable of creating much happiness.

Thus abundant are the evidences of the low estimation of the elocution art, and the consequently low condition of the instruments whereon it is designed to operate. And what, it may be asked, are the causes thereof? Why is it that what in the brighter periods of the ancient intellectual world, was deemed an essential aid in the development of youth, and the perfecting of manhood, should, at this time, and in this land, be so unworthily regarded? Why is it that among us is such a dearth,—not of admirable orators,—but of agreeable, efficient, impressive speakers? To this last question, one answer may be found in the want of a *proper* system of elocution, diligently and efficiently applied,—and another, in the too general belief that *any* system, whatever its character, can be of no essential service. That system alone is proper,—with deference to the views of our superiors be it spoken,—whose single end is this,—to give to the pupil, a ready, complete, comprehensive, unrestrained, and as we have before said, a *despotic* mastery over all his powers of delivery. The finger—the hand—the arm—the body—the brow—the eye—the lip—the voice—and even the blood, as messenger-like, it flies to and fro from cheek to heart, and heart to cheek—are all to be compelled into subjection unto one single, governing mind. We shall not stop to gaze at the miserable aspect of divers existing systems, when contemplated in the presence of this only true standard. Nor shall we pause to verify this standard; to state its principles, detail its rules, and exhibit the processes whereby these principles and rules may be effectively applied. This work shall be reserved for another occasion. We will merely subjoin, that its spirit is in harmonious analogy with the spirit of all the arts, and all the professions, and all the business of human life.

We pass to the second answer;—to wit: the belief that *any* system, whatever its character, and how wellsoever applied, can be of no great service,—nay more, that it must operate injuriously. Of all the prejudices which by laziness and narrow thinking, are suffered to entrench themselves in a young man's faith, never perhaps to be dislodged, this seems to us, in an intellectual point of view, to be one of the most pernicious. It is a part of that general spirit which decries systems of every kind, laughs its sneers into the face of honest labor, and leaves all results to chance,—in other words, to the miracle-working energy of *Genius*. We have encountered it in conversation; we have seen it upon the printed page; and painfully has it appeared to us through the stammering, the blundering, the overwhelming confusion of many public speakers. We can have no patience with it. It has wrought too much evil. It has sent too many from the pulpit, back again to their original scythe and spade. Too many has it set down—shame-palsied—in the popular assembly. And too many by it have been transplanted from the hale atmosphere of forensic debate, into the *otium*, without the *dignitate*, of mere office lawyers. Its tendency is to make one untrue to his intellect, and to his heart, useless to his country and guilty in the sight of his God. It reconciles him to an existence wherein shall be no effort to educate some of his most effective powers, and he dies,—his capacities unknown—his duties unperformed. This is the belief from which has sprung the notion, that all true orators are *natural orators*. It is hand and glove with a belief in the omnipotency of a certain unintelligible something within, ycleped genius;—Genius! that snaps its fingers at all systems and rules, tramples under foot every exhortation to toil, and vainly imagines that immortality is, at any time, to be achieved by certain splendid intellectual *coups de main*. Mr. John Noodle believes that all oratory is *natural*;—the necessary instinctive outbreak of some resistless inward energy; and, moreover, that all oratorical study will only make a man artificial. He says, 'only let a man *feel*—let him *feel* his subject thoroughly—intensely,—he will never fail in delivery.' He tells you he has no faith in *manufacturing* orators, and thereupon cites Patrick Henry as authority. How utterly destructive—how utterly falla—but we forget;—Mr. Noodle is a *genius*.

And what is meant by the expression, natural orator? If it be designed to indicate a being whom nature has originally endowed with powers of delivery;—voice, features, form;—superior to those possessed by other human beings, we cannot possibly demur to the propriety of the phrase. But if—so

far as delivery is concerned—it imply a being any otherwise gifted, we cannot acknowledge that its meaning has the slightest foothold on truth. Now we do believe, that this latter idea of a natural orator is that which generally prevails:—that he is a creature not only preeminently favored by God with organs of delivery, but also, originally endowed with complete mastery thereof; so that when the occasion for their service arises, they are absolutely at his command. This, to us, is not so much a natural orator, as it is a natural solecism. We believe that no such being ever met the human eye. Never did the man exist, whose unpractised delivery came forth at his bidding, all-perfect, as Pallas sprung all-armed from the brain of Jove. Patrick Henry was not such a natural orator. Henry Clay is not such a natural orator. Both of these great speakers, necessarily had exercised, in some mode or other, their wonderful powers of delivery, long previous to any masterly effort of their eloquence. Mr. D. was much talked about as the *natural* orator. We went to hear him. He impressed us. So far as a high pulpit, concealing two thirds of his form, permitted him, he impressed us. The eye was ever upon him; the ear was never shut, and the heart was ready to feel as he bid it. Follow Mr. D. to his chamber. There shall you see the skill, the toil, the study which have enabled him to be a natural orator. There is no such thing as a natural orator in the generally received sense—the *only* sense to be attached to the expression, in order to avail those who seek therein for a reason to neglect elocution. No more than a natural dancer, or a natural musician, can there be a natural orator in any other sense than this;—a being blessed in birth by superior oratorical powers, which, of consequence, are susceptible of a superior development. On reflection, we find that those only are called such, who have made themselves admirable, impressive, and unaffected speakers, without any *apparent* preparation. Quickly and unperceived, have they passed from primitive awkwardness, up through the artificial, and out therefrom into an open, free, unembarrassed, and natural style of delivery. The steps of their progress were few and unseen, but not less certainly were they taken. An individual, naturally less gifted, toils more—endures more. He arrives at last, as did Demosthenes, to the desired point. He, forsooth, is *not* a natural orator. We venture to suggest that equally are they natural orators; that the only difference ever existing between them, was in their unequal endowment by nature of countenance, voice, and gesticulating powers; and also in the different modes pursued in developing them. These observations

are exclusively applicable to the subject of *delivery*. They are not intended to embrace any of those intellectual operations, mysterious and mighty, which must necessarily precede all delivery. We desire to make ourselves understood, and yet we doubt not that Mr. Noodle, not having listened, will turn about upon us; curl his lip at our mechanical dogmas; swear that we are all wrong; and utter a vague generality about a natural genius for oratory.

It is very difficult to converse with this 'thing of genius,' whereof Noodle is an impersonation. It holdeth no parley with the definite. You advise it that ceaseless labor is the parent of all great human achievements,—those achievements which are noble and useful, enduring and immortal. It shaketh its head dubiously. Mr. Noodle hath no opinion of hard headwork. The word *industry* has no place in his vocabulary. Had none but Noodle lived, such an abomination had not been coined. He encourages himself with such phrases as 'off-hand,' 'without premeditation,' 'right fresh from the soul,' and other such beggarly aids. He talketh about the deep sea, the everlasting stars, Byron and himself. Sombre and meditative, he wandereth abroad by the glimpses of the moon. Anon, he standeth with folded arms. He looketh pale. Self-enwrapt and melancholy, he longeth for the passer-by to inquire, 'Pray, who is that interesting young man?' An improvisator is his beau ideal. He is ever waiting for some miracle of cloven tongues to descend upon *him*. He 'never is, but always to be' great. He delayeth to prepare until the last moment. He hopeth for intellectual salvation, by virtue of a sort of deathbed repentance. When he rises to address an audience, he is particularly careful to startle it by announcing that, until the present moment, he has never thought of the subject. He trusts that it will be taught him in that hour what to say. He feels himself an embodiment of Sheridan's famous exclamation,—'it is *in* me, and by — it shall come *out*.' For the raiment of knowledge he careth not;—he is always in dishabille. What to him are all the treasures of the past? Vanities, whereof he thinketh not. What to him is the example of great minds? To those high lights, he preferreth his own little darklantern. Mr. N. being one of the *nil admiraries*, abhorreth them all. Nor has he reverence for age. Why should he have? He is above all age. He never groweth older. He is himself the centre,—all other mortal things are circumferential, or collateral—something *by-the-by*. Noodle is self-poised, self-sufficient—sublimely ignorant, and sublimely ludicrous. In his own bosom is a fancy that he is a prodigy,—in the bosoms of

every body else, a conviction that he is — what we forbear to name. Did not Mr. N. cut our acquaintance, we should presume to address him: ‘Banish, sir, those romantic visions from your fancy. Jacko’lantern like, they are beguiling you to ruin. Tear out from your memory, those worthless scraps of thought which reconcile you to indolence. For, hark, and far over the seas of time comes a voice from the example of Demosthenes, and Cicero, and Newton, and Burke, warning youth and manhood *never to cease from toil*. Why hanker after the mean reputation of a *genius*?—rather aspire after that noble fame which ever follows good deeds well done. No longer believe with Dogberry, that ‘to be well favored is the gift of fortune, but to write and to read comes by nature.’ Wait no longer for the inspired mantle to fall upon you. Abjure the doctrine of necessity. Believe not in effects without a cause. Cease talking about genius. Cast Byron into the flames. Turn up your collar and go to work. Instead of turning up his collar, we doubt not that, as far as possible, Mr. N. would turn up his nose at our friendly exhortations. We do our best, and yet never do we expect to convince thee, O *genius*!—thou sublime abstraction! thou entire instinct! thou effect without a cause! thou personified doctrine of necessity!—We can never comprehend thee! to us thou art a hieroglyphic, quite dubious, quite illegible! we strive to fix thy place in the universe; to learn what thou workest, and what thou art;—but in vain. Still may we venture to surmise that, bachelor-like, thou marriest not thyself to the useful and the true; like him, thou art a vain parenthesis in the social volume—wert thou omitted, society would lose none of its meaning. At length, having mused away existence, thou art not. In death thou becomest what in life thou would’st fain have been—a great *unknown*. Thou dost cease to despise the world, and the world doth cease to laugh at thee.

Would that the example of Mr. N. had fewer imitators among the intellectual young men of this country. Would that more distinctly might be seen, and more intensely might be felt, that his principles of action are broken reeds whereon no one may safely lean. Would that whoever looks up to public speaking as the sphere of his earthly action, might, while one eye regales itself with the coming glories thereof, permit the other to survey the various labors necessary to their attainment. To reach its highest point, severe must be the toil, and few are the minds that dare submit to it. With her one Homer, Greece can show but a single Demosthenes; and the land of Virgil gave birth to but one Cicero. But as the labor is great, so

will the harvest be abundant—a golden harvest of power and of fame. And is not this wide land the field, and this stirring age the season? Where, and at what time, from the first recorded eloquence of Judah, in the presence of the Egyptian ruler, down to the present century, has the orator been surrounded by such resistless motives, such rich materials, such glorious spheres. Do you long for fame? Know then that in all ages, in all lands, and among all classes of people, admiration of oratory lives forever. Delight in poetry may languish. Philosophy may fail to engross. The painter may live neglected, and the sculptured marble may gather around it no wondering crowds. But not so with the orator. Whenever he may appear, admiration is ready to spring forth and surround him with garlands. His path is the true ‘*sic itur ad astra*’—ever open, ever illustrious. But do you long for that power—far beyond all earthly fame—the power to do good? The orator’s horizon is wide as all feeling and all thought. Many are the occasions for his action. True, the topics of the past are gone; but topics exist in the present, and they must arise in the future. Human nature is still changeless. The vices never cease to stalk abroad; they are to be frowned down. The virtues too often faint; they ask for the fearless and mighty aids of the public speaker. And not alone in the political and judicial arena is his voice to be heard. These only departments of ancient eloquence constitute but a portion of the sphere in which the modern orator may move. Vast enterprises of religion and benevolence are to be accomplished. The mind of the age is to be awakened and brought to bear upon them. The single cause of temperance—how momentous! how strong and unremitting the required effort to carry it onward to a successful issue! And yet this is but a single wheel in the vast machinery which, in this age, a benevolent patriotism has set to work. The cause of missions, of colonization, of the poor and the unfortunate; the cause of education, and the cause of moral and christian truth throughout the world—all are to be engaged in and carried through. And for their achievement can be enlisted no mightier power than the eloquent tongue. And what is the influence of a public speaker in forming the national taste and moulding the national heart? Small perhaps, when compared with the influence of other agents. Yet still great. He is to work upon a people with whom

‘Action is eloquence, and their eyes
More learned than their ears.’

In this west he is to aid in shaping a people, yet in their pliant and elastic youth. It is, in part, for him to say what shall

be the moral and intellectual destinies of this valley. His feelings, and opinions, and character now sown in our vigorous prime, will in manhood come forth into their natural harvest. There can be no higher, no holier duty than the guiding and instructing a nation while yet but in the season of its youth.

And by what means is one to fit himself for this high duty, and for all the duties of a public speaker? An orator, in the comprehensive thought of Cicero, must have all knowledge of all subjects. All fountains should be unsealed and poured into his soul: of *man*, that he may sound his depths and direct his currents; of *books*, that he may know what intellect has achieved, of *nature*, that therein, as in the fabled fountains, he may bathe his failing heart and renew the fresh vigor of its early youth. But of what avail are all abounding thoughts and feelings upon the great themes of human interest, unless there be a worthy agent to deliver them forth? Powerless energies! useless weapons! rusting unused in the armory of the intellect. Let then this agent—the handmaid of eloquence—no longer be neglected. Let us put down the ignoble thought—born in the cells of monks—that this body, with all its wondrous organs, is unworthy man's reverential care. For the soul, it is the permitted instrument to do its various ministries here below. Unto the soul it is as marble to the sculptor, or the many piped organ to the musician. But not like them does it never react upon its governor and guide; but,

‘As this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and heart
Grows wide withal.’

We cannot doubt that the dramatic character incorporated by elocution into the organs of delivery, invariably imparts a dramatic character to one's style of thinking. But of this we are not now to speak. Happy he who feels the truth and applies it for his own improvement. And thrice happy he who contends for the noble prizes of oratory by efficient means: who knows his powers, and how to use them, and has the will to do so. His fame is broad in his own time, and his efforts extend to many after ages. At length, our national drama ceases—the curtain falls. All of us that can perish goes down to the common sepulchre of departed nations. Our cities are crumbled and their very names forgotten. The purple light of poetry is faint upon the hills and streams. The voices of the free are hushed. Liberty is not; her silver cord is loosed, and her golden bowl broken. The mysterious Future has become the melancholy Past. Then haply may wander hither some literary pilgrim. What names hath time spared for his

grateful ear? Not, we trust, the names of rulers ignobly great, or of conquerors with their inglorious fame; but rather those of the philanthropist, the patriot, and the orator.

J. J. J.

LINES.

'The natives entertained a belief that somewhere in the south was an island, containing a spring of water, capable of restoring to deformed age perpetual youth and beauty. There were many beautiful superstitions connected with it.'—IRVING'S COLUMBUS.

FOUNTAIN, of power divine!
Where wellest thou? What island in thee blest,
Thy youth-renewing spirit doth enshrine,
Within its blissful breast?

Are the bright billows young,
Whose voices murmur round thy silvery shore?
And softly flow thine own pure waves among
Vales, blooming evermore?

Above thee, smiles the sky
In spring eternal, by no tempest scathed?
Are birds, and leaves, and flowers and all, in thy
Youth-giving spirit bathed?

Hath age rolled after age
Over thy form and earth's, since dawn of time,
Leaving its beauty, marred by death's fierce rage,
Thine, fair as in thy prime?

Where art thou, Fountain! Where?
Alas! no voice comes from the distant sea;
Vainly we hope these pleasant forms to wear,
Inspired with youth by thee.

Haply, thou art a dream
Of the immortal soul—an image bright
And beautiful of its fair home—a beam
From some celestial light.

There, far beyond this tomb,
In ever-welling springs of Love and Truth,
Fain would it lave its weary wings, and bloom
In everlasting youth.

And from life's desert course,
Gush up no fountains? Yes. Thou, Nature! art
Our bounteous well-spring—the perennial source
Of youth unto the heart.

O, Nature! might we be
Where, in thy blissful beauty thou art shrined,
And warmed with love, unquenchable, of thee,
All peaceful pure and kind;—

Did grief and years surround
And bow this form, still in its breast should roll
Tides from thy healthful spring, and gladly bound
Youth's pulses through the soul.

HAL.

TRAVELS IN HOT WEATHER.—No. I.

WHEN I traveled in hot weather last year, my steps were directed to the South. I visited the beautiful towns of Lexington and Frankfort, and partook of the polished hospitality of their inhabitants; I traversed many of the green hills of Kentucky, more than ever delighted with the enchanting scenery, and delightful legends of that land of romance. I lingered among the scenes of hardy achievement, which have given imperishable renown to the names of Boone, and Harrod, and Logan, and so many other of the distinguished pioneers, and felt my heart growing warmer every moment in its pulsations of affection towards the descendants of the pioneers, who cherish most of the noble traits which marked the characters of their hardy fathers. I visited the romantic cliffs of the Kentucky river, and mingled, with unalloyed gratification, among the crowd of intelligent visitors that thronged the agreeable and salubrious resort at Harrodsburg.

Now, my face is turned in the opposite direction, and I write these lines on board a steamboat, which is rapidly paddling her way against the current of the Ohio. The beautiful city of Cincinnati, is behind me, and I almost think I leave her crowded streets with regret. It is a dear little city after all—and although, I am sometimes tempted to speak in disdain of the money-getting spirit of some of its inhabitants, and the narrow prejudices of others—there is an impulsive vigor in her institutions, and an active energy in the mass of her population that pleases me; and I have spent happy hours in the mansions of some of her hospitable citizens, that I shall long remember with feelings of grateful regard. Cincinnati must be known, to be properly appreciated. Her neat buildings, her handsome streets, her fine churches, appear to great advantage in the eyes of a stranger—but her wealth does not glitter on the surface of society, and has no representative in the luxury, or the expenditures of the citizens. Her real capital, industry, enterprize, and ingenuity, are rapidly building up an immense metropolis, and accumulating fortunes for thousands of unpretending individuals, but they are working with a silent though a gigantic energy. I mean comparatively silent—for though a stranger

may fancy he sees much activity, and many of the external signs of business, as he wanders along the streets, it would require much close investigation to discover the immense resources of capital that are employed in carrying on her commerce—the great manufactories that are scattered throughout the city, and whose fabrics are distributed through the whole region lying south and west—and the moral energy which is exerted in giving life to the whole. The number of strangers that arrive and depart, forms of itself an item in the intercourse of this people, of such magnitude as to be almost incredible. It is a fact of which I am well advised, that the arrivals at Cincinnati by steamboats, during the seasons of active navigation, average from six to seven hundred persons, per day; and when to this are added, the passengers who arrive in stages and private conveyances, the whole number will be scarcely less than one thousand.

But I have no time for prosing. There are scenes before me sufficiently enticing to employ all my spare moments. I shall ascend the cliffs of the Allegheny ridge, and inhale the ocean breeze of the Atlantic—my native air, but to me how foreign! I have roamed for so many years upon the frontier, and dwelt in the forests of the west so happily, that my home is here, and here are nearly all the associations of habit and friendship—the ties of intercourse, affinity, and friendship, that render life a blessing. I have seen the west growing under my eye, and can speak of much that now exists in full vigor and beauty, as ‘all that I saw and part of what I was.’ The east too has grown, and expanded, and I shall see there a new country, and a new people.

Nor am I alone in the feeling of excitement with which I view the wonderful amplification, of our great republic. The whole world seems to be traveling. The steamboats are crowded with passengers, and the stages creaking under loads of erratic republicans, who are exercising in this rational manner, the indefeasible right of pursuing happiness—almost the only right guarantied in the constitution, which is undisputed and unnullified. For many years past, our rivers and roads have been as much thronged with passengers, as at this time; but heretofore those persons have been chiefly emigrants, hastening with eager steps, and minds excited with anxiety and expectation. The west—the wide illimitable field, fresh and teeming with its harvest of golden promise, allured the speculator hungry for money, or eager to become the possessor of broad lands, the farmer seeking a home, the young doctor looking for patients, and the newly created lawyer, hunting out a feasible mode of picking up an honest

living. There were missionaries in the crowd, full of zeal—schoolmasters full of grammar and arithmetic—projectors full of gimerack notions—and young aspirants after fame and fortune, full of all sorts of emptiness. But all were working people, all expected to work wonders, and all were in a hurry. That they succeeded in their various views, is not for me to say—the proof of the pudding has long been settled by high authority—the country has thriven under the visitation.

I find now a great change in the character of those that we encounter on the public highways. The crowd of emigrants is as great as ever; but the materials of which it is composed, are not of the same kind. Formerly the young, bold, active, adventurous, and indigent, formed the great mass. Now, the rich are beginning to venture their money, and the timid their bodies, in this pilgrimage. Old people are following their children, to lay their bones in the valley of the Mississippi. But in addition to those who compose the stream of emigration, there is a concourse made up of gayer spirits, mingled with not a few of the more substantial individuals, who are the great lights, as well as the great fixtures, of the land, and who a few years ago, would as soon have thought of going to China, as of coming to the west. Parties of pleasure now pass and repass between these cardinal points. The gentry of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, engage with alacrity in a jaunt to the western cities; and the time is fast approaching, when a visit to this region will be considered as a part of the finish of a complete education, next in importance to dancing, singing, and phrenology. ‘The Campbells are coming.’ They have found the way, and nothing can stop them now. Fashionable parties have made the adventure, and returned without being gouged, scalped, knocked into a cocked hat, or used up to a mere grease-spot, and a visit to the west is ascertained to be not only safe, but in good taste. If you step up into the Louisville hotel, or Postlethwait’s in Lexington, or the Broadway or Pearl street hotel in Cincinnati, you are sure to encounter some gay bridal party from down east, or some venerable citizen of New York, with a bevy of fair daughters and nieces, or some spruce quaker from Chesnut street, with an equally spruce better half—‘all on hobbies, gee up and gee ho,’ jaunting it merrily through the wide west, with as little fatigue, and as little sense of danger, as formerly attended a trip to Saratoga. And grave men have become smitten with the spirit of adventure. The great lights of the church, and the great leaders in politics, think us worthy of personal inspection. Doctors of divinity leave their pulpits for a few weeks, and ride soberly out to Cincinnati or St.

Louis, to examine through their own spectacles, those wonderful things, which they have heretofore seen through the eyes of other men; and veteran politicians wander hither to seek golden opinions in our wooden country. And truly it is but a pleasant little excursion. What with railroads, macadamized turnpikes, and canals, one may whisk off from the seaboard to Cincinnati in six or seven days, at an expense not worth naming, and with ninety-nine chances to one, against the mishap of a broken neck, or even a dislocated limb.

On the other hand, the inhabitants of our western cities are becoming equally locomotive in their propensities, and traveling in hot weather is fashionable here, as well as on the other side of the mountains. Some of our towns have grown big enough to be dusty, disagreeable, and city like, in the summer, and none but dull dogs will stay in them in dog days. The magnificoes and those who rate each other on the Rialto, have swelled into a tribe, who are rich enough to travel, and who have wives and daughters of whom they are sufficiently proud to be willing to show them abroad. Young Kentuckians and Ohians reared in this region, are not afraid to compare themselves with the polished offspring of the oriental branches of the great republican family. Many here are therefore on the wing—some for the Yellow Springs, some for the Delaware Springs, and some for Harrodsburg, or the Olympian. Others are off for Niagara, for Quebec, or for Saratoga. Thus an agreeable interchange has been established between the east and west; and we shall hereafter not be obliged to rely for our knowledge of each other, upon traveling agents, or mercenary English bookmakers.

These facts furnish a convincing proof of the rapidity with which the intercourse between distant points is increased, by the facilities which are afforded to it. Before the construction of a road or canal between any two places, the number of passengers and the amount of business may not seem to warrant the success of such an undertaking, or to indicate its necessity; but when an agreeable and rapid mode of intercommunication becomes actually established, new branches of industry are developed, and travelers are enticed into a channel which had been neglected by them. A few years ago, the perils and fatigues of a journey across the mountains, closed the path against all except such as had some strong inducement: now the luxuries of this same town, are such as to invite those who seek pleasure only.

My voyage from Cincinnati to Wheeling has afforded no incidents worth recording. I am in a new boat, with a very agreeable company, and although the trip will be a little

longer than usual, it will not be unpleasant. The boat is, in general, well-managed, and every civility extended to the passengers; but there are some abuses, which I am bound, as an honest tourist, to point out, and I hope the owners will correct them. The practice of playing cards in the gentlemen's cabin, was not formerly allowed in our best boats; it has lately become common, and is a most abominable nuisance. Three or four gentlemen sit down at a table to play loo or brag, and for the first hour are perhaps quiet enough; but they soon become excited, begin to bet high, to talk loud, and to swear profanely. To-day we witnessed such a scene—when two persons, one of them much intoxicated, were permitted to disturb a large company for several hours, by pouring out torrents of blasphemy, and vulgar slang, of the most disgusting character; and this too in the hearing of the ladies, whose cabin adjoins, and who were obliged to close the doors, and lose the benefit of a draught of air, rather than be thus insulted. This should not be permitted. There may be no objection, abstractly, to the playing of a quiet game of cards, without betting, by a few gentlemen, who claim the right of spending the time in their own way, and who amuse themselves without disturbing others. But it is impossible to permit the use of cards, without being subjected to the abuses which inevitably follow. If one party may play, another is entitled to the same privilege. Gambling, drinking, and swearing follow in succession. This evil is attended by another; which is, that professed blacklegs are induced to travel in steamboats for the sole purpose of exercising their nefarious arts. It is proper that these facts should be made public, and that the attention of the owners of boats should be called to them. Cardplaying should be wholly disallowed; or else an apartment should be constructed for the purpose, where it may be carried on without annoyance to quiet passengers, and without offence to those who disapprove such amusements, and are made uncomfortable by being obliged to sit by and see them.

Another annoyance in these boats is the badness of the servants—dirty white boys, shabbily dressed, with filthy hands, reaching over the table and dipping their loose shirt sleeves into your plate. A servant should not be permitted to wait on table in his shirt sleeves.

Captain Hamilton's suggestion about the public comb and hairbrush, has induced the introduction of these articles into some of our boats; and that which was a lie when he wrote it, is becoming true. This too is a nuisance, and one for which we must thank captain Hamilton.

In looking about for something to amuse me, I picked up

Fanny's Journal, which I had read before. It requires a second perusal to get fairly into its merits. At a first reading, the licentiousness, vulgarity, and petulance of the writer, are so prominent, and so annoying, that they destroy all relish for those passages which are in better taste. There are fine passages in the book—things which show that Fanny has genius and spirit, and would have had an elegant mind, if her morals had not been corrupted, and her sensibilities destroyed, by a strolling life and a vagabond occupation. There are whole pages of acute observation, and sensible writing; and there are touches of eloquence, which are quite effective. Then there are inconsistencies which show a want of reflection, if not of principle. At one moment she talks of going to church and taking the sacrament; at another she is galloping through Chesnut street on Sunday, receiving visitors, packing her trunks, and spending the whole day in business and dissipation. In one place she is prosing about religion, in another she utters a daring blasphemy, or a libertine sarcasm on piety. Sometimes she enacts the woman, talks of her feelings; and tells of being in tears—in the next breath she is swearing, and drinking champagne. The idea of Fanny in tears seems absurd, for her whole nature appears to be masculine, and her passions, though strong, are coarse and sensual.

There is another English lady among us, 'taking notes,' and no doubt she will 'print them.' She is industrious in the collection of information, and apparently anxious to get at the truth; but I am well satisfied, will write a book which will be quite as displeasing to us, and as untrue, as those which have preceded it. Not that I doubt the lady's good intentions. I think her sincere. But there is a native perversity of intellect in every English man and woman, in relation to America, which prevents their seeing anything in a true light. I was satisfied, in a very short conversation with the lady in question, that she had made up her mind about America before she came here, and was collecting evidence to prove the correctness of her pre-conceived views. She is an exceedingly clever theorist—a radical in religion and politics—one who would turn things upside down, or inside out, just to try the effect of the contrast—and she will be pleased or displeased with things here in proportion as they agree with her revolutionary principles. Her prejudices are amiable, but very strong, and some of her misconceptions so singular, that if she had not already given undoubted evidences of respectable talent, I should have been inclined to doubt her capacity.

I hope when I send you another communication I shall have some topics to treat, of more interest than those which occupy this sheet. Yours, truly.

SPECULATIONS.—No. I.

THE MOSQUITO.

‘*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*’

OF all the beings that make up what are called the lower orders of creation, we are inclined to regard with peculiar love, those which sport upon the wing. From the eagle to the little wren; from the lark that sings at heaven’s gate, to the shardborne beetle; from the bat darting in his melancholy sables across the twilight, to this small fly that has but now settled upon the sheet before me, to rub his hands, arrange his locks, and plume his wings for another flight:—how are they all-blissful in their vast and viewless element!—how beautiful is the sphere wherein, though transiently, they move!—now pouring joy, through eye and ear, into man’s inmost heart, and now sweetly imaging forth the beauty and goodness of that mightier heart,—the everlasting Well-spring—the Fountain of all. We have much to say of them and to them, for unto many a thought and feeling have they given birth. And well, we think, would it be for man, did he oftener permit himself to be by them impressed. All that may be seen and heard—all that by any of the senses is appreciable,—exists only for man, for his purifying, and strengthening, and illumining. And how great a part of this material whole, this external agent of inward moral influence, are the winged nations whereof we speak! How great a part and how good! Not alone do their graceful forms, and movements ever active, arrest the eye; or their instincts changeless, and always true, proclaim the celestial hand that made them. They have tongues not mute, but

‘*propertied*
As the tuned spheres.’

They have voices that untiringly give forth hymns, untaught indeed by any human master, yet still strong in a lovely power to move the soul to mirthfulness, or to tears. And yet often do we skip over this fairest chapter in nature’s volume. The bird and the bee improve the swiftly hastening hours. Man knows the truth;—how seldom does he heed it!—and still seldomer does he apply it. The song is raised in the forest, and intermingled softly with the voice of winds and waterfalls, but it not often falls upon human ears, awakening diviner melody in that lyre which hangs far within the soul. It swells forth and dies away, as vanishes into thin air the fragrance of the unseen wilderness flowers. Would that it were otherwise. Strange, that many noble intellects pass

through life, and finally lie down in their last couch, without ever drinking at this fountain, planted by God in the midst of life's desert—nay more, without even unlocking and unsealing it; and, may we not say, without a shadowy consciousness of its existence. What—as ere this we have inquired—are all outward influences but fountains for the refreshing and growth of man's heart and mind? And what one is there, more grateful, more tranquilizing than this, springing up almost from beneath his footsteps, and which we know to be perpetual as the stars?

As in the war of passions, in ambition's dreams, we neglect and forget this ever flowing source of inward good,—so hence arise no thankful emotions towards it. We thank the power that bestows upon us physical wellbeing—what we may eat, what we may drink, and wherewithal we may be clothed. But those other powers, whereof the highest are the purely nature's creations—the sea, and its wondrous denizens—the night, with all the soft and benignant influences of the over-arching firmament—the spring, with the youthful flowers and leaves that garland it with beauty—and last, though not least, that vast and various world of beings living, briefly and unostentatiously it may be, upon the wing;—all these, how seldom thought of, and when so, how little thankfulness springs from the bosom up to bless their kindly spirit, active only for man's good! The raiment of the body perishes when the body is no more; but that raiment which nature's pure creations may weave around the heart and mind, becomes a part thereof, and with the soul survives through all ages. Of them, man's duty bids him think—snatching an hour from the time engrossed by the world's passions—and thinking of them, well may come up from his grateful heart an echo of their Creator's voice, which in the youth of their existence, pronounced them blessed evermore.

From this wide and fervent benediction, it grieves us much to except a class of beings, whereof one species is significantly indicated by the trisyllable at the head of these Speculations. We presume to say that of all the tribes which are borne upon the wing, are none less worthy of our respect than that whose character and history can be summed up in the brief, emphatic, and almost pointed word, *gnat*;—and of all the species which go to make up this genus, it is doubted if there be one farther down in the scale of existence, and more worthy of deep and universal execration, than that which is comprehended in that 'word of fear'—*Mosquito*! He stands out from the insect nations, like the serpent, from those that walk the earth,—an embodied malice—a dread—a

foe—his hand against all mankind, and every man's hand against him. And of all animals, winged or unwinged, that batten upon human blood, where can be found one more deceitful and more malignant—combining more seemingly goodwill, with more real remorselessness of instinct? We own that we bear a grudge against thee! thou similitude unto a needle! thou personified bodkin! thou biting epigram!—for recent has been our cutaneous experience of thee, and many are the rubicund proofs even now upon our visage, of thy last bloodthirsty and nocturnal visitation. We lack curses to embody how much we abhor thee. For a moment, we would be Caliban. Shame! shame upon thy cowardly spirit, not daring to approach in the honest light of day, but like a nightly thief—thou epicurean burglar!—breaking into our soul's dwelling, and stealing therefrom our 'wine of life.' Think not that we are to be beguiled by that sonorous hum, which thou wouldest fain have us take for a kindly serenade to our slumbers. Thou impersonation of guile! we see through thee—we see through all thy base designs, and with our pen long have we resolved to expose, and be revenged upon thee. We desire to see thee laughed at and detested, until by a moral ostracism, thou shalt be compelled to betake thyself to perpetual exile.

Can our gentle reader sympathize with us? Has he ever wearied away a summer's night in burning torments, and risen to be informed by his mirror, that his once clear complexion, bears marvellous likeness to a visage just recovering from the smallpox? If so, he will, we trust, for a few brief moments, extend to us the favor of his goodly company.

We repeat, that of all those who drink their own existence from the crimson fountain of human life, there is none more regardless of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, none more intensely selfish and voracious, none more universally to be abjured and abominated than your mosquito. He stands *alone*;—alone in the skeleton hungryness of his look,—alone in his sanctimonious silence and solitude during the day,—alone in his fiendlike activity during the night. He enters life for no other end than the sucking of blood. It is his vocation—the 'be all and end all' of his terrestrial existence. To him, there is nothing worthily visible, save veins and arteries;—nothing worthily audible, save their strong pulsations. Nor giveth he return for his revenue. His business is a very sinecure. He is the only genuine image of your modern officeholder. About him is nothing whereof you speak in sorrow, but all in wrath. Your fly—your familiar house fly, we mean—has in him traits of amiableness, which render the notice

once taken of him by Uncle Toby, commendable in the extreme. His frank spirit scorns darkness. His actions are open as the day, to be inspected by any eye, to be judged of by any mind. Nor is he so exclusively epicurean—so aristocratic in his diet—as to be content only with the blood of man. He passes from this eatable to that, equally satisfied if but the element of nutrition lie therein. He yieldeth respectfully to your approach. He constantly showeth a keen and active appreciation of an important class of domestic duties. He soundeth continually in your ears the buzz of good fellowship. And mark!—these traits bloom up from his character, amidst the hard words and still harder blows of his bipedal brethren. Still doth he not lack in that rare virtue, Patience. Man embitters his life with daily fear, yet does he worthily endure the burden. It is a seldom spectacle to behold him, in a momentary death-frenzy, dashing his head with fierce and suicidal iteration, against the windowglass, or plunging with mad recklessness into the gossamer toils of his most carnal foe. But we rejoice that the spirit of the *felo de se* passes soon out of him, and again he returns resignedly to his duties, and to the buffetings of his humble sphere.

Even doth your flea ascend in estimation, when his deportment and features are placed side by side to those of your mosquito. You look upon his ‘small head and roundish body’ clad in sable armor all polished, on his impenetrable breast plate and flexible greaves, and you revere him as a miniature image of that heroic ‘age which has passed away.’ Or, haply shall his mailed vestments bear your imagination back to still farther times, when the spear (wherein we have many a time and oft had sensible proof that he is not wanting) and shield, were the grand criteria and accompaniments of manhood. Desiring to inspect him closely, you gently advance your forefinger to where he should be, when lo! his mighty spring—two hundred times his own diameter—informs you that he is not of the ancient, but the present age; and not quite unskilled (pardon the allusion, reader,) in one mysterious, characteristical manœuvre of the champion of a certain political school. You wonder—may we not say—admire. The memory of his past depredations vanishes before your amazement at his muscular energy. You are almost ready to enshrine him in reverential awe.

Nor can we forbear to speak of thee—the ultimate syllable of whose cognomen has of late, in most malicious wagger-y, been assigned to our own most worthy care—thee of the two brown eyes, strong corselet and crooked torturing weapon—whose entire designation we dare not name ‘to ear’s

polite.' Even thou hast merit when present in the same thought with thy sanguineous, nocturnal and winged coadjutor. While we abhor thy cannibalism, and closely close each nostril to the access of divers subtle influences whereof (thou canst not deny it) thou art the unfragrant fountain,—yet have we at times been almost prone to join thee in thy often heard victorious war-shout over thine enemy the flea;—yet are we pleased dreamingly to gaze upon thy elliptical form, ever conjuring up the image of that aquatic delicacy, which aldermen never knowingly spurn. Still more do we respect that far-seeing sagacity, which keeps thee close and watchful in thy dark cranny, when he whom thou wouldest prey upon, leaves unextinguished the taper, that, venturing forth, he may be enabled to smite thee unto death. Thou dost outwit him;—we respect thee therefor.

Shall we go on to speak of that most *capital* worthy, in comparison with whose qualities, your mosquito vanishes into utter worthlessness;—the only veritable and everlasting craniologist,—he who, in imitation of ancient Gothic warriors, rejoiceth in draughts from human skulls,—he whose empire has, by the incursive spirit of certain *soi-disant* philosophers been wrested away, soon we trust to be restored;—he whose prolific energy has, (we must disclose it) in the marvellously brief space of twenty-four hours, elevated him to the responsibility of a grandfather—an ancient?—shall we speak of him? We will not. Already,—thou winged torture!—have we amply shown that all, who with thee repair exhausted nature at the same source, are gifted with qualities of heart, or mind, or person that partially redeem them from total and damning execration. With all their faults they may still be loved. But thou! what hast thou of the commendable—the amiable? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Thy wing—had it the faintest hue; thy voice—had it one note of melody; thy motion—had it one line of grace, would save thee. But now art thou thoroughly embased,—a total depravity, visible and tangible.

Reader, is your night-couch encircled with gauze? If so, you can have but little sympathy with our denunciations;—nay, we fear that you may not comprehend them at all, and therefore do we beg of you to pass over unto the next article. But if like us, you are not nightly shielded, we feel safe in appealing to your own corporeal experience, for a justifying of our bitter speech—for the verity of what we say.

July is about closing. You have toiled through a day blazing with heat. Perplexity has rent you—care has bowed you down. Bad bargains are in the past, protested bills are

in the future, and vexation is in the present. To your chamber you retire at the proper hour, and raising the window that the evening wind may fan your temples, you gently lay down your limbs upon a pillowed couch that sleep, which knitteth up the 'ravelled sleeve of care,' may make whole your inner vestments, all tattered and torn by the hopes, and fears, and mishaps of the past day. You say to yourself, now in this hush of all things, may I resign myself to slumber and repose. 'Blessed be sleep, that enfoldeth a man all round as a mantle.' Stillness reigns. Your pulses now beat coolly. Your eyelids are just dropping into a heavenly slumber, and soon will your wearied frame be bathed in rest. Alas! how vain that hope! Hark! In the distance rises a sound. Dreamingly you deem it the soft swell of a single bagpipe. Anon is it joined by a varied, softer, yet more piercing strain—and then another—and another. You are in that delicious dreamy state, half way between forgetfulness and memory, in which sleep and watchfulness are contending for your limbs' mastery. Distantly heard, you murmur, 'what minstrelsy is this?' It advanceth nearer and nearer, in loud and still louder music. Gradually dawns up a melancholy apprehension, and you are started from an incipient dream, by an agony which sends a spasm through every limb. You are now wide awake. There can be no doubt. The olfactories of the mosquito have not been guided amiss. He is over you, beneath you, at each side of you—*upon* you. Sleep bids you adieu—repose makes his bow and departs. The reign of torture has commenced. You fold the sheet around you resignedly and are still. The strain rises once more. It is of a single foe. Long and monotonously does it hum around you. Suddenly it stops. Has he alighted? But where? A slight titillation suggests the extremity of your nose. There is he perched indeed,—his long, slender proboscis inserted deeply into a pore, and drenching itself in your blood. Breathless—slowly—solemnly, you raise your extended palm. You say to yourself 'now I have you.' Reckless of consequences, you bring it down in sudden—deadly—determined violence. The nasal extremity feels the wound, and a departing hum, now faded into silence, informs you that your foe was too quick for you. You tumble about, disappointed and restless. Slight consolation is it, that in a contiguous apartment you hear the creaking of bedsteads, the spiteful iteration of sounds like those of 'hands together smote,' and the occasional ejaculation from stranger's lips, 'd——n the mosquitoes.' What wretched sympathy is this! Around you are multitudinous noises—from the deep sepulchral buzz, up

through the *bombeusa*, into shrill octaves. The thermometer ranges between 80° and 85°. You are now enfolded in a blanket, and over your visnomy hath been flung, for a screen, a broad newspaper with a breathing aperture rent therein. You have resolved to sleep in spite of your enemy. Vain resolve! He undermines you—he breaks through the gates—he scales the walls. He seems to be fiercely acting out the last scene of the stanza, opening with

‘Fee, faw, fum.’

He is relentless—insatiable as the grave. He cheateth your body of its sleep, and your sleep of its pleasant dreams. You feel the verity of the appalling line,

‘O, night! thou wert not made for slumber.’

You implore that for a moment your skin may be of the consistency of a rhinoceros. Sensation is no longer a blessing—life is a torment. With *you*, ‘to be or not to be,’ is no question. At length, after sweltering yourself into a misery too intense for endurance, you mutter, ‘this is intolerable,’ and suddenly flinging back sheets, and blankets, and all protection, you abandon your feverish surface to the unobstructed voracity of your foe. You prefer death by phlebotomy to death by suffocation. ‘There, take your fill, remorseless blood-bibber!’ In the mean time, lying at his mercy, you are pleased to gratify your vindictive feelings by denouncing him as a cannibal—feeding on human flesh. Tauntingly you ask him, why he did not abide in New-Zealand with his bipedal kindred? You reproach him for taking his food uncooked, and pray that he may die by indigestion. You laugh at his gaunt looks, and sneer at his ungainly legs and inability to ambulate. You inform him how accursed he is in public opinion, and ask how he presumes to venture into a society wherein he is so odious; that whilst an individual of his genus is violently ‘strained at,’ an entire camel is swallowed with perfect ease. You inquire sarcastically, how he happened to escape death in his contemptible larvæ, or chrysalis state? You ask him warningly if he be aware of a certain law with regard to the shedding of man’s blood, and you emancipate your bosom of spite by heaping upon him innumerable hard epithets, threats and maledictions. Alas! he heedeth them not. He is invulnerable. They wound not his auditory nerve. He careth not for your sneer, or your wrath. He feedeth on intently—voraciously. His thought, like Macduff’s, is ‘in his sword’—and his sword is in your cuticle. Why *should* he care for your inward griefs? They have no relation to his palate. He looketh down upon you from but a single point of view—as his gallipot—his confectionary—his hunger-appeaser—his thirst-quencher. Mother

earth is the bountiful nourisher of all things else—you are *his* mother earth. His plough and spade are at work. For once, earth truly feels the wound. You give audible signs of wo. You are satisfied that the pins and needles of witchcraft may be no fable. For a brief time, you have courted suffering, sustained by the hope that your tormentor would take his fill and depart. In vain. You now resolve to stand sentinel over your blood. You bound desperately from the couch, and shaking off your enemy, walk all-feverish into the open porch. There shines unconsciously the summer moon. The tongue of the clock informs you mournfully that 'tis the hour of three. The baying of the watch-dog has ceased. You look upon the silent stars, and almost wonder if their fair realms be tenanted by such ills as infest this mundane orb. Softly falls the night dew. The murmur of winds and waters swells faintly up from the distant woods. The heart of the mighty city is at rest. The very shadows seem slumbering in sweet repose. All is bright and tranquil. But not up to your heart comes an influence from this peaceful scene. You can have no sympathy with it. It is unconscious to your griefs. *Its* spirit is all harmony—you are all discord. *It* is cool as if bathed in a mountain spring—you are hot—your tongue parched—your skin dry. *It* seems an embodiment of quiet love—you are all spleen. You begin to doubt if benevolence be other than a figment. You resolve on misanthropy. Howard is an enigma—Timon of Athens, your ideal. Once more, you return to your bed of thorns. You are at last fatigued into snatches of troubled slumber. We forbear to reveal your dreams. The night at length is passed, and you rise unrefreshed from your couch—

‘Its multitudinous *sheets* incarnadined,
Making the *white*, one red.’

You have a fashionable engagement at twelve. It must not be neglected. You wish to make a favorable impression, and refer to a mirror for hints as to your complexion. When lo! not alone a haggard vision, and disheveled locks, and blood-shot eyes meet your vision. Behold that countenance—so late like monumental alabaster—now quite besprinkled with *those* drops—sanguineous, carbuncular. Vainly you exclaim with lady Macbeth, ‘out, damned spot.’ After your every effort, it more deeply glows. You feel yourself gradually approximating to the telltale aspect of a certain knight of the flagon. Fashionable glory fades away into a dim dream. This is the token left by your civil foe of his last night’s visitation,—it is his card. You despatch a servant for ammonia. ‘Why, thou incarnation of malignity! didst thou plant here thy ven-

om? Was it not enough to rob me of my life's sustainer, and torture me with thy keen perforating blade? Sadly you turn your eye to whence should come an answer. There, in that solitary corner is he suspended, ruminating upon the past, or haply looking forward to another future. How still is he, and clad in outward saintedness, as hanging from yonder ceiling, he would have you believe that he is of the antipodes—antipodal. How plump and well fed seem now his sides, that yesterday evening were so collapsed! He hath no gauntness now. Likewise has died away his melancholy hum into a silence. He hath retired, aldermanlike, to enjoy the *arriere gout* of his last night's banquet. Behold him addressing himself to slumbers. There—after the similitude of a Madagascar bat—will he hang the livelong day. Darkness shall summon him again to his labors and his joys.

* * * * *

Reader, if you would not have renewed the tortures, whereof the remembrance we have awakened, delay not to make available the various protections which ingenuity hath devised. Many have we tested, since the last of these our denunciations was embodied. Our duteous gratitude forbids silence. And first, we speak thy praises—sovereign and most repellent Smoke!—many a summer's night and long, have we been enshrouded in thy fuliginous envelop. Through thy dense and vaporous folds, never has our foe's voracity dared to penetrate. Thou hast kept him at a hungry distance. Thou hast saved from perforation our outer vestments. Thou hast rescued our heart from malevolence, and our tongue from execration. We thank thee.

Nor can we be unmindful of thy virtues, O, Oil Essential! Fearfully hast thou greeted the approaching and keen olfactories of our invader. He has staggered and fallen beneath thy intolerable exhalation. Thou hast done us most precious service. Thee also do we thank.

But last and chiefly does our bosom swell in gratitude towards thee, OGauze omnipotent! wrought into the mighty panoply of a 'mosquito bar.' Thou art our providence by night. Thou art our shield and reticulated coat of mail. Has our dream been pleasant?—unto thee do we owe the delightful boon. Thou standest guard over our rest—ever watchful, ever at thy post. Many hours hast thou added to the small sum of our nocturnal happiness. Thou hast saved us from manifold sins and transgressions. Pleasant the thought that beneath thy overhanging and protecting canopy, we may solace this frame in 'nature's sweet restorer,' unintimidated by the clamorous and starving myriads that rage without. Be

we wakeful, or in first slumbers, or in deep sleep—thou art still the same—our sure defender, an unfailing friend.

Our duty is done. In peace, may now our pen be laid aside. Our gratitude is spoken. Hail protectors!—that sentinel the crimson well-spring of human life,—that stand between man and his mighty annoyers,—that rescue him from a bloodless death, and make ‘death’s counterfeit’ a blessing;—hail and farewell!

HAL.

FILL NOT THE BOWL.

FILL not the bowl to bring me
Oblivion of regret,
The grief and shame that sting me
I never can forget!

No more, as ere we parted
Will pleasure light my brow;
I greet thee broken-hearted,
But cannot pledge thee now.

Yes, while I gaze upon thee,
Dear friend of boyhood-days,
And mark time’s traces on thee
Yet nought that ill betrays;
How bitter the reflection
That years have sunken me
Too far ‘neath thy affection,
To drink one cup with thee!

Curst antidote of sorrow
Which lulls the tortured brain,
To waken on the morrow
More racked with mem’ry’s bane;
What though it were an ocean,
’Twould quench no anguish here!
Take back the baleful potion
And bring me but a tear!

Ask not the chance or hour
Which swept life’s pathway bare.
Uptore each honey’d flower
And planted rank despair:
Enough that passions whirled me
Too blindly through the past;
Enough that they have hurled me
To this abyss at last!

Nay, bid me not dissemble
These pangs to others’ eyes;
Most at myself I tremble,
At thoughts which mock disguise.
What boots the world’s opinion
When selfcontent is seared,
And o’er the soul’s dominion
Remorse alone is reared?

Then fill no bowl to bring me
 Oblivion of regret,
 The grief and shame that sting me
 I never can forget.
 But let my spirit's sadness
 Burn on with every breath,
 Till it shall drain in madness
 The longed, longed cup of death!

R.

INFAMY OF CHARACTER, AS A TEST OF VERACITY.

It becomes the citizens of a state to know not only what principles are operating upon them, but likewise the reasons whereon the principles are based. A knowledge of the former serves as a light to guide them in the pathway of political and social duty. A knowledge of the latter, consecrates their attachment for these principles when grounded in truth, while it reconciles, nay impels them to a reform thereof, when grounded in error. Of the thousand religious, educational, political and legal principles, now operating upon the world, how few are distinctly perceived and thoroughly appreciated!—and of still fewer are widely known the foundations whereon they rest,—the reasons which permit and justify their existence. Hence from age to age are perpetuated principles and rules, with the systems whereof they form a part, long after the pillars that originally supported them are crumbled away. Error lives by permission of human ignorance; or if haply it be seen, the company wherewith it is often associated, bears so sacred a character that man's reverence for the latter, arrests his generous impulses and prevents him from trampling the former into the dust. These facts furnish one explanation for the existence, in jurisprudence, of what the Thinkers of this century are pleased to denominate, abuses, absurdities, impositions, and all abominable things. It is a happiness, however, to be by them informed, that the aforesaid abominations are soon to perish. The noble science of the law is to be purged of its base matter. Even now is it passing through the furnace of a free and fiery investigation. They tell us that a new heaven and a new earth are soon to appear. All rational men will rejoice to be so informed. They will bid the judicial reformers *go on*. They will exhort them not to look back, now that their hand is on the plough. They will encourage them not to faint in their arduous course, but to persevere in the bold resolve to 'strike out and insert' until the 'gathered wisdom of a thousand years' shall be less a laughingstock and

a byword. We dare not give way to romantic anticipations. We look forward to no judicial millennium. The law is not, as divers speculators dream, to be fashioned into the similitude of some beautiful temple, all whose proportions shall be faultless; whose every column and pilaster shall chime in harmoniously with its groined arches and splendid aisles. There is no mighty magic in human intellect to conjure up from the chaos of restless interests, and still more restless passions, a form so symmetrical and enchanting. Still may much be done. Many changes for the better may be made. The sound may be separated from the unsound. The cancers may be cut out from the bosom of the law. Health and vigor may thus be imparted to many languishing limbs. The heart may be made in its beatings more regular and muscular, and the arterial action more free and lifegiving. Whatsoever a searching spirit can detect, will be made known. Whatsoever a plastic intellect can form, will be built up; and we confidently anticipate only those results which lie within the legitimate scope of such a spirit and such an intellect, cheered into action by the noblest motives.

Of all the systems, or wheels, which compose the entire machinery of jurisprudence, that which is called the Law of Evidence contains, it is believed, a large proportion of objectionable rules and principles. A standard system of evidence is one, all of whose principles and rules are sound and founded on solid reasons; each performing its duty in its orbit, and all acting in harmony with each other. The present system does not come up to this standard. It abounds in baseless principles and rules. It is full of jars and discords. One of these rules, and its foundations, we propose briefly to examine. It is this: Infamy of character renders a person incompetent as a witness.

And what is incompetency? It is that disqualification which forever seals up the mouth of a witness. It is thus distinguished from *competency*, which is a qualification enabling him to open his mouth and utter what he knows. A witness may be competent but not credible. A valid objection to competency excludes testimony altogether. An objection to credibility admits testimony, but strives to invalidate it.

And what is infamy of character? For its signification in this state, we consult the statutes of Ohio. In the thirty-ninth section of the act for the punishment of crimes, it is declared that any person sentenced to be punished for any crime specified in the act,—about thirty in number—whose sentence shall not be reversed, or annulled, except under the third and twenty-fifth sections, shall be deemed incompetent to be wit-

ness, *unless* the said convict shall receive from the governor, a general pardon under his hand and the seal of the State, in which case the convict shall be restored to his former rights and privileges. This convict is tainted with that *infamy of character* which renders him *incompetent* as a witness.

We have said that in Ohio are about thirty crimes whose commission renders a man incompetent to testify. In England, since 1828, there has been but one—to wit: perjury. But in this state, not only perjury, forgery, counterfeiting coin and those other *crimina falsi*, which seem to indicate a lying, deceiving character, impose this disqualification; but also, with other misdemeanors, bigamy, robbery, burglary, arson, horse-stealing, and stealing anything of the value of fifty dollars or upwards. The exceptions of the third and twenty-fifth sections are in favor of manslaughter and duelling, both of which are penitentiary offences. Nor are persons convicted of the offences of bribery, housebreaking, and stealing anything of a less value than fifty dollars, comprehended within the disabling influence of the thirty-ninth section. Now we ask, why these exceptions? If incompetency as a witness, grows out of, and be determined by, the supposed moral depravity of the convict, the line of distinction is, to say the least of it, very bunglingly drawn. Why impose this great disability upon a horse thief, and not upon a manslayer? Why upon one who attempts to fire a smokehouse, and not upon the duellist? Why upon one who steals fifty dollars, and not upon one who steals forty-nine dollars and fifty cents? Why taint a man with incompetency, who has persuaded another to commit perjury, and not so taint him when he has persuaded a judge to take a bribe? In other words, why reject him who has persuaded another to violate his solemn obligation to speak truth, and *not* reject him when he has persuaded a judge to violate his solemn obligation to do his duty? Why these rejections and admissions, if, as we have a right to suppose, incompetency be regulated by the imagined moral depravity of the convict? Why reject the firstnamed classes of delinquents and admit the last? Why does the law imagine the latter disposed to utter truth, and the former disposed to utter falsehood? O, says one begging the whole question, a line of distinction must be drawn somewhere, and where better than in the course already traced? We must deny this. No line of distinction is wanted. Nor is it possible to run such a line upon the map of moral turpitude, that on one side of it shall be found residing those only who are positively not worthy of being listened to, and on the other those who *are* so worthy. The consequence of attempting to run it is

hardship,—wrong. Does the rule under consideration impose the necessity of running it? Then is it accessary to such hardship and such wrong, and thus far is of a very questionable character.

We have brought into juxtaposition the above facts and queries, in order that the oppressive operation of the existing rule may be distinctly seen. As we have said, no line of distinction is wanted, and that because the principle demanding it is not wanted. Let the principle be swept from the statute book, and these absurd and indiscriminating distinctions will fall to the ground. No evil principle can be incorporated into a generally good system, without marring and jarring other principles to which it may have no visible relation. It cannot remain inert. Its pernicious influence shoots here and there, tainting what was wholesome, jarring what was harmonious. It cannot stand in isolated barrenness. It bears its offspring absurdities, whose existence depends upon its existence, and which will never die, until their parent absurdity is struck down.

We now come to the question, what are the reasons for the existence of the rule? The rule is based upon two presumptions, both of which are unsound,—and upon a penalty which is utterly unphilosophical. The presumptions are, first, that the convict, when called to the stand to testify, will commit perjury; and second, that the jury will not detect it. Incompetency is also said to be imposed as a part of the offender's punishment. We have not been able to find other than these three reasons for the existence of the rule. Are they valid?

We hesitate not to express our opinion, that the first is totally unfounded. Says the law, a convict, when called to the witness' stand, *will* commit perjury,—for if he only *may* commit perjury, there is, so far forth as *this* point is concerned, no more reason for excluding him, than for excluding any other man. Why will he commit perjury? Because, forsooth, he has stolen a horse, and labored six years in the state prison. Is there any Satanic influence in horsestealing and imprisonment combined, to drive out of a man the power to speak truth? Rather is there not a purifying, correcting, moralizing energy in imprisonment? The law responds, no. It almost laughs at you for asking the silly question. It sends a horse thief to the penitentiary, and takes it for granted, that whenever afterwards he may have a chance, he will perjure himself. Because he has committed one crime and suffered penalties therefor, he is the very man to commit another. There is in our memory no parallel to this, save in the decision of justice Dogberry in the play. 'This fellow,' said the

watchman to the justice, 'spoke false of lady Hero.' 'Did he?' shouted Dogberry,—'did he?' 'flat *burglary* as ever was committed, by the mass!' Now it is very true that our law does not declare, that when a man speaks falsely of another, he commits burglary; but it *does* say that when a man has committed burglary, and been punished for it, he is not to be believed,—he is the very man to perjure himself. Let the reader point out the greater of these two absurdities.

The fact is, the jury have nothing to do with previous crimes, except so far as these may affect their opinion of the witness' credibility. Past misconduct may very properly abate their confidence in the witness. It is one of the data whereon may rest their impression of his character for truth and veracity. It belongs to them to ascertain what that character is, and previous guilt must be an element to aid them in determining it. Then they inquire if the witness have any present controlling motive to utter falsehood. If not, they will believe him; and it hardly follows that inasmuch as he may have set fire to a stillhouse thirty years ago, he is disposed, or has a motive, to perjure himself in the case at issue. But the law rises up, and rebuking us, declares that it *does* so follow, and thereupon commands the witness to begone. It may be recollected that in the tale of Kenilworth, when Varney had blown out the brains of Michael Lambourne, and, rifling his pockets, had turned them inside out, he suddenly flings away the pilfered trash, declaring that though he may be a murderer, he will not be a thief. The incident is here introduced to illustrate a principle, strong and deep in human nature,—that a man may fear, or scorn to commit *one* crime, while he hesitates not to perpetrate *another*, and that perhaps far greater. But the rule of law under consideration, is quite at war with such a principle, cutting it up root and branch.

And here we take the liberty of calling to our aid a science, which, whether we consider the strong abilities which created, and have sustained it; whether we regard the multitude of facts which have been summoned to its support; whether we reflect upon the close and inductive character of the reasonings upon which depend its conclusions; whether we survey the wide and happy tendencies which it will ultimately bring to bear upon education and jurisprudence; a science, in short, which, from whatever point of view it may be contemplated, is entitled to be ranked among the high achievements of the present age. The Phrenologist will instinctively conjecture that it is his own beloved science to which we allude. For *his* mind is the following brief argument intended, and for his alone. None other can it possibly impress. And it is res-

pectfully solicited that the infidel in phrenology, may not pause to consider it, but straightway pass over to the next paragraph. He may save a moment of time to himself, and perhaps spare to us a sneer.

We now briefly commune in secret with our phrenological reader. You know very well, my dear sir,—for our noble science teaches it, that the manifestation of a mental quality, or affection, depends upon the size and tone of some cerebral organ. Now sir, if any organ be excessively developed, what is likely to follow? If, for instance, acquisitiveness be so excessively developed, as to predispose its possessor to the commission of theft, what will follow? The commission of murder?—No. The commission of bigamy?—No. The commission of perjury?—No. Well, what *will* follow?—Why just the commission of *theft* and no more. I also perceive by your countenance, that you assent to my inference, that so long as the organ upon which mendacity depends, is not excessively developed, every other organ of every other good or bad quality may be developed to excess, thence resulting ever so many good and bad manifestations,—and still the individual is not predisposed to commit perjury. You see, my friend, that in this part of its operation, our wonderful science makes more apparent and more explicable, the great truth already alluded to,—to wit: that a man may be predisposed to commit one crime, without having any associated predisposition to commit another. Thrice glorious science of phrenology, revealing to us such invaluable truths!—and thrice happy we, who are permitted to comprehend its mysteries, and who dare to be guided by its unerring lights. Would to heaven, my friend and cobeliever, that the law might suffer this light, which so often has illumined our dark inquiries, to stream in upon its own clouded pathway. But no—it takes no counsel of phrenology, or of its twin, though elder brother, common sense. It presumes that the man who has stolen a horse, will commit perjury,—that he who has perpetrated a robbery, will commit perjury,—that whoever has fired a barn, or stable, will certainly commit perjury, and consequently pushes him off the witness' stand:—while, strange to say, in the very same breath, it speaks another presumption so inconsistent with the above, that did not the law scorn our science, I should much marvel—to wit: if a duellist murder his fellow being, *he may not* commit perjury,—if a man commit manslaughter, *he may not* commit perjury,—if a man break into a house in the daytime with intent to do violence, if he steal forty-nine dollars and fifty cents, if he bribe a justice of the peace, or judge of the court, *he may not* com-

mit perjury, and unto him will the law listen at any time with most attentive and credulous ear. Such, my dear friend, are some of the inconsistencies in legislative and judicial matters, which must ever be generated by ignorance of the most veritable and wonderful science of Phrenology.

We now ask leave to return, and join our former readers. We have disposed, unworthily it may be, of the first presumption,—we come to the second, which indeed hangs upon the former, to wit:—that the jury will not, or cannot detect the committed perjury. This presumption, it is believed, rests upon a most improbable foundation. We ask, and we ask confidently, will *not* the jury be more likely to detect the falsehood, than to be deceived? The law, to be sure, will answer no. The law seems to have a very poor opinion of juries. In this case it presumes them to be either unwilling, or unable to ascertain truth. It charges them with dishonesty, or imbecility. It supposes that before a tribunal of twelve men, truth has no chance in a controversy with falsehood. It believes that the convictions of twelve minds are at the mercy of a single witness. We hold this opinion of the law to be equally derogatory and unreasonable. We have a high admiration for the integrity and ability of this ancient sustainer of civil rights. We believe that in the hands of a jury are, generally speaking, abundant means for the performance of all their duties, even the most responsible. And what are these means? First, they have the past character and conduct of the witness, awakening their suspicions;—second, there is their own power of discrimination strengthened by their years, sharpened by their experience, their intercourse with men, and their acquaintance with the complicated relations of social life, and moreover, this discriminating power quickened into activity by their awakened suspicions. Here are twelve minds continually on the watch. Shall falsehood escape them? Yes, quoth the law. Then, we reply, it is their own fault and the *jury* should be punished, not the witness, and the innocent party whose rights cannot be established without his testimony. The jury, we repeat, are competent. For what are they impaneled? Not merely to listen to infallible, truth-telling oracles, but also to hear dubious voices, to examine just such witnesses as we now imagine to be upon the stand. It is for them to separate the true from the false. If nothing but truth came from man's lips, trial by jury had never been dreamt of. Third: there is a searching cross-examination by the opposing party,—will not this ferret out the truth? Again;—there will generally be other witnesses of indubitable veracity, whose testimony will serve a

a standard whereby to judge of the truth, or falsehood of the suspected witness. Then, there is the testimony of the witness himself,—if it be false, will it be all harmonious?—will all the parts chime into each other—not a jar, not a discord?

Such are some of the instruments in the jury's hands for detecting falsehood. Are they not efficient? But, says the law, the witness may possibly deceive the jury. Granted. May not our eyes deceive *us*, and our ears, and all our senses, and do they not every day deceive us? But do we shut up our eyes, and seal up our ears, and enact that all our senses shall be rejected as incompetent? And yet we ought so to do, if we believe in the reasonableness of the above sage saying of the law. Take another analogy. It is possible, nay probable, that the press, (we ask pardon for introducing the hackneyed illustration, but we are in so far, that to go on is safer than turn back,) that the press may utter falsehood. But do we on that possibility, or probability muzzle the press? Surely not. We let it speak out, and take what it says for what we deem it worth. And so are all the analogous principles governing social life and conduct, diametrically opposed to this action of the law under the aforementioned supposition, and fortunate for us that the rule so omnipotent in courts of justice, resigns its sway to common sense in the affairs of the world.

It is conceded that a convict is not the *most* credible witness. There is a taint upon him. But therefore shall we reject him altogether? Not having the moon to light us, shall we likewise quench the stars? Must we wait for the best possible testimony? Shall no truth be established, because forsooth the most credible witnesses do not establish it? The most momentous, the most interesting, and the sublimest truths which the human mind can contemplate, are at this day believed upon testimony less than the best. When we believe that Christ raised Lazarus from the dead,—when we believe that Christ himself ascended, we do not believe on the best evidence. The best would be that of our senses. But such is beyond our reach. Do we refuse to take any other? No. We read a narration of these facts,—we examine the character of this narration,—we look into the character of the narrator,—we reflect upon a thousand contemporaneous and surrounding events;—and after this, our conviction is settled. Now, why not apply this process to suspicious testimony? Why not hear it, examine its character, and that of the witness, and likewise all the contemporary and related circumstances, and from all these endeavor to infer the truth? We hold a jury competent to this. Let them apply the legitimate tests to the testimony of the witness, and, if it may

so be spoken, falsehood will be precipitated to the bottom, and truth alone will remain, unmingled and pure.

So much for the two presumptions, whereon the principle under consideration may be presumed partly to rest. We leave the reader to decide upon their validity. But now we seem to hear our friend upon the other side, advising us that we are all wrong, and that the preceding observations are entirely superfluous, inasmuch as the rule in question, is not based upon either of these presumptions. He very triumphantly announces to us that the disqualification is only imposed, as a part of the offender's punishment. In this point of view, then does it remain for us to consider it.

When we bring before us the ends which punishment of crime is designed to accomplish, and endeavor to find out what aid in the accomplishment of these ends is derived from imposing this disqualification, we confess ourselves entirely at fault. The two great objects of punishment are corrective and exemplary;—to prevent the future commission of crime by the punished offender, and through the terror of his example, to prevent its commission by others. Now, as to the *first* end. Can it for an instant be supposed, that a man was ever in the slightest degree deterred from the commission of crime, by the faint fear of being made incompetent as a witness? Is it possible that the idea of this remote consequence ever for one moment arrested the aim of an assassin? The motives which deter from crime are, fear of future retribution, fear of temporal punishment, fear of public opinion, and pure love of duty. These may be regarded as the four grand classes of motives. Now, where is the place of the single motive in question? In the second class—and so far off as to be almost inappreciable, so remote and insignificant, that the villain, neither in the calm of deliberation, nor in the whirlwind of excitement, ever cared for it in the least. Let us now suppose that the convict, having served out his time in the state's prison, and thus suffered one part of his punishment, has come into society to serve out his life, in suffering what, according to the theory of our opponent, is the other part of his punishment. Is this the man to be reformed? Perpetually punished, why should he reform? The brand is upon his brow, and how great soever be his moral change, he cannot remove it. The law is every day calling him liar; and he may be true as heaven, still does the law reject him as false. We cannot deem this a school of reform to the culprit. Rather will it not be a school of degradation and of crime? Will not despair of being reinstated in his rights as a man and a citizen, will not strong despair, under this vain mockery of

the law, urge him on to the perpetration of other wickedness? So much for the influence of this disqualification in restraining one about to commit a crime, as well as in reforming him after its commission.

How does it operate by way of example to society?—the other end of punishment. It may be that here a slightly good influence can be detected. But how slight! The occasional presence of one whom for arson, or horsestealing, the law holds up as unworthy of belief, may possibly tend to deter others from the commission of like or similar offences. But this disqualification is so ludicrous, this influence is so trifling, as to be almost nugatory. Its force must be much broken, by the deep feeling in every healthy mind, of the exceeding injustice of blasting a man as forever false, because he may *once* have committed an offence,—thus improving upon the veritable aphorism, ‘once a thief, always a thief’—and substituting therefor, ‘once a thief, always a liar;’—and also by a conviction of the unchristian character of this principle which bolts and bars every door that should be open to the offender’s reform;—and still more by the consideration that this rule inflicts punishment, not only upon the convict, but more severely upon the innocent parties, for the security of whose lives and property, his testimony may be absolutely indispensable.

The thoughts contained in the preceding pages, when brought to bear upon our own mind, compelled into it the conviction that the reasons which had been assigned as warranting the existence of the rule were vain, trifling and unsatisfactory. But the rule operates perniciously. Here then we have a pernicious rule supported by good-for-nothing reasons. Is there any abuse whereupon the spirit of reform should act more promptly and more decisively? Before we pass to a brief statement of the positive objections to the principle, the reader’s attention is, for a moment, asked to a collateral topic.

By certain agents competency may be restored to a corrupted witness. A general pardon under the hand of the governor and the seal of the state, restores competency. It has been decided that a witness is tainted with incompetency only while residing within the state wherein the offence was committed. Again: a man who has perpetrated a crime, and, confessing it, has turned state’s evidence, is no longer considered incompetent. These are among the agents which the law regards as endowed with energy sufficient to transform a man of falsehood into a man of truth. This notion, we doubt not, would be extremely amusing, were it not so extremely absurd, and did it not involve some important consequences.

In England, until very recently, if a person committed what was called a *clergyable* offence, he was held incompetent *unless* he had been burned in the hand ;—and in Lord Warwick's case, a man who had been convicted of manslaughter, was placed upon the stand to testify. An objection was made to his competency. What did the honorable judges do? Inquired they whether the witness had any interest in the cause at issue? No. Did they ask what was his general reputation for truth and veracity? No. Did they ascertain whether he had an intelligent and recollective mind? No. What then did they do? Descending from their bench, carefully and most solemnly did they inspect his extended palm. Alas! no brand was there. Never had hot iron been impressed upon that cuticle. Over its smooth surface their eyes 'rolled in vain;' and instead of the initial R. they were

'Presented with a universal blank.'

Irresistible was the conclusion that the witness would commit perjury, and dubiously shaking their heads, they refused to listen to him. Until lately it was likewise a rule of English law, that *whipping* should restore competency to one who had been convicted of a clergyable offence. Does the reader smile at this amiable simplicity of the law which beheld such marvellous, truth-inspiring energy, not only in red-hot iron, but moreover in dorsal and posterior flagellation? Surely not more amusing is this than that a similar miraculous virtue should be attributed to the union of the great seal of the state with the hand of its governor. The absurdity is the same;—the forms of manifesting it are different. Verily, this is most simple and expeditious machinery for manufacturing the loveliest of all the virtues. We had been taught to believe that veracity—the will to utter truth—depended upon some high, noble and eternal principles of human nature. We had imagined it to be the great balance-wheel of man's moral constitution, and that to preserve it unbroken and undiminished, required the constant application of powerful religious motives. Vain imagination! childish belief! Veracity may be imparted by a stroke of the pen. Here is a convenient process of moral jugglery, whereby black may be transformed to white in the twinkling of an eye. The spear of Ithuriel is said to have changed satan from his assumed form of a toad, unto his own true shape of a demon. But this pardon of the governor, more potent than the archangel's wand, does not reveal the true character of falsehood, but breathes into what, but a moment before, was falsehood, the essential virtue of truth.

The law, dwelling for a time in the person and voice of the judge, frowns upon the witness and bids him silence. 'We cannot hear your testimony, sir. You have been sentenced to be punished for burglary. How can you speak truth? You are not faithworthy,—you will deceive the jury. Leave the stand, sir.' 'May it please your honor,' responds the witness, 'I have in my pocket a bit of paper'—'Ah, a pardon!' interrupts the law, through its organ the judge, and smiling benignantly, desires the witness to proceed. 'We were under a slight misapprehension. We are now perfectly satisfied that you *are* faithworthy,—that you may *not* commit perjury,—go on, sir; we can do nothing without your testimony.' And having oracled forth thus strangely, old Perfection of Reason settles back into his arm chair, and slumbers away, until another doubt shall arise from the perplexed and ever-shifting passages of human life, and awaken him for its decision. The reader will doubtless rejoice that while the age of chivalry has passed away, that of miracles is still permitted to remain.

And so might we seek after reasonable foundations for the rule, that a witness is incompetent only in the state wherein the offence, disqualifying him, was committed—and seek in vain. And again, why shall a man who has perpetrated an infamous crime, and confessing it, has turned states-evidence, be regarded as competent, when if perchance he had been *convicted* of, and sentenced to be punished for, the same crime, he would have been branded as *incompetent*? In the former case he is admitted; in the latter rejected. The law has attached incompetency as a consequence to the commission of certain crimes. Is not the crime the same, whether the culprit confess it, or be convicted thereof by the legal process? Most assuredly. Then why shall such widely different results be attached thereunto? Observe the acute discrimination of the law. It listens to the testimony of a man who has proved himself not only a felon by the commission of crime, but likewise a recreant scoundrel by disclosing his accomplices, and in the next moment refuses to hear that of the convicted accomplices. Thus evenly does the law hold up the balances of right,—thus is it the bountiful patron of morality! Not only has it originated an exceptionable rule, but also, devised most exceptionable and ludicrous shifts for getting rid, in divers cases, of its injurious operation.

We close with a brief statement of three or four positive objections to this rule. One objection is, that it silences a thousand tongues that may utter truth. Thus does it narrow and weaken the power of court and jury to determine rightly. The court and jury require testimony, that they

may be enabled to perform their duty. This rule informs them that the testimony of certain persons which might be serviceable, they cannot have. 'Without it,' say they, 'we shall fail.' 'Very well,' quoth the law, 'then fail.'

Again. It renders impossible the punishment of every crime committed in the presence of convicts only. It says there is no one competent to testify to its commission. It provides that all crimes perpetrated in the presence of those who, generally speaking, are most likely to be present, shall go unpunished. A citizen is murdered within the knowledge, and even the presence of two convicts. Their testimony, and theirs alone, can convict the murderer. Can he be convicted and punished? No. Why not? Because a rule of law has been kindly (cruelly for the community) interposed between him and a merited retribution. He laughs at the law, as at a simpleton, for thus providing him a shield to his villany. He resolves again to violate it, whenever he may enlist a convict as his accomplice. But suppose that remorse devours him, and that he longs to confess his wickedness and atone therefor. Being a convict, does this rule of law permit the judges to hear his confession? By no means. It is resolutely determined that this murderer shall go clear, whether he will or no.

In the same manner, it prevents the establishment of all rights, created in the presence of convicts only. Suppose that you repay fifty dollars of borrowed money, in the presence of a convict. Your dishonest creditor afterwards brings suit for the money. Can you prove the payment of it? No,—you must pay it over again. Incompetency is said to be imposed for the punishment of the convict. Who is the punished sufferer here? Take a case in which the testimony of the convict is necessary, absolutely *necessary* to make good a claim or defence. If rejected, misdecision is inevitable. If admitted, misdecision is merely probable. The law rejects, and thus produces misdecision, rather than admit and leave it doubtful. That is, in such cases, it prefers the *certainty* of wrong, to only the *probability* of it.

Again. The rule is impolitic and unchristian. Branding a criminal with perpetual infamy, for the commission of a single offence, it tramples down one strong inducement to reformation. Perpetual infamy! Years may pass away. Thorough *may* have been his moral change. Friendship and esteem may lie in his path. Society may look upon him with a trustful eye. The law alone regards him obliquely and suspiciously. Christianity teaches that before life's expiring taper is extinguished, man may return to truth and right. But our rule of law is quite in opposition to this divine teaching.

Again. The law is said to regard a man as innocent, until he be proved guilty. In this case, however, it regards him as guilty of the intention to commit perjury, even before he has been accused of it, and punishes him, by forthwith sending him out of court.

We shall not continue an enumeration of the objectionable features which gradually rise up, the longer we contemplate this rule and its operation. Enough, we trust, has been said to convince the reader's mind, that the only reasons which can be assigned for its existence are unsound, and that the positive objections to it are real and conclusive. We now ask,—and that confidently,—should not all objections be to the *credibility* and not to the *competency* of those who have upon them this technical infamy of character? Should not they all be permitted to speak forth what they know, from the stand of the witness, since their testimony is to be tested severely, and taken for no more than what it is deemed to be worth? Is it not impolitic, is it not *wrong* thus to exclude altogether, and so far forth, paralyze the means for the complete administration of justice? We put these questions confidently. We put them not to that timidity which shudders and turns pale at the very name of Reform;—not to that base and apathetic indifference which lies quietly down and slumbers away existence under any, and every moral, legal or political system of abuses;—nor, moreover, to that (we dare not say, *stupid*) adoration which bows the head, and crosses the breast, and ejaculates *salve! salve!* whenever is pronounced the sacred name of Common Law. Rather do we appeal to the untrammelled, active, enlightened spirit which desires to see mankind advancing to that height of wellbeing, which the sober eye of reason may recognize, under systems, and influences, calculated to speed and secure them in their onward progress. We trust that some of this spirit now lives in this country—in this west. We would, that before another year has passed away it might by the effective instrument, act upon the rule in question. Well, we think, would it be for those who are to follow us, did this spirit tear out the principle ere it has become more firmly rooted into the youth and vigor of the country. *In* it certainly is. It has got possession;—only that *pessessio pedis*, however, which renders it necessary to go regularly to work in order to eject it. We hope that this may be done before time has shed over it the consecrating influence of a Statute of Repose. We hope that our legislative body,—not hurried on by any feverish enthusiasm for legal reform, but prompted by healthy and patriotic motives,—may take up, not only the test of veracity which has just

been considered, but likewise many others, whereof we may hereafter speak, equally pernicious, equally unphilosophical, and commit them to the same forgetful grave wherein lie buried those ancient, and almost kindred tests of innocence,—the Water ordeal and the Fire ordeal,—the Wager of Battle,—and the Morsel of Execration.

J. J. J.

THE LIFE OF THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

BY EDWIN SIDNEY, A. M.

THE reputation of many has suffered by having some unhappy characteristic presented in bold relief, and frequently caricatured, to the exclusion of every amiable feature. No sooner is one brought into notoriety by some singular trait of character, than he is constituted, by universal suffrage, a nucleus upon which are to be concentrated all the idle stories that have been ten thousand times related, and accredited by the *wonder-loving*, concerning similar characters. And those who delight to communicate something odd or ridiculous, are seldom deficient in ability or inclination to manufacture anecdotes for such as are raised to this sad pre-eminence. When therefore an individual is distinguished for any peculiarity, he is liable to become only partially known to the public. This is true of Rowland Hill. When this illustrious individual appeared before the world, his *eccentric originality* gave him a prominent rank among the most distinguished wits and wags of that age—no very enviable station for a minister of the gospel. And those whose knowledge of him was acquired through the medium of popular clamor, could regard him in no other light than a merry-andrew in the pulpit. But never was an impression more incorrect. He was, it is true, an eccentric personage; but many of his eccentricities were such as conduced to his usefulness.

His history is one of peculiar interest. Whilst his talents and moral excellence secure the respect of all classes, his brilliant and useful course, will ever be admired by those who appreciate christian benevolence, exerting itself in almost unexampled activity. Descending from a family alike distinguished for its antiquity and rank, every possible pains were lavished on his education. He soon gave proofs of a superior genius, combined with a degree of elasticity and independence, that designated him for no ordinary sphere of action. The Hill family were firm supporters of the established

church, and with the exception of Richard, the eldest brother of Rowland, and one sister, entertained no very favorable opinion of those who were distinguished for zeal in the more spiritual parts of religion. Through the influence of Sir Richard, the mind of Rowland at an early age became deeply imbued with religious sentiments, which completely stamped his character. Nor were his views of religion so perverted, as to chill the warm current of his affections for mankind, or fetter the lively sallies of his imagination. His being compelled, on account of his piety, to face the 'slow, unmoving finger of scorn,' through his entire course in college and the university, and to encounter afflicting opposition at home, did not destroy that sprightliness of manner and redundant flow of spirits, that always rendered his society delightful. A slight temporary depression was at first, sometimes, induced by his trials, as might naturally be expected; but notwithstanding this, during his protracted life of toils and perplexities, he gave ample proof that 'melancholy was not his climate.' Free from the moroseness of the ascetic, and the alternate hilarity and despondency of the visionary, he pursued the even tenor of his useful course, although that course was like a mighty stream, whose velocity vies with the wind, and whose *fearfully* graceful meanderings contribute to utility, astonishment and delight. He was always himself—the same frank, benevolent, kind, affable person—having in his system but little of that 'acidifying substance' against whose effects, in his peculiar style, he cautions his ministerial brethren. 'Some folks,' he observes, 'appear as if they had been bathed in *crab-verjuice* in their infancy, which penetrated through their skins, and has made them sour-blooded ever since—but this will not do for a messenger of the gospel; as he bears a message, so he must manifest a spirit of love.' This sentiment, which he recommended to others, was the uniformly governing principle in his own life, although it is deeply to be regretted, that he was at times seduced from its hallowed influence by that demon whose artifices have so frequently rendered our pure religion a by-word and a contempt—the spirit of controversy. These were occasional stains in the pure robe of him who, with respect to piety and usefulness, may be ranked among the first of modern ministers of the gospel. And but for similar spots, how lovely would be the character of some who now officiate at the altar of religion? And how happy would be the influence of their talents, acquisitions, and otherwise virtuous lives, if not neutralized by an unholy warfare?

The many amusing incidents furnished by the biographer

of this great and virtuous man, beautifully illustrate those characteristics by which he has become extensively, although not always accurately, known. His prompt ingenuity was often conspicuous in his devising means for instant relief from peculiarly embarrassing circumstances. A wag once placed on his reading desk, where notices were frequently deposited, a slip of paper which the reverend gentleman, according to his usual custom, took up and began to read aloud.—‘The prayers of this congregation are desired—umph—for umph—well, I suppose I must finish what I have begun—for the *Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday!*’ Without being disconcerted, he looked up coolly and said—‘if the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into the vestry after service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage.’ p. 122. His brother Richard, who had once been as zealous as himself, yielded for a time to the incessant solicitations of his father not to preach the gospel. This was a source of extreme grief to Rowland, who could neither be persuaded nor compelled to relinquish his favorite pursuit. The old gentleman, emboldened by his success with the eldest son, determined to despatch him on a mission for the ignoble purpose of dissuading the youngest from his philanthropic work of preaching the gospel to the poor and despised peasantry. ‘On his arrival at Bristol, Mr. Richard Hill heard that Rowland was gone to Kingswood to preach to the colliers. He immediately followed him, and found him surrounded by an immense multitude of these long-neglected people, listening with the greatest interest to the solemn appeal he was making to their consciences. Mr. Rowland Hill saw his brother, and guessing his errand, only proceeded with increased earnestness; and such was the power of his address, that the black faces of the poor Colliers soon exhibited innumerable channels of tears, which the sermon had caused them to shed. Mr. Richard Hill was much affected by the unusual scene, and his brother Rowland, taking advantage of his emotion, announced, at the conclusion of the service—‘my brother, Richard Hill, Esq. will preach here at this time to-morrow.’ Taken by surprise under the impression produced by what he had just witnessed, Mr. Richard Hill consented to preach to the Colliers; and instead of returning with his brother to Hawkstone, became his coadjutor in the very work he designed to persuade him to relinquish.’ p. 75, 76.

Rowland Hill was one of those rare spirits who not only

‘attempted great things,’ but accomplished them. Endowed with a mind capable of forming a conception of all the difficulties to be encountered in a particular enterprize, and possessing a resolution incapable of being shaken by disappointment or formidable menaces, he was peculiarly fitted, in this respect, for his arduous work. Blessed with a constitution much more firm than is ordinarily possessed, he was capable of enduring toils and privations, to a degree that a Roman soldier might almost have envied. Besides his labors on Sabbath, he generally preached almost every day in the week, and sometimes on a missionary tour, would he preach three or four sermons every day, and none of less duration than an hour. His zeal and his industry could be measured only by each other. He was continually ‘fervent in spirit,’ having his heart overcharged with a sense of the responsibility of his office. This prompted him to the most energetic action in his holy vocation, and inspired his preaching with an eloquence that moved every heart. Even when he neglected the graces of composition, and was borne by the impetuosity of his own feelings beyond the influence of rhetoric precision, minds of the highest culture bore testimony to the power of his stirring appeals. ‘I go to hear Rowland Hill,’ says Sheridan, ‘because his ideas come red-hot from the heart.’ Dr. Milner, the celebrated dean of Carlisle, whose very character, in the estimation of his compeers, would be implicated in commending a style of preaching at variance with—because above—scholastic precision, was once so delighted with a performance of Rowland Hill, that he went to him immediately after the close, and said—‘Mr. Hill, Mr. Hill, I *felt* to-day—’tis this *slap-dash* preaching, say what they will, that does all the good.’ The highest degree of refinement, and the most extensive culture of the intellect, cannot change the primary elements of our nature; and that eloquence of the soul which melts the heart of the savage, will be irresistible to the highest order of human beings. It is a question of immense moment, whether in our seminaries of learning the principles of true eloquence are not lost sight of, and a vitiated system universally introduced? If this be not the case, why is it that an untought speaker will generally command a much larger audience than one fashioned according to modern rules of rhetoric? On no other principle, we are persuaded after mature deliberation, can this be satisfactorily accounted for than by admitting, that, with all his wildness, irregularity and absurdity, the native speaker has more of genuine *nature* in his manner—and consequently possesses more of that

mysterious power that invariably moves the feelings—than he whose instructions have impeded (if not destroyed) the warm flow of his emotions, and who is no more comparable to a genuine orator than the portrait that hangs on the wall, is to the Athenian original, pouring forth his overpowering strains against the invader of his country. Rowland Hill, although always in earnest, was far from being enthusiastic. His mind was too well balanced to admit of such influence. It has been correctly said, ‘where there is no error of imagination—no misjudging of realities—no calculations which reason condemns, there is no enthusiasm, even though the soul may be on fire with the velocity of its movement in pursuit of its chosen object.’ A pious preacher of the gospel, who is

much impress’d
Himself as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too—

will frequently pour forth the overflowings of his soul with a degree of fervor that the fastidious critic deems extravagant, and frequently censures as irrational. Rowland Hill’s energy of manner, combined with his powerful voice, exposed him to similar animadversions. But his own defence is the best we can give. ‘Because I am in earnest,’ he once observed when preaching with vehemence, ‘men call me an enthusiast; but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive; I lifted up my voice for help, so loud, that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me an *enthusiast* then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of wo, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee *aloud* to fly for refuge, to the hope set before thee in the gospel of Christ Jesus.’ p. 191.

Although ardently attached to the established church of England, his views of christian doctrine were too liberal, and his piety of too active a character, to secure a favorable reception among a very large proportion of his brethren. The human part of our religion—*i. e.* the forms which each sect has prescribed for itself—although the mere scaffolding of christianity, has, in too many instances, an influence over the intellect, as potent as the imaginary ‘forms’ of Aristotle, which fashioned every thing after their own shape. The benevolent soul of Rowland Hill would not submit to such

fetters. Guided by the general principles which his church adopted, he scrupled not to question her infallibility in some minor points, and suffered as a penalty for presuming to think for himself, the mortification of being refused ordination by no less than six bishops, and being regarded ever after as a 'pestilent fellow' by the 'most straitest sect' of his brethren. He used frequently to say that he 'wanted a little more liberty than the church allows;' and although this liberty consisted principally in a cordial reciprocity of action with those that he considered evangelical christians of other denominations, it was sufficient to exclude him from the confidence of not a few in his church. It was far from his desire that an *amalgamation* of religious denominations should be effected. Each church he believed should to a certain extent preserve its distinctive features. He observes, on this subject, 'Though I do not wish to see these walls of separation entirely demolished, yet I should be heartily glad if they were so far lowered, as that we could come nearer to shake hands with each other.'

Mr. Hill's manner of life, as might be expected, left him but very little leisure for literary pursuits. His pen was, notwithstanding, frequently employed with effect, and that too under circumstances which, to most minds, would have been an effectual impediment to mental exertion. After the most exhausting labors of the day, he would frequently tax the inventive powers of his ingenious mind until a late hour at night; and it is to such fragments of time, redeemed from sleep, that we are principally indebted for his humorous—and are we not compelled to say *highly useful*?—'Village Dialogues,' which have passed through thirty editions, and been translated into several languages. He is favorably known as the author of several other popular works. By means of a well-disciplined mind, he suffered less intellectual inconvenience from his irregular mode of life, than it would have been possible for an itinerant preacher to have done without this invaluable acquisition. Such were his powers of mental concentration that he could convert any place into a 'study,' and there meditate as profoundly (even amidst the hum of business) as in the most secluded chamber. A colonel in the engineers, desiring an acquaintance with Mr. Hill, was introduced to him as he was about going to preach at a distance from home. The colonel was invited to accompany him, and took a seat in his phaeton. 'A favorite dog jumped into the carriage, and was suffered to go with them. The pious officer hoped for some conversation; but his companion appeared unconscious of his presence, and went on whispering to himself the arrangement of his sermon, pulling at the same time the hairs out of the dog's back and

spreading them on the colonel's knee! He was very much amused at the absence of the minister for whom he had conceived so great a veneration, but said he was glad his train of thought was not interrupted, for such a sermon he had never heard before as 'Mr. Hill preached that night.' p. 200. 'Those habits of abstraction assisted him materially in arranging the many forcible illustrations that his observant eye caught from nature, to adorn and enrich his most useful sermons. The facility which he possessed of converting every item of knowledge to some valuable purpose, superseded, in some measure, the necessity of his spending as much time in application to books as every public speaker destitute of this faculty must do in order to enlighten mankind. The whole storehouse of nature, his active and ingenious mind laid under contribution to furnish him with materials for transmitting truth in a style suited to the apprehensions of his hearers, and admirably adapted to produce a permanent impression. Robert Hall, whose acquisitions impart no inconsiderable weight to his opinion, said of him—'no man has ever drawn, since the days of our Savior, such sublime images from nature: here Mr. Hill excels every other man.' Not a few of his illustrations, disjoined from their connexion with peculiar circumstances, appear ludicrous indeed; but many even of those, considering the relation in which they stand to existing facts, are eminently happy. When the mighty machinery of his mind was not set in violent motion by some exciting topic, its profuse creations bore all manner of shapes, from the grand and astonishing to the simple and the ludicrous. And being desirous that no one of his hearers should fail of apprehending his meaning, he would sometimes arrest their attention and pour light upon their beclouded intellects by an unexpected flash of the most droll, and yet forcible imagery. Preaching to an unlettered people, he once said, 'I want you to have a holy aversion to sin. Do you know what I mean by aversion? Suppose any of you were to put your hand into your pocket and feel a *toad* there, you would draw it out instantly from an aversion to the animal. Now my desire is, that when conscious of the presence of sin, you should have just such an aversion as this to it—a hatred of it, and disgust at its horrid nature.' p. 196.

Most of the anecdotes related of his pulpit peculiarities are denied by Mr. Sidney, his able biographer and intimate friend. No one knew Rowland Hill better than he, and his candor would not have permitted him designedly to suppress or alter any feature in his character. And had his partiality thrown a veil over this deformity—if it existed to the extent that we who live at this distance have been made to believe—truth

would have torn off the covering and exposed the concealed object to universal gaze.

It is also highly gratifying to learn, that instead of frequently making Mrs. Hill the subject of coarse raillery, as has been represented, he uniformly treated her with the most marked and delicate respect, and she ever reciprocated his attentions with a refinement of feeling not often surpassed. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives.'

Those who desire a more full account of this singularly interesting person are referred to his excellent biography, which, we are persuaded, they will peruse with profitable delight. And whilst they admire the man, the christian, and the preacher, they will see, as Mr. Sidney justly observes, that 'the venial eccentricities of his character, were only as sparks thrown off in the rapid revolutions he made in his peculiar course.'

L. W.

TO A LIGHTNING ROD.

Thou, that in tempests art
Our sure Protector!—now, in the calm air,
Gladly we hail thee,—and with thankful heart
Confess thy guardian care.

There, heavenward looking, shines
Thy silver-tipt and triply-pointed form;
Peacefully mantled in its wreath of vines,
Yet armed to meet the storm.

Not in the summer hours,
When all is tranquil, do we think of thee;
When the storm's voice is hushed, and brightly showers
Sunlight on land and sea.

But hark!—distantly roars—
Now onward bursts the whirlwind—lo! yon cloud
Winged with wild lightning, from its bosom pours
The thunder, quick and loud.

Ah! now shall many think
All tremblingly of thee—thou guardian power!
And but for thee, shall many a spirit sink,—
Quailing in this dark hour.

But thou—unshrinking—thou
Calm—the advancing tempest dost defy;
Baring among the thunders thy bright brow
Unto the angry sky.

We see thee, as in play,
Waving—and watchful from the whirlwind's hand
To wrest its fiery arrows, and convey
Them harmless to the land.

Whether we wake, or sleep,
Still art thou sentried in the stormy air,
Over these forms thy steadfast watch to keep;—
Like a sure mother's care.

In Life's tempestuous dream,
When the heart's heaven is clouded;—if we yield,
As—lightning-like—around us Passions gleam;—
Virtue! be thou our shield.

And in that hour of fear,
When from the eye fades the fair light away;
And mourner's sighs fall faintly on the ear,
And all is dark decay:

O, thou Celestial Power!
Though all unheeded in Time's pleasant roll;
Still deign thy presence in that last, sad hour,
To cheer the failing soul.

HAL.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT IN THE WEST.

THE activity of mind, which in time of war, is exercised upon the work of destruction, is now everywhere exerted in the peaceful acquisition of wealth, and its enjoyments. If the arts of war are fertile in inventions of evil, those of peace are more so, in the civilizing processes, which develop the resources of the earth, and cultivate the economy of life.

In our country, twenty years of prosperous peace has brought to light more natural wealth, more social action, and more civic industry, than is recorded of any similar period in the history of any other people. The contemplation of it is a sublime moral spectacle—almost too dazzling to be realized, and too full of hope to be trusted.

In this period of *industrial* excitement, the subject of what is called *internal improvement* has received the largest share of public attention, till, it is believed, that not Egypt under her Pharaohs, nor Rome under her Trajans, nor England under her merchants, has concentrated upon one object so much of power, nor with half so large a profit, as this young republic. It might have been deemed a *national mania*, if fortunately for the actors, the realization of profit had not exceeded, both to the general and the individual interests engaged, the most sanguine anticipations of hope. The truth is, no country on earth presents greater natural facilities for the intercourse afforded by such improvements, and certainly none ever needed more the aid—the power—the exchange of commodities and feelings—and the personal acquaintance and relationship—

which such improvements can create. Under more restricted and less intelligent forms of government, the nation—under the *incubus* of rotten aristocracies and hereditary impotence—may afford to have its heart beat slowly, and its blood run coldly and sluggishly through the veins of the body politic; but the blood of a republic must circulate quickly and vigorously through its remotest members, carrying life and nutriment to all.

Situated as we are, in the richest valley, and in one of the most beautiful cities which this land affords, we feel desirous that she should participate freely in the harvest of general improvement and prosperity, which the country everywhere exhibits. For this purpose, we shall take leave to suggest some works, which, at comparatively slight expense, would enhance incalculably not only the growth of Cincinnati, but of the three great states by which she is surrounded.

I. Of the railroad from Cincinnati to Lexington:

To any one who is a mere spectator of other men's affairs, it must seem strange that two cities of the wealth and importance of Lexington and Cincinnati, at so short a distance from each other, should be connected by no communication of even a passable description; for the existing road affords scarcely a possible highway at wet seasons of the year. While this is the fact, there is every reason for an intimate connexion between these cities, which can be supposed to exist in any case.

1st. Lexington is an interior place—the centre of a district remarkable for its agricultural wealth; but without any commercial port of its own;—and Cincinnati is one of the largest shipping ports of one of the noblest navigable streams of the world; hence, the interest of each are different, but not opposing; on the contrary, the greatest interest of each would happily consist together.

2d. The proposed communication would connect with and pass through a large region of Kentucky, which, without the aid of such an improvement, would be cut off from the market, and be unable to contribute what it might easily do, to the growth and prosperity of Lexington.

3d. The improvement, when made, would serve as a *link* in a grand chain of communication already begun by Ohio—which must speedily be carried on in the southwest—to connect the northern lakes with the gulf of Mexico, by artificial works.

Having stated these general reasons, we shall add to them some of the statistical details, which render this work important.

1. In reference to the district through which this work would pass,—it consists of the following counties: Campbell, Boone, Pendleton, Harrison, Scott, Grant and Fayette; to these should be added—because so near as to bring them within the influence of the railroad—Bourbon, Woodford, Jessamine and Clark. The last five counties comprehend one of the richest portions of Kentucky, or indeed, of the United States. The population of the eleven counties above enumerated is 135,530, which, with that of Cincinnati, Lexington, and parts of other counties interested in the work, would make about 200,000; a population sufficiently numerous and wealthy to carry forward much larger works than this.

2. In reference to the cost:—from the nature of the ground, which, with little exception is generally favorable, it may be said it would not exceed the average cost of similar works. The distance is about eighty miles, and the cost would not exceed \$800,000.

3. In reference to the transportation of goods and passengers, there can be little doubt it would be very great. The groceries, fruit and cotton of the south might be supposed to pass to the interior of Kentucky by the way of Louisville, without taking off greatly from the freight which, from the necessity of the case, would pass on the Covington and Lexington road. Thus, the *iron manufactures* of the upper country, the *coal, salt, drygoods*, domestic manufactures of various kinds, and in short, a greater variety of articles than now pass west from Albany on the Erie canal, would *necessarily* pass on the *Covington route*,—because it would be *cheaper* and *shorter* than the Louisville, and *cheaper* than the Maysville route. As to the number of passengers, there is no doubt that the present amount of traveling between Kentucky and Ohio would be trebled by such a work.

Let us now consider this improvement, as a *link* in the grand chain of artificial communication, between the lakes and the Atlantic. The moment we begin to consider this as a feasible plan, the present work assumes an immense importance. That it is feasible, and, indeed, on the eve of accomplishment, will appear from a few considerations. A glance at the map informs us that the state of Tennessee, although well watered by the Tennessee and the Cumberland, has yet a narrow front on the Mississippi, and that the whole of east Tennessee is remote from navigation, except in seasons of high water. A little further on we find the state of Alabama, rich and populous, without any communication with the Mississippi, and without any with the Atlantic, except by the bay of Mobile. This geographical view teaches us, at once,

the necessity of intersecting the districts of Alabama, east Tennessee and Kentucky, with lines of internal communication. So obvious is this, that the people of west Tennessee are endeavoring to obtain a railroad from New Orleans to the Ohio, passing through Nashville, in order to secure the advantages of this grand and profitable highway. We think a route may, however, be found through east Tennessee, which would embrace a mineral region equal in productiveness to the cotton of west Tennessee, and through which such a route must ultimately pass, from its want of navigable streams. The route we should select would be,—to pass from Lexington, through the southeastern part of Kentucky, to the Cumberland gap; thence to the Clinch river; thence, by the valley of the Clinch, to the Tennessee; down the Tennessee to Triana, near Huntsville; there cross the Tennessee and enter the valley of the Black Warrior; thence, by the Black Warrior and the Tombecbee, to the bay of Mobile. This would pass through the best part of Alabama, a large, though remote part of Tennessee, and the whole breadth of Kentucky. This, we have no doubt, is the natural route, and if there be no insurmountable obstacle in the way—and none appears from its geographical position—it must very soon be accomplished. But whether the eastern or western Tennessee route be adopted, it is of vast commercial importance to the city of Cincinnati, to secure to itself a position in the great highway which is to connect the northern and southern portions of the west. The road to Lexington will do this, by connecting with one point through which that route must pass. The northern link in this chain is now in rapid process of completion, by the construction of the Mad River railroad, and the finishing of the Miami canal to the lake. The southern link, we have no doubt, will soon be commenced, and it will only remain for the cities of Lexington and Cincinnati to finish what others have so well begun.

The routes from Cincinnati to the rapids of the Maumee, and Sandusky bay, must soon be completed, and will be the *shortest and best*—connecting lake Erie with the Ohio—below Pittsburgh. The citizens of Ohio, as well as those of the valley generally, are deeply interested in urging forward these noble enterprizes. The harbors of Sandusky and Maumee are the best on the lake,—the country in their rear fertile in the highest degree, and never did any region offer greater rewards to the labor and skill of the husbandman. While many are seeking their *El Dorados* on the savannahs of Illinois, or the cold plains of Michigan, we predict that those who settle on the Maumee and the Sandusky, will reap much larger

profits. In reference to these works, may we not ask, how happens it that the state of Ohio, which has been so entirely successful in her public works, should now be *slumbering on her oars*? Why is it that she does not complete, *speedily and energetically*, the *Maumee canal*, to which the *faith* of the state is solemnly pledged? Shall a petty dispute with Michigan prevent the improvement of her own territory? or must the constant jargon of those who are *politicians*, but not *statesmen*, waste her energies in the sterile field of partisan warfare? The *people* must look to their own interest, and see that the Giant of the West sleep not the slumber of Van Winkle.

PUBLICUS.

INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY COMPARED WITH THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

THE value of any art or science, is to be estimated by its subserviency to the great purposes of human existence. That science, which serves but to pamper the pride of learning, whose ultimate object is selfgratification, or which serves not as the foundation of some practical skill, may, with propriety, be denominated 'vain philosophy.' That rule is invaluable, which teaches, that in all the pursuits of human life, pleasure should yield to utility. Among the objects which have employed the attention of man, to none can be granted a rank more dignified, than to the *philosophy of the human mind*. Not that philosophy which is clouded in mystery, and which evaporates in the mist of scholastic jargon or of metaphysical refinement; but which teaches the nature of the immortal part of our being, the affections that bind us to our fellow men and to our Creator, and our prospect of that unchanging existence, of which life is but the first dawning light, which may increase in lustre and brilliancy through the ages of eternity. Such are the great objects of that science, whose dignity and importance should awaken our curiosity, and animate our exertions to raise it from the contempt into which it has fallen, to its state of true and peerless majesty. If philosophers, in their sublime speculations in chemistry and physics, have, by unfolding what were denominated the *arcana* of nature, so exalted the dignity of our race as to make us proud of our common nature, surely that philosophy cannot be vain, which has for its object the investigation of the laws of operation and the governing principles of the human intellect.

The *dignity* and *utility* of the science of mind, are evinced by its relation and subserviency to the different sciences and arts; for, as they all have a common bond of union, by which they are materially affected, as the several satellites and planets exert upon others their disturbing influence; so the different sciences and arts are influenced by that great luminary, the *science of mind*, as the minor bodies of the solar system are made to revolve around, as their common centre, the majestic orb of day. The philosophy of mind is a science, in relation to which all others are but arts; for whether we consider the mind as the instrument or the operator, it is equally that, by which all the wonders of knowledge, both speculative and useful are disclosed. Though there have been eminent philosophers who were not adepts in the science of mind, yet it was from a knowledge of the laws of human thought, and of the limits which circumscribe all human inquiry, that they have been enabled to benefit so essentially their fellow men, or to acquire for themselves such imperishable renown. In the beautiful processes of scientific discovery, the intellectual medium, though applied in a variety of ways, remains invariably the same; and to know the limited power of this medium, is not to discover of what it is capable only, but the utmost extent to which any of the sciences can be advanced. If to the astronomer, who calculates the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the intellectual faculties are instruments by which such calculations are performed, surely to know the real power of these instruments cannot be less interesting and important, than to know the magnifying power of the optical glass, which unfolds to his view those celestial orbs, which are otherwise concealed from mortal eye.

Though the philosophy of the mind has an intimate relation to science in general, the connexion is more particular, when the mind is not the instrument only, with which we operate, but also the object on which the effect is produced. *The arts of reasoning, persuading and delighting*, with all the charms of poetry and eloquence, and the most important of all arts, that of training the imbecility of infancy to all the moral and intellectual attainments of mature age, could never produce their most wonderful effects but by receiving the springs, by which they are regulated, from the great system of human nature. In what consists the elegant art of *criticism*, but in a knowledge of its constituent elements, drawn from an accurate acquaintance with the moral and intellectual nature of man, by an exact conformity to which, are produced all the charms

of pathos and of eloquence, which the most sublime productions of genius can afford?

Memory, the great repository of all our thoughts, the asserter of all we have seen and felt and heard, can never be advanced to the highest degree of improvement of which it is susceptible, and receive the systematical arrangement which is requisite to render its possessor happy as an individual, and useful and agreeable as a member of society, without some acquaintance with the laws of operation and the governing principles of the human mind. Individual character is essentially influenced by the cultivation this important faculty of our nature has received; and it may become the source of unceasing delight or unhappiness, according to the kind of associations we have formed. It is only by a well-regulated memory, which is but a well-regulated mind, discovering all the natural and pleasing analogies of our thoughts, and by unfolding them as propriety or occasion may require, that man can attain to the perfection of his nature, become the temporary sovereign and disposer of the works of Deity, 'the collaborator and almost the representative' of Deity itself.

The universe is a system of uninterrupted change: and though, independent of the human mind, day and night should remain successive, the seasons walk their majestic rounds, and all the vicissitudes of nature remain invariably the same, still it is the immortal spirit of man, the noblest production of all-creating Power, which reads in them the beauty and glory, the power and wisdom, and almost the presence of their eternal author. It is this relation of mind to the universe, which exalts its dignity above that of all created things. It is not the analysis and composition of substances, which can be denominated chemistry; nor are the revolutions of planets round their centre, astronomical science; but the modifications of the human intellect from these physical changes, and laws deduced from observation of them, which we honor with that dignified name.

The sciences, therefore, of chemistry and of physics generally, however noble and important, must dwindle into insignificance when compared with that whose object is the investigation and improvement of that intelligent and heaven-aspiring principle of man, which traces the connexions and dependencies, and contemplates the beauty and grandeur of sublunary things, or,

'Tired of earth, and this diurnal scene,
Springs aloft through fields of air—
Rides on the vollied lightnings through the heavens,
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,

Sweeps the long track of day:—or hovering round the sun;
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light—beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time.'

To attempt, by eulogium to enhance the value of mental science, would, in view of those who acknowledge its utility, be not less absurd than, by the feeble glimmerings of a torch to add a lustre to the resplendent orb of day. To investigate the moral and intellectual nature of man—to advance the human mind to the highest degree of improvement of which it is susceptible, and raise it from the gross friction of sense to that which is refined and spiritual—to enable it to read the great volume of nature with an intelligent and understanding eye, and to prepare it for enjoyment in that endless and unchanging state of being on which it is soon to enter—are the great and ultimate objects of metaphysical, and should be those of all philosophical inquiry:

'For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Nor in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment,—but
Through all the ascent of things, enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.'

H.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR *DE JURE* TO THE EDITOR *DE FACTO*.

MY DEAR SIR,

SINCE I bade you an affectionate farewell, abandoning to your care the anxieties, the vicissitudes, and the delights, of the editorial chair, I have reflected, not without some degree of sensibility, upon the various troubles that your mind, not to say flesh, will be 'heir to,' in consequence of the vice regency you have so kindly undertaken. I have imagined the surprise, that one, unhacknied in the ways of the editorial world, may feel, on finding himself accused of the multitudinous atrocities, which are continually laid at the door of an editor. To guard you, as far as practicable, against such disagreeable contingencies, allow me to give you a few hints, the result of more than a few years of experience, in the line of life which is as yet new to you.

In the first place, then, if you wish to sit quietly in the editorial chair, be careful that you avoid, most sedulously, the absurd and dangerous heresy of *thinking*. You may *reflect*, as much as you please, that is, reflect the thoughts of others; but remember, that in this free country, a man who presumes to have an opinion of his own, is set down as a sort of aristocrat, who deserves

to be marked with special disapprobation. The amount of thought already circulating, and stamped with public approbation, by having passed through various hands, is considered quite sufficient, and any new issue is viewed with suspicion.

Then you must be very careful to restrain any ambitious aspirations after originality on the part of your contributors, who must confine themselves rigidly to the repetition of those ideas, which have already received the sanction of the various dailys, weeklys, and monthlys, throughout the union.

Recollect, moreover, that ours is a *literary* periodical, and that any discussion connected with religion, morals, politics, commerce, agriculture, science, philosophy, or the arts, would be wholly irrelevant. If you can find out what literature is, divested of all these associations, you will of course find it easy to be strictly literary—if not, you will have to do as I have done, and be as literary as you can.

I am led into these reflections, by having received a number of communications recently, one of which, that was handed me just as I was leaving home, I transcribe, as a specimen of the liberal spirit with which literature is *patronized* in these United States, and as a warning to all editors, who presume to think. It is as follows:

‘*Paint Lick, June 17, 1835.*

TO MESSRS. TAYLOR & TRACY,

Publishers of the Western Magazine:

‘I am always anxious to see literature progressing—especially in this western country do I feel much interest on the subject, and I am also willing so far as I can to aid in promoting it—provided it is done in a becoming manner. With these feelings, I subscribed for your periodical, expecting it to sustain the character your prospectus promised to the world and its patrons it should. But in this I must say I am sadly disappointed—your editor appears to me to have widely departed from his appropriate sphere as editor of a literary periodical, by attempting to enter the arena of religious controversy, and set himself as judge in matters, where he has manifested either his ignorance of facts too well authenticated by indubitable evidence to be controverted by his say so, or wilfully misrepresented that which he knew to be true. However, be this as it may, I conceive your periodical has taken sides with the catholics in the controversy now going on in this land between a true and false religion, and also between republican and despotic principles—and therefore I am done with it. And I believe this is the feeling of every subscriber I have seen in this county. You may therefore erase my name, and send me no more numbers—and so far as my influence can extend, I will endeavor to work the same change wherever I see your publication, unless what is said about the *Romish church* is retracted, and your course changed. Because I believe what is contained in this June number on this subject, to be gross slander of the Protestant community in America, as well as untrue in the broadest sense of the term. I had understood you, as proprietors, as well as Judge Hall, the editor, were presbyterians—but perhaps I am mistaken, as I cannot conceive how professed presbyterians can suffer themselves to be so blinded as to pursue such a course, with the light, and facts, now shining upon this subject. However, I am done with your publication—hoping and praying it may speedily die, and cease to contend for an unjust cause—unless your course is soon changed, and what has been said amiss, rectified by retraction and correction.

Yours,

A. R.’

Here is a gentleman who is anxious to see ‘literature progressing,’ and who is willing ‘to aid in promoting it,’ ‘provided it is done in a proper and becoming

manner.' With these feelings, the gentleman subscribed, but has been sadly disappointed, by finding that we have *attempted* to enter the arena of religious controversy. Having only *attempted*, but not actually got in, we should have thought it would have been well for our correspondent to wait until we were actually over the threshold. We have, moreover, set ourself up as a judge, in matters wherein we have manifested ignorance—yet our correspondent is not kind enough to point out, wherein we are ignorant—which would have been both civil and considerate, in one who desires to see literature progressing.

The fact, that I have taken 'sides with the catholics in the controversy going on between a true and false religion,' is new to me. I had supposed that I had confined myself to the question relating to the *political* character of the catholics. But the gentleman is done with us! How very alarming! His name must be erased, and no more numbers sent him. How prompt. The gentleman forgets that he entered into a contract for one year, and agreed to *pay* for twelve numbers. We have presumed to *think*, and therefore he is released from his obligation. How honest! He will endeavor 'to work the same change wherever he sees our publication.' How christian! He hopes and *prays* that our periodical may speedily *die*. In what a forgiving temper will these prayers be put up!

Such, my dear sir, is the system of rewards and punishments, by which our literature is to be made to *progress*. When a subscriber to a periodical finds an article which jostles any of his prejudices, he feels at full liberty to withdraw his name, to receive gratuitously the numbers for the fraction of the year that has passed, and to violate an engagement, made on the faith of a printed prospectus, which has not pledged the work to any sect or party. Whether the writer of this letter has paid his subscription or not, we have not inquired, as that is a small matter. The principle is one which is important; and the question is now to be settled, whether an editor who will not submit to be dragooned into the ranks, by an ambitious sectarian leader, will be sustained by an intelligent community.

I must not forget to mention, however, that the same mail which brought the above letter, conveyed to us the names of about fifteen *new* subscribers. The *rewards*, therefore, have, so far, more than balanced the *punishments*. I shall persevere in the course I have taken. For the last ten years, I have devoted myself to the support of education and literature in the west, and have invariably supported religion and morality. When the presbyterians were accused of a design to unite church and state, I defended them. When Sunday schools were attempted to be established in the west, I enlisted heartily in the cause. I have given what impulse I could to the emigration of intelligent persons from other states. But I have raised my voice against an unholy war urged against the catholics, and any merit that I may have had, in the eyes of certain people, is blotted out!

But I shall persevere. I know the liberal spirit of the western people, among whom the whole of the active portion of my life has been passed, and to whose service I have devoted my labors. I know that I am not mistaken in the supposition, that there exists in this country a public spirit, and a unanimous feeling, which will revolt against the denunciatory tone of a

bigoted few, who would corrupt the whole press of the land, and browbeat those who have dared to avow republican principles. My work shall continue to be, as it has been, American, and not sectarian; and those who are so exclusive, as to prefer the exaltation of their own sect, to the welfare of the country, are at full liberty to withdraw their names.

Yours, truly,

J. H.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SALMAGUNDI, OR THE WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ. and others. In two volumes. A new edition, corrected by the authors.

‘SALMAGUNDI!’ What a throng of pleasant recollections comes up, at the sound or sight of this quadrisyllable! Many a year has passed away since we first enjoyed it—for its first number was published as long ago as January, 1807—still do there abide in our memory a thousand impressions wrought by its most excellent wit. We would not have them vanish for the world. We esteem them as the choicest of those mirthful things which, by our eye and ear, have been treasured up to keep our heart in cheer, when that remorseless foe, dyspepsia, gives to our form the thin and hungry dimensions of Calvin Edson, clads our visage in the hue of chalk, and strives, but in vain, to make us

‘Darkly, deeply, beautifully *bluc*.’

What a storehouse of various waggery does not that mysterious title point us to? These are *thy* most profound and rare speculations, Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. delivered forth from thine own ‘elbow chair.’ Whether in thy sombre moments, or thy festive ones—whether picturing inimitably forth that notable aunt ‘who died of a Frenchman,’ or portraying the wonderful character of ‘Mine Uncle John’—whether chronicling for us the wonders of ‘Cockloft Hall,’ or starting each particular hair by disclosing the antics of that inscrutable being, ‘The Little Man in Black’—thou art always thyself—always admirable. And thou, most worthy ‘Anthony Evergreen, Gent.’ thee do we love, and with thee sympathize, for that thou ever wert

‘In bachelor meditation, fancy free.’

But most of all do we love, and thank thee for thy wit, whose character may not more aptly be imaged forth than by thine own expressive cognomen. Ah! many a time have we sat down in sadness—almost misanthropy—and fixing our eye on thee—ever visible through thy language—have gradually felt ourselves dissolving into mirthfulness, as we listened to thy inimitable soliloquies. Thou hast conducted many a sour look from our countenance, and many a sad remembrance from our heart. And what shall we say of ‘Pindar Cockloft, Esq.’ and his poetical ‘Mill,’ into whose hopper were poured so many notions all crude, thence to come out pure and well ground thought?—or of thee, incomparable ‘Will Wizard!’—of Theatrics memory—whose acute and

profound criticisms, on divers dramatic points, we trust have been raised to their proper niche in our admiration?—or of thy bearded, and most observing friend, the immortal ‘Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan.’ We dare not—in this squeamish and anti-eulogistic age—speak of thee all as we feel. Therefore must we rein ourselves up, and merely say, we thank thee not only for our ownself, but likewise—not presumingly we hope—for all who have permitted themselves to be impressed by thy good sayings, for that thou hast unsealed many new fountains of merriment; sent many a *blue devil* into his own infernal realm; melted into warm smiles, many a visage congealed by bad bargains or bad digestion,—and sent through sluggish age many of the glad pulses that belong to youth.

Shall we recommend these volumes? Most assuredly. Not to the living of the past generation, for they have enjoyed and exhausted their abundant wit,—but to the generation which has arisen since these volumes have been ‘out of print.’ To such do we recommend, not the reading, but the enjoying of this old work. There it lies. Under yon black cover is a language embodying ten thousand thoughts, which, passing into your mind and heart, shall fill them with kinder feelings for your race, and more reconcile you to your life of vexation and toil. We subjoin the preface to this new edition.

‘The papers contained in the first part of *Salmagundi*, were the joint production of Washington Irving and James K. Paulding, with the exception of the poetry, and some sketches and hints for a few of the essays, which were furnished by the late William Irving.

The work appeared in numbers, written for mere amusement, and with little heed, by very young men, who did not expect that they would have more than a transient and local currency. The thoughts of the authors were so mingled together in these essays, and they were so literally joint productions, that it would be difficult, as well as useless, at this distance of time, to assign to each his exact share. The present edition has been submitted to the revision of the authors, who at first contemplated making essential alterations. On farther consideration, however, they have contented themselves with correcting or expunging a few of what they deemed the most glaring errors and flippancies; and have left the evident juvenility of the work to plead its own apology.’

We have just finished the reading of a work in two volumes, entitled, *Constantinople and its Environs*. In a series of letters, exhibiting the actual state of the manners, customs, and habits of the Turks, Armenians, Jews and Greeks, as modified by the policy of Sultan Mahmoud. By an American, long resident in Constantinople.’ It contains thirty-nine letters, whereof the first is dated, August 1831, and the last in January 1834. To all who may take pleasure in looking at a new leaf of a new chapter in the old volume of human nature, we cheerfully recommend this work. We recommend it to all who may desire to institute a comparison between Turkey *as it is* under the reign of Sultan Mahmoud, and Turkey *as it was* under the almost barbaric

tyranny of his predecessors. Reader—you, whose eye is now glancing over these lines—do you desire to know how an obscure man may be elevated into the highest dignity of the state, by ‘*looking grave?*’—read this book. Do you wish to know more of the productions, the scenery, the architecture, of Turkey?—read this book. Would you be better acquainted with a Turk’s notions of justice—of government—of religion—of happiness—of woman—of man—of all nations besides his own—of all the past, and the present, and the future—as these notions are made manifest in his conduct and conversation?—read this book. We think it valuable for the same reason that we think divers other books valuable, to wit: from it your eye conveys into your mind truths, which you will be pleased to think about, to converse about, and to write about. Truths, we said. But not only are they such—they are *new* truths. This is not a book about France, and Germany, and Italy,—going over for the thousand and second time the very same common place track, that a thousand and one travelers have been over before. Were it so, we should *instantly* give it up to that forgetfulness which, like a voracious demon, stands ever ready to spring forth and devour down such palatable diet. On the contrary, this is a work about Turkey and the Turks—the most wonderful clime, the most mysterious people, that have been presented for the contemplation of modern mind;—and of a clime and people whose present state is comparatively unknown. We feel safe in speaking well of whatever is novel, and at the same time, worthy of being talked of. The book has, like all mortal things, its faults. We shall only mention its *desultoriness*. But the reason therefor is ample. The letters were written, says the editor’s preface, ‘originally without any design of publication.’ We will merely add, that rather should we have them, all desultory as they are, than not have them at all. Whoever can apply the *art of reading understandingly*, will find no difficulty in generalizing the facts scattered over these six hundred pages, into statements which shall constitute most valuable knowledge of the various topics therein treated of. And he who reads, not for knowledge, but for pleasure merely, will, in these volumes, not be disappointed. His imagination will, by the traveler’s hand, be conducted through many an almost fairy scene of oriental magnificence. Dreamingly may he linger among the pleasant scenes which ever and anon, are revealed unto his vision. There shall you see the bearded and turbaned Turk, sitting cross-legged upon his velvet ottoman—his ear lulled into repose by the music of falling waters from the fount of Pentelican marble at his feet—his palate rejoiced by consecutive visitations of ice creams, sherbet, and purest beverage from the berry of Mocha—his nostrils regaled by the wreathed and spicy flavor ascending from his *chibouk*, or pipe ‘richly decorated with a gold and amber mouth piece’—his eye captivated by the forms of fair Circassians flitting to and fro, their complexions ‘strawberry and cream,’ their hair dark as the raven’s and flowing to the very earth, their eyes softer than the gazelle’s—think of that!—whose hands fling over their master a silken veil, and sprinkle it with rose water,—and unto all add that your Turk is not compelled to that most grievous of all mundane woes—*thinking*. His reputation as an agreeable companion is not impugned though the weather—‘fair day, sir?’ ‘yes, *very* fair,’ ‘bad day, sir?’ ‘yes, *very* bad’—be the *ultima thule* of his conversational adventures. He, indeed,

may sit profoundly silent from morning till night, and not have his temper roiled by being damned for a *bore*. And there he sits gravely and silently until perchance the Grand Seigneur, passing, and struck favorably by his *gravity* and *silence* (vide vol. 1, p. 82,) shall elevate him into the highest dignity of the state. Surely these things are not disagreeable. From them will you turn your eyes in sadness, to the boisterous strife for office around you—to the dust and heat of the city—to this eternal and most common place dish of beef, potatoes and bread—and to your own dreary and perplexing editorial vocation, (if so be, yours be such) and almost will you send up a regret that your birth had not been under another political and social constellation. However, let us console ourselves that while our Turk abounds in very good sherbet, he has not a single railroad in all his country,—that while he breathes the fragrance of opium, and laves in perfumed fountains, he cannot boast of a single temperance society, and of but a single printing press—and more than all, has he not the ineffable privilege of manifesting his enthusiasm for liberty, by railing at his rulers.

THE WESTERN MESSENGER; devoted to Religion and Literature. No. I. Cincinnati. T. H. Shreve & Co. pp. 80.

THE objects of this periodical, as stated in its prospectus, are ‘to promote a manly, intelligent, and liberal piety, and a faith working by love; to explain and defend the misunderstood and denounced principles of Unitarianism; to be a bond of union for western Unitarians, and a connecting link with their eastern brethren. Also, to aid in diffusing sound views on literature, education, schools, and benevolent enterprises.’ ‘The work will be conducted,’ continues the prospectus, ‘by the association of Unitarian Ministers in the west. It will be published at Cincinnati, under the special superintendence of the Rev. E. Peabody.’ It will be published monthly, at a subscription price of three dollars, payable at the time of subscribing. The contents of the present number are,—1. Introduction. 2. Dr. Beecher’s Plea for the West. 3. Crabbe and Hannah More. 4. Friendship’s Offering. 5. Charity. 6. Deity of Christ. 7. German Theology. 8. Notes on Proof Texts. 9. Stuart and Schleienmacher. 10. New England. 11. Alexander Campbell. 12. Western poetry, No. 1. 13. Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson. 14. Past and Future. 15. Critical Notices. 16. Correspondence. 17. Intelligence. The number before us is executed in very handsome style. The paper is of a superior quality, and the type is entirely new. We have been much gratified with the literary character of its contents. The articles are throughout, characterized by intellectual freedom and good taste. From the high literary character of gentlemen whom we know to be engaged as contributors to its pages, we venture to prophecy that future numbers will be entitled to the encomium which we have bestowed upon the present. Of its religious doctrines, we do not speak. Thereof shall it speak for itself. We conclude this brief notice by extracting from the introduction the following noble thought:—‘We trust in God that our object is not to build up a sect, but to establish the Truth, and

especially the true principles of Christ. We care little for the name of Unitarian. We are willing that the word should be blotted out of the theological vocabulary, if whatever of truth is embodied in it, were but generally diffused. The moment that we become sectarian, seeking our own praise more than the truth of God, we hope that all our supporters will desert us.'

VIE DE GEORGE WASHINGTON, traduit de l'anglais, et dedie a la jeunesse Americaine, par A. N. GIRAULT, *maitre de francais*. Seconde edition, revue et corrigee avec soin, Philadelphie: Henry Perkins, 1835.

THE greatest difficulty experienced by professors of French, in teaching that language, is the want of books on subjects interesting to the American student, and at the same time written with standard purity. Those extant, are either above the capacity of juvenile learners, or having been composed for the schools of France, are not in accordance with our tastes and habits, and consequently possess few attractions for the youth of this country. Telemachus, still used almost universally as a class book, whatever be its unquestionable merit as a work of fiction, contains, except moral precepts which may be better conveyed by more direct means, little that can either instruct or amuse an immatured mind. Its epic beauties can be appreciated by the advanced scholar only. Books of other kinds are needed; and we are happy to notice in the '*Vie de Washington*,' a laudable effort to supply the deficiency.

The history of our republic, or the biography of those whose career is identified with its formation and progress, should be among the first lessons of the American child; and if the acquisition of a foreign tongue can be successfully combined with this and similar branches of education, the benefits are too important to excuse indifference on the subject. The life of Washington before us, presents not only a just view of his course and character, but is a good historical epitome of the important period in which he flourished. A brief introductory account of the discovery and early settlement of America is prefixed, and the whole is gracefully written and with perfect conformity to the French idiom. The matter and style are in all respects suitable for the school room, and may be studied with profit by every learner of the language.

In this production, the author has done the cause of his profession a service, which reflects credit on his taste, and excites a wish that his talents may continue to be as usefully employed in this department of education.

AN EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE; delivered at Bloomington, Indiana, on the 9th of May, 1835, at the request of the citizens and students, by ANDREW WYLIE, D. D., President of Indiana college.

DR. WYLIE'S discourse is a sensible, unostentatious tribute, to the life and public services of Lafayette. It is devoid of that bombast and ambitious style, which characterize but too many of the orations and public discourses in our country, and gives evidence that the flourishing institution over which the author presides, is destined to take a highly respectable rank among the western colleges.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of JUNE, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date, JUNE, 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer.	Course		Char't'r	Rain	Char't'r	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m. tem.	mean height in's.	Wind.	of	Wind.		Weath- er.	
1	63.0	86.0	72.6	29.337	NE-NE	lt. wd.			vari.	
2	64.0	88.0	75.0	29.347	NE-NE	lt. wd.		.75	vari.	rain 7½ A. M.
3	64.0	88.0	75.0	29.343	SE-SE	lt. wd.		.33	vari.	wet night.
4	69.0	86.0	75.0	29.220	SE-SW	lt. wd.			vari.	
5	64.0	87.0	74.7	29.160	W-W	lt. wd.		.31	fair.	
6	67.0	89.0	77.3	29.237	W-SE	lt. wd.		.89	fair.	thun. stor. 12 ni't.
7	67.5	89.0	74.8	29.407	E-E	lt. wd.			fair.	
8	67.6	82.0	72.9	29.473	E-E	lt. wd.		.16	cloudy.	rain at sunrise.
9	67.0	83.0	72.7	29.453	SE-NE	str. wd.		.30	cloudy.	
10	62.8	89.2	75.6	29.400	SE-SE	lt. wd.			clear.	foggy morning.
11	69.2	88.2	74.7	29.370	SE-SE	str. wd.		.67	vari.	wet afternoon.
12	69.8	89.5	77.8	29.357	SW-SW	str. wd.		spr.	vari.	sli't show'r A. M.
13	69.0	95.2	79.2	29.423	SW-NW	hg. wd.		1.18	vari.	thun. stor. at ni't.
14	67.2	88.3	73.8	29.427	W-NW	str. wd.		.39	vari.	rain 3½ P. M.
15	60.0	79.0	67.7	29.380	NE-NE	lt. wd.			vari.	
16	64.7	82.2	71.9	29.243	W-NW	str. wd.			vari.	
17	55.0	83.6	68.5	29.330	NE-NE	lt. bre.			clear.	
18	64.0	83.6	72.9	29.190	W-W	str. bre.		1.35	vari.	very cold
19	66.0	91.0	74.3	29.107	SW-NW	str. wd.		spr.	vari.	for the
20	56.0	70.0	61.0	29.360	NW-NW	str. wd.			fair.	season
21	44.8	70.0	56.9	29.490	NW-NW	lt. wd.			vari.	of the
22	45.1	75.1	60.5	29.460	NW-NE	lt. wd.			clear.	year.
23	54.8	81.0	64.3	29.380	E-E	lt. wd.			fair.	
24	65.0	76.0	69.0	29.207	SE-SE	str. wd.		.36	cloudy.	wet afternoon.
25	68.0	87.0	74.3	29.143	S-SW	str. wd.		.40	cloudy.	" "
26	67.5	87.0	74.8	29.117	SE-SE	lt. wd.		.25	vari.	
27	66.1	79.0	72.0	29.063	W-W	str. wd.			vari.	
28	62.2	73.8	67.3	29.113	W-W	str. wd.			cloudy.	
29	62.0	78.9	71.3	29.227	W-W	str. wd.			cloudy.	
30	52.0	67.0	57.7	29.365	N-N	lt. wd.			vari.	

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 71° 18

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 95° 2

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 44° 8

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 50° 4

Warmest day, June 13th.

Coldest day, June 21st.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - 29.3043

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.51

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.04

Range of barometer, - - - - - .47

Perpendicular depth of rain (English inches) - - - - 7.34

Direction of Wind: N. 1 day—NE. 5 days—E. 3 days—SE. 6½ days—S. 1 day
—SW. 3 days—W. 6½ days—NW. 4½ days.

Weather: Clear and fair 8 days—variable 16 days—cloudy 6 days.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1835.

CELIA DI SAVELLI.

A LEGEND OF THE APENNINES.

‘Candida rosa nata in dure spine!’—*Petrarch.*

THE death of Marco Sciarra, a famous brigand of the Abruzzi Mountains, about the commencement of the seventeenth century, and the immediate dispersion of his followers, left the districts which had long suffered from their ravages, in a state of temporary tranquility. The number of travelers, however, frequently of high rank and great wealth, added to the difficulty of the mountain passes, and the places of secure retreat, which their caverns or ancient ruins afforded to robbers, formed temptations to engage in the profession, which all the rigors of law, or the active presence of royal troops, were found inadequate to counterbalance. A few years after the event above mentioned, when the wild borders of the Molise were again become the scene of lawless depredations, a party of travelers had rested, through the night, at a town, a few leagues east of the mountains, where a garrison was stationed for the protection of the neighboring country, and as occasional escorts to passengers over the most dangerous parts of the road.

It was a breezy, autumn morning, as the first sunbeams gleamed on the misty heights of the Apennines, that the family of the Marchese di Savelli, under the safeguard of a score of mounted soldiers, resumed their journey towards the

capital. After the bustle of starting had subsided, conversation by degrees was discontinued, and in a short time, the tramping of hoofs and jingle of side arms, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the valley through which the course of the cavalcade was directed. The men of arms seemed dozing on their well-broken horses, but the rest were musing, perhaps not without alarm, on the tales which the gossips of the village had on the previous evening officiously communicated, for their rumination on the way, and as a foretaste of accidents, which ere night, might befall themselves. The instructions to the officer commanding the escort, were to continue on the route to the plain, west of the mountains, where an attack from banditti was never made by daylight, and indeed, where the comparative openness of the country would prevent surprise. As the day wore on, the party approached the base of the acclivity, and after refreshing at a small town, of no better character for the honesty of its inhabitants, than the appearance of its houses, were again mounted and on their way. The objects in view, during the ascent, dispelled in some measure the gloom which at starting hung over every one, and the sight of an individual ahead, but too far off to be fully distinguished, was a cause of some surmise, and a breach of the long silence.

‘Celia,’ said the Marchese di Savelli, addressing his daughter, ‘canst thou discern the person of the traveler before us?’

At this question, the lady raised her veil, discovering a countenance slightly tinted by the heats of seventeen summers. The lustre of life’s springtime beamed in her full, dark eye, and its roses bloomed on her cheek, while her forehead seemed pearly white in contrast with the braids of ebony hair which encircled it. Reared among the most polished of Neapolitan nobility, in addition to the charms of a face, cast in the finest mould which characterizes the voluptuous south, there were in her figure and motions, the perfect grace and ease of courtly breeding. After looking a moment at the individual before them, she replied to her father, in a tone of happy security, ‘he is not one to be feared, if I may judge from his solitary journeying, and the tardiness of his pace. Father Nicolo, what sayest thou?’ she continued, turning to a venerable priest who rode on her left.

‘Truly all the distance is blank to my dim vision, daughter: the road begins to be steep and rugged; it may be well to watch every step against a fall.’

‘He has the air of a peasant,’ said a boy who had advanced before the group, and whose beautiful features, slender form, and gay livery, betokened a page not unworthy a royal patron.

Two female attendants of the young lady, with a few servants who completed the party, had their own conjectures on the same theme; but doubt was at length ended, by overtaking the object of their curiosity. The stranger had turned and waited; and when within a few steps of the guard, saluted them with a benedicite and reverently crossed himself. His garb was that of a mendicant friar of St. Francis; but he bestrode a mule whose keeping did credit to his master's begging abilities. 'Thy coming, signor,' said he to the leader, 'is fortunate for me, who have not spoken a word since dawn, and the sun is now near the zenith. I should except the litany of our blessed saint, which I have said, me thinks some dozen times.'

'What is thy name?' said the trooper, harshly.

'One well known to the generous subjects of his majesty, who obtain forgiveness of their sins in the alms they give to a sinner,' he replied, striking his breast meekly. 'I am called, signor, Fra Giobbe.'

'Well, show the patience of your namesake, by keeping silence.'

'Ay, signor, if it so please thee: save I must say matins; which, Madre de Dio, forgive me, I had almost forgotten,' answered the friar, changing a singular leer of his countenance to a devotional expression, as he again crossed himself and began to mutter the omitted prayers. His mule, from overfeeding or in obedience to the rein, did not long keep with the foremost; and Fra Giobbe, who little relished the manners of the crusty soldier, was soon along side of the principal personage. 'Art thou familiar with this pass?' asked the marquis, after the itinerant had introduced himself.

'Not from observation, vossignoria; but I have heard much of it, and especially of the brigands who have their lurking places among these forests. A poor friar, however, who has nothing to lose, may well travel here without fear of molestation from Don Gabriele il dotto, or his followers.'

'Il dotto!' said father Nicolo, 'why that title?'

'Your reverence, I am told, Gabriele, the chief of the banditti who range in this neighborhood, is so called by them. What lore he may have to deserve the surname, I know not; but his retainers, though few, have become terrible under his command. It is said, they regard him with superstitious awe, and there are hints that he bears a charmed life, on no very enviable conditions, as I imagine. Heaven protect us from such infernal compacts!' The franciscan thrice crossed himself as he ejaculated this invocation. 'Amen,' said the priest, in a voice tremulous from age, rather than apprehension.

There was a striking difference in the two last speakers; their profession ostensibly identical, but their mode of life entirely dissimilar. Over the placid forehead of the latter, furrowed by the share of time, a few hairs of silvery whiteness were thinly scattered. Meekness, with the steady thoughtfulness of one, whose days had been devoted to books, and nights to meditation, sat in his eye, while his venerable mien commanded the beholder's respect. In the household of the Marchese di Savelli, as tutor to his son and chaplain to the family, he was spending the declining years of a good career. The features of the friar were well defined, if not handsome. His brow was heavy, overshadowing a small eye, black and piercing; which, with a flexile lip, gave variously strong expressions to his countenance, weatherbeaten apparently by the changes of more than forty years. A loose gown of the franciscan order, girded simply by a rope, enveloped his person, admitting a judgment of his stature only, which might exceed the standard of manly proportion. In the manner of one accustomed to scrutinize strangers, for the purpose of appealing effectually to their generosity, Fra Giobbe, careful not to bring his preliminary examination under the notice of those whom he accompanied, continued to talk in a rambling strain, but generally concluded his sentences with some pious exclamation. To the marquis he was particularly communicative, and found him an easy listener. The words of the friar, harping upon the precautions necessary against a surprise from the brigands, with some stories he repeated of the murders they often committed in cold blood, threw a cloud over the face of the nobleman, which even at rest, betrayed darkling thought and settled anxiety.

As they proceeded, the road, becoming narrow and precipitous, bordered abruptly by lofty rocks, and overshadowed by trees which crowned their summits, was in every respect adapted for an ambuscade, and the travelers, feeling the danger, concentrated as much as possible and moved quietly on. The soldiers examined the locks of their carbines, and carried them ready for instant use, if necessary, while the officer, a stern, robust young man, rode fearlessly ahead, watching for any sign of the presence of banditti. From the change of places which the nature of the path had caused in the company, the franciscan and the lady Celia were riding side by side. She had unveiled, and however unclerical it might be in her holy companion, the loveliness of her countenance seemed to attract his especial notice. After a brief, though earnest gaze, some idea of impropriety struck the friar, and

withdrawing his eyes, he invoked his patron, and jogged on without speaking.

Although the brigands of the country, comprised in the papal states and the kingdom of Naples, were sometimes guilty of murders committed with savage ferocity; yet, they were careful to discover the condition of travelers passing near their haunts, and if found able to pay a heavy ransom, would do their persons no further violence than detention until the demand was satisfied. For this reason, there was more composure among even the females of the company, then probably in the perilous vicinity of robbers, than one would imagine, unacquainted with their professional etiquette. Besides, in this instance, the guard might be efficient against equal or superior numbers, and this belief also inspired a slight confidence of security, which, as it soon appeared, was not unfounded. As an angle of the path brought them abreast of a rock thickly covered with underwood, a low whistle, and the exclamation *• Il dotto, •* were distinctly heard.

• Make ready, • cried the officer; and instantly twenty carbines were raised. The servants were alert, and the marquis holding a pistol in each hand, moved in front of his daughter. All became as still as midnight: it was impossible to determine, so sudden had been the alarm, from which point the voice proceeded, and the pause was one of intense anxiety: *• Let them come on, •* said the page, *• 'twill only be the trouble to us of binding a few rogues. •*

• God be praised, • at last, exclaimed Fra Giobbe, *• Il dotto Gabriele, it seems, will not attack so many resolute men, and risk the lives of those whose ransoms may be rich, if captured unhurt. •*

• Silence, • said the officer; *• shall we proceed, signor Marchese? •*

• At your discretion •—and they were again in motion, descending the western side of the mountain, with the open country in prospect.

• Giulio, • said the lady, when her agitation had subsided, *• I was greatly terrified, but thou didst betray no fear! •*

The page colored as he answered, *• My lady would not have observed a matter of so little merit, had my blood been noble: Doth courage belong to youth of high descent alone? •*

• Too sensitive, Giulio! • she replied, in a soothing tone.

• Nay, thy pardon; what is dearer to a man—do not smile, my lady, in a few years I shall be—what is dearer to a man than his reputation for courage? •

• His reputation for honor and moral worth, • interrupted the marquis, as he overheard the remark.

‘At what price may your excellency value an unsullied name?’ asked the friar, significantly.

‘It has no price: wealth, rank, ancestral glory, learning, all things else together weigh nought in the scale against it.’

‘But,’ continued the franciscan, ‘if the flower be ever so blooming, and the stem so decayed and frail, that a breath may break it’—

‘That is,’ said the marquis, ‘if the base, the unworthy, flourish in the world’s fair opinion, liable at any moment to be withered if the truth were told.’

‘Are *they*, signor Marchese, happier than those whose loss of virtue has been attended with loss of character also?’

‘To what extent that may be true, I shall not discuss.’

‘How deep should be our gratitude, who suffer neither from ill report nor the consciousness of deserving it!’ the friar remarked, with a significant glance.

‘Enough of philosophy,’ said the nobleman, impatiently. ‘Our progress is more rapid now, father Nicolo; how bearest thou the fatigue?’

‘Passing well, save my nerves suffered from the late alarm.’

‘O,’ exclaimed the page, ‘that I could live in the midst of alarms: glory lights not on the passive spirit!’

‘Thou wert always extravagant,’ said Celia, ‘but what has set this romance afloat in thy brain?’

‘Romance! Doth my lady think it romance, that her brother is earning a scholar’s fame, or that her betrothed is already enrolled on the list of his country’s heroes?’

A blush of maiden pride, which followed this question, was its best answer; and the youth, with the familiarity which association from infancy had created, continued with increasing animation: ‘under Padre Nicolo’s good care, have I studied for nought? Poetry, nature’s language, thrilling the soul with its truth and melody, has been laid open to me; and who can follow the divine bards of Italy through their lays of love and war, nor feel that for one whom the heart adores, and for the land that gave us birth, danger is happiness, and to brave and overcome it, honor!’

‘My son,’ said the priest, ‘I have not instructed thee for this end only; thou art young now, but as thy years increase, learn that the honor most to be coveted, is that which dwells within the breast, not that abiding with the fickle world.’

‘Most true—most sadly true,’ said the marquis.

The place of intended separation, at the foot of the mountain, was reached while the sun was still several hours high, and the party prepared to divide; the soldiers to remain there till the following morning, and the marquis and his family,

after briefly resting, to proceed to a village two leagues farther on the plain. Fra Giobbe expressed his willingness to bestow his sacred company on them, but considering his mule had done sufficient service for the day, bade them farewell, with many benedictions and hopes to see them soon again.

How did the heart of the beauteous heiress of Savelli, lightened of every apprehension, spring forward in gladness, at the thought that another day would bring in view Naples, her native city, the scene of her childhood, the seat of her hopes: and he, the gallant youth, whose grace, whose valor and signal service to the state, made him the envied of many, the observed of all; he whose love was idolatry, and on whom her affections reposed in all the fervor and confidence of a first attachment—he would be there to welcome and to make her blest! ‘Dear Giulio,’ she exclaimed, in the exuberance of her delight, to-morrow evening we shall be at home!

‘Yes, my lady,’ said the page, ‘we shall be at home—thy home; but where is mine, for whom no kindred pulses beat? Would I were ignorant! A little learning above my sphere, kindly imparted by father Nicolo, has only brought reflection, and with it, unhappiness.’

‘This, Giulio,’ said the gentle girl, looking into the beaming eyes of the boy, while a blush mantled over his countenance, ‘this is reflection above thy years; remember’—

‘Above my years! how shouldst thou tell that, my lady, who art my senior, by scarcely one?’

‘It matters not; my advice might serve thee.’

‘Truly, thine if that of any one on earth! what shall I do to be happy?’

‘What thou wilt, Giulio: we know thee well, and would gladly listen to any proposition for thy future life.’

‘Listen! yes, doubtless thou wouldst listen,’ answered the page, with emphasis; ‘but is the ear alone to be gained? Is there not the heart’—he hesitated; and while Celia regarded him, a thought of what might be passing in his mind, flashed with painful certainty. His beauty, and the tone of his sentiments, rare in one so nearly a child, and the more remarkable, the few advantages of his station considered, with the feeling which she conceived had the mastery of his better judgment, excited such sympathy, that she feared to yield to its impulse, by a remark, lest his unfortunate passion should be the more awakened. On the other hand, Giulio appeared conscious of his indiscretion, and was silent.

Over the mild heavens, in whose visible expanse not a vapor floated, were fast closing the violet curtains of evening, fringed in the horizon, with the golden beams of the departed

sun. A river winding along the base of the mountains, to which the road pursued by the travelers was parallel, moved in its noiseless current, as if wearied of its headlong course, from the elevated cliff whence it sprang, and mirrored on one bank the ardent sky, and on the other, the overhanging forest in redoubled beauty. As far as the eye could reach, all was motionless, except, ever and anon, some solitary bird flitting with anxious wing to its nightly perch. Silence reigned over the valley; that perfect silence, of nature in her loveliness and majesty, which thrills every pulse and breathes upon the soul a tranquil rapture, beyond the power of the gay and clamorous world. All were sensible of the entrancement of the scene, but chiefly those in whom other circumstances had awakened emotions not inharmonious with its influence. The language of the page had for a time sensibly affected the lady Celia, but deeming the cause necessarily evanescent, she gave full scope to the controlling charms of the hour, and directing his attention to the objects around, carried his thoughts into the same pleasing channel with her own.

‘How bright,’ said Giulio, continuing the reflections which the kind maiden had begun, ‘is the vista opened by our path, through yonder cluster of trees! See the first star of evening twinkling through its centre; light beyond obscurity, like hope shining through the dimness of the future.’ The boy’s rhapsodies were interrupted by the marquis.’

‘We must quicken our pace,’ said he, ‘a league is yet before us,’ and with the word, they moved briskly forward, till they reached the wood, which was entered at a moderated gait, owing to its deepened shade.

‘Halt!’ cried a startling voice in front, while on every side arose armed men, like spectres from the earth. The travelers stopped, struck dumb with surprise. ‘Resistance is vain, signor Marchese; your men are four, and mine are four times their number,’ said he, whose mandate had arrested them.

‘Villains! but for the presence of these females?’—

‘Nay, do not menace; we doubt not your courage, but it can avail nothing. Pray, dismount, and give up your weapons—no violence shall then be done you.’

‘Not mine, while I have strength to lift an arm,’ said Giulio, resolutely.

‘Silence! foolish boy!’ said he who appeared to command the robbers. A moment’s consideration convinced Di Savelli that he must yield, well assured, as his rank was known, that an exorbitant sum would be required before his family would be set at liberty. ‘What are your conditions, ye’—

‘Don Gabriele il dotto, is my title,’ said the foremost, approaching him with affected complacency.

‘Il dotto!’ muttered the page, scornfully, ‘rather Il diavolo.’

‘Pray, be silent, good Giulio,’ said the trembling girl at his side.

‘My conditions,’ continued the brigand, ‘will be made known to your excellency, when I can be assured there can be no breach on your part.’

The marquis ordered his servants to dismount, and Padre Nicolo, who from the first appeared paralysed, now had sufficient possession of his faculties to ask that he might be spared the trouble of dismounting, as he had neither arms nor anything of value on his person. The old priest accordingly and the females kept their seats, while the others got off their horses and submitted to the brigand’s search; who, to their surprise, simply disarmed them. This boded no good: it was clear that what was on their persons was not esteemed of sufficient value to warrant their immediate release. ‘Which one among you knows me?’ asked the marquis, observing he was addressed familiarly.

‘We have learned thy name,’ replied the leader.

‘Then you might have learned also, that I may be trusted to bind myself to your demands, and to proceed unmolested. This lady is young and delicate; but if ye will act like brutes, ——’

‘It is not necessary to touch upon that point,’ said the robber, carelessly; ‘we understand it. Gentlemen, you can remount. Come! to horse, my brave fellows!’ he added, turning to his band, and in a few seconds each man brought a good steed from the thicket, and awaited orders.

‘Is it your purpose to take us to your den?’ inquired the marquis, who could not restrain his anger. ‘Will not the honor of the Marchese di Savelli be sufficient pledge to you?’

‘The honor,’ said the brigand, ‘of the Marchese di Savelli, the *world* does not question: but I want no honor. Matteo!’ he cried to one of his men, ‘forward to the lower ford; and Vincenzo, guard the lady, and mark thou art respectful.’ These took their designated places and the troop immediately started. When they emerged from the wood there was sufficient light for the prisoners to survey their new escort. The brigands were all vigorous men, and their figures well displayed in the uniform of their profession. They wore conical hats, ornamented with a scarf or feather, a short jacket open at the neck and full trowsers reaching to the knee. Besides an arquebuse slung across the back, a belt confined by a large buckle in front contained two pistols and supported a cutlass.

Their whole appearance answered the reputation of 'Il dotto's' banditti.

'Methinks I have seen thee before,' said the marquis to their captain, whose commanding air and superior stature easily distinguished him from the rest.

'I should have considered it uncourteous, vossignoria, to conduct you to my castle, without first duly presenting myself: thou hast seen me, truly—we only parted to meet again.'

'The franciscan!' exclaimed the lady Celia, and the others repeated the words.

'Most unholy man!' cried Padre Nicolo indignantly, 'to assume over a livery of the devil the garb of God's servants.'

'Did I appear at the time unworthy of it, good father?' asked the chief jocosely.

'Never was hypocrisy better personified.'

'How know ye then, that those who wear through life the drapery of saints are not as conscious sinners as I, who have thrown off the disguise? What saith the noble Marchese, doth every one merit an unblemished escutcheon who bears and boasts it?'

'It is not my intention,' replied the marquis in a hurried accent, 'to prate morals with one whose damnable practice scoffs at honest principle.'

The robber laughed. 'Well, well,' said he, 'I suppose neither of us could enlighten the other's theory. Thou knowest, signor Marchese, there are many besides those whom the hangman attaches, that deserve an introduction to him.'

The ford mentioned was soon reached, and the party facing the mountain crossed the river. Its surface there began to ripple over a declining bed which at a short distance terminated in a rock when the stream pitched down many feet into a deep and narrow channel. Just at this point the crags rose against the hill-side in piles which appeared to defy further advance; but some of the robbers having alighted, entered a recess and brought forth several hewn planks. These were inclined against the lowest rock, so as to form a plane passable by the horses, and when the first ledge was reached, the planks were dragged after them, and thus several times arranged, until a steep path was attained, in which their progress was continued without further impediment. 'Il dotto' chose to bring up the rear and retain the marquis near him; Giulio was a short distance before them, and the lady Celia under the eye of Father Nicolo, farther in advance.

'Hath Naples many dames like thy fair daughter?' asked the brigand. 'Tis long since I set foot in the capital, though when a young man, beauty was not rare.'

‘That, I need not answer;’ replied the nobleman, sternly.

‘No,’ said the other indifferently, ‘’tis not material that I should know. The lady Celia is exceeding fair; thou lovest her well, doubtless?’

‘Ay! thereby dost thou hope to be largely feed for her release.’

‘What! feed to release her! not a farthing will I take.’

‘For this surpassing generosity I must thank thee.’

‘If thou wilt: the lady is lovely, too lovely for gallantry to ask a ransom.’

‘’Tis well thou hast some human feeling left.’

‘Some feeling!’ I boast not a little; your excellency owes to my word that ye came safely through the pass to-day: a breath of mine would have sped from unseen hands certain destruction to you all.’

‘My grateful thanks once more,’ said the prisoner ironically.

‘Perchance not. In my time of life, I have been thinking, that singleness becomes less desirable than in youth. In fact I have passed the halfway point in this mortal pilgrimage, and am weary of lonely traveling. Dost think then, I cannot value so rich a prize as *La donna Celia*?’

The marquis glanced at the brigand to read in his looks, if possible, the real import of his words.

‘How dost like my face, Signor Marchese? Somewhat worn, as thy own, by more than two score years, but room for many a wrinkle yet.’

‘I perceive thy insolence must be borne.’

‘Nay, where is the insolence in speaking of thy age, or thy daughter’s beauty?’

‘Admire, if thou wilt; but speak not thy opinion.’

‘What if I should more than admire?’

‘More!’

‘Ay, love her!’

‘Outlawed wretch! dost thou dare mention love, and *Celia di Savelli*? Thou, whose heart is black as death; corrupted as the grave!’

‘Others, beside me, Signor Marchese,’ said ‘*Il dotto*,’ lowering his tone, ‘have talked of love; yes, have had the flame returned, whose hearts, if deeds catch their complexion from them, are as dark as ——’

‘Peace! I hold no further converse with thee.’

‘Then will I prefer my suit in person to the lady.’

‘Execrable monster! Shall lips accursed as thine, pollute the ear of innocence? Rather, base born knave ——’

‘Hold,’ said the robber, calmly, ‘thou canst not anger me.’

but I may cool thy wrath. Base born I am not, nor, mark me well, more ignobly descended than Eugenio Cesi, Count di Monte Lezzio! Dost remember the name?

The marquis was mute; the blood had fled from his cheeks.

‘He was the friend of thy youth.’

‘Friend!’ ejaculated the nobleman in a smothered voice.

‘Yes, Fabricio Verri! he was thy friend in youth, and would be the son-in-law of thy age.’

The Marquis cast his eyes, dimmed with confused and powerful emotions upon his companion; as he gazed intently, a cloud seemed falling from the features of the robber, and when dispelled, he saw Eugenio Cesi truly before him.

The weary horses had toiled up the rugged way and stood upon a flat which gave them respite. Twilight was deepening, but the moon shone high in the unclouded arch of azure. Beneath was mass on mass of huge stones, the cataract deeply roaring at their viewless base; and above on a jutting cliff, accessible only by a spiral path, were seen the ruins of a castle; a fasthold which had fallen before the storms of invasion in the fourteenth century. This was pointed out as the retreat of ‘Il dotto’s’ banditti, and after a few minutes rest, the order was given to continue the ascent. All started upward except Giulio: the noble beast he rode, began to rear and plunge, every moment approaching the precipice; the boy sat firmly and resolutely, and while the spectators were breathless with suspense, he seemed least to feel the danger. The horse turned round and round on the giddy verge, and at last, on his hindfeet, stood poised over the edge. Still Giulio was erect, his eyes fixed on the ledge below, while the attitude of his steed presented in the pale moonlight, had more the appearance of a statue than of animated reality. But it was only for an instant, and with a bound the rock was cleared.

Horror was in every countenance: even the hardened crew, whose trade was blood and death, had looked in speechless astonishment. A common movement was made to stop; horse and rider were three fathoms below, the former gliding rapidly down the untenable steep, and the latter supine upon the saddle and sustaining him with tense and steady reins. Another verge was reached, another plunge was made still deeper than the first; the beholders sickened at the sight, but they could see the boy no longer. The rattling of pebbles started in his descent, and the deep tone of the waters boiling beneath, into which, from the overhanging crag he would surely fall, echoed as a death-knell on the ears of the crowd above. Many were the exclamations of pity and of terror.

The page was beloved by the marquis, who had brought him up from infancy, and was kindly regarded by all his family. She, in whom from long association he had excited an interest greater than ordinarily exists with the same disparity of condition, implored the robbers to go and learn his fate. 'He may be dying and mangled,' said she; 'and may need our holy office,' added the priest. Among all their derelictions of human duty, the brigands were never wanting in respect to the outward forms of religion; and upon Father Nicolo's suggestion, two of the number turned back to ascertain the consequences of the fall.

The Marchese di Savelli and the Count di Monte Lezzio resumed their discourse, continuing in earnest conversation; and although their words could not be understood, yet the calm and taunting strain of the robber, and the indignant tones of his prisoner, were easily distinguished. Among the rest no voice was heard as they wound their toilsome way, nor until they had climbed to a clear place where the relics of a feudal tower were designated as the home of the banditti, and the prison of their captives. After dismounting, the latter were conducted into the ruined hall, which, when a light was struck, displayed the various and motley trophies of highway plunder, in mockery of the lance and shield, the emblazoned banner and chivalric insignia which had once adorned its walls. In this retreat, the tenants seemed secure, for the lower apartments were undecayed, and did not lack many of the comforts which in such a site could be procured. A large rude table stood in the hall, and seats sufficient for the troop. None of the service, necessary for a meal was wanting, and to prepare it, was the immediate care of some of the banditti.

'Bring forth our silver cups,' cried the master in a lordly tone, 'and that wine, which a fat, French fool was transporting so carefully across these mountains. Light up the walls. Let there be no stint of the wax candles, opportunely taken last week, from the abbot of Cassino. No delay—to-night we will be merry: right merry, my lord di Savelli! Thy lovely daughter must be well attended with all courtesy due her rank and the estate we promise. Hither, my noble guests; in this chamber rest ye while supper is hastened to do you honor.'

Whatever had been the result of the dialogue between the ancient friends then so suddenly met, the marquis thought proper to make no reply to his facetious host, but leading the lady Celia, entered a small room pointed out on the left. It contained some trifling articles of furniture, and to their sur-

prise, a few shelves of books. The Count di Monte Lezzio, though now so fallen, had been educated in the best schools of the day, mingled equally in the highest circles of the capital, and had imbibed tastes which had not forsaken him in his abandoned course of life. His address, his apparent love of books, his discrimination of character, and ability to take advantage of every circumstance in his unworthy calling, had assured to him among the inferior spirits around him, implicit confidence and respect, and added to the assumed name by which he was known, the title of 'Il dotto.'

'What a dreadful place is this!' said Celia, after surveying the apartment; 'dear father, are we safe here? Perhaps we may be, but poor Giulio, where is he? better he were with us, among these fiends, than in that deep cold river!'

'It may be,' answered the marquis, sighing heavily.

'May be, father! Wouldst thou have the boy dead?'

'Ay, were Giulio thyself, I could wish him dead!'

'His accident has disturbed thy brain, father!'

'No, no, no: 'tis no accident, no chance disturbs it; but—what thinkest thou of these brigands?'

'Tis not for me to ask why heaven permits the earth to foster such vipers. What think I of murderers?'

'I said not *that*, my child,' replied the marquis. 'Sit down: if not too weary, I may while the hour with a tale.'

'I am never weary of hearing thee, my father; of learning from thee, how to be wise, and virtuous, and worthy of thee.'

'Yes, thou art a gentle girl—sit down: Nay, not there, that seat is comfortless: here, on thy father's knee.'

'Oh! were it not for the thought of poor Giulio, I might be happy, even in this den of thieves, while thou art near to protect me. But to the story, father!'

'Listen; 'tis surely new to thee. 'Twas in Naples; when, it matters not; two young nobles dwelt in strictest friendship. Am I right? Well, imagine so. One had not come to the possession of his patrimony or his title; but the other luxuriated in both. Yes; not any excess that lavished wealth could bring did he forego; yet he had a mind well stored with classic learning, and a capacity to enjoy all that is sublime in the productions of genius. The former, though unlike in his habits, cherished this prodigal; but his chief source of happiness was in the affection of a being beautiful and spotless as the angels. Her love was the best boon heaven could grant, and he asked no other. Now it so happened at a fête that a young duke beheld the lady of his heart, and loved her too. His grace's suit was approved by the parents of the maid, and he would have married her, had not a war broken out, which postponed the union. In the army which marched

from the capital, were these three youths; but ere this, the spendthrift had wasted his inheritance.

The night was dark—oh! a dread and awful night of rushing winds, and sable clouds groaning with tempests, when this ruined man entered the tent of his unhappy friend, whose brightest visions had been so sadly changed. He came as a tempter, and the fiend prompted his words. He spoke of his own lost fortunes, and his friend's blighted hopes in love; depicting in well-wrought phrase the outrage of the duke, in pursuing the object of another's affection. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'we meet the enemy; many must fall, and if thy rival do not perish in the strife'—'his bliss is certain as my despair,' said the other. 'No, his doom is sealed; he shall fall as if by foreign arms, but our's shall do the deed!'

'Oh, most vile intent!' exclaimed Celia, 'to slay a fellow-soldier fighting for his country!'

'Yes, too vile for belief,' said the marquis.

'And did the other meet this base proposal?'

'He thought of it, my daughter: all that dreadful night, sleepless he tossed upon his pallet. He thought of it, and the howling winds cried death! and every livid flash revealed an apparition, his own beloved in the wedded embrace of another! But morning came serene and cloudless: the crested chiefs and bannered host marched forth, but he, the duke, rode brightest among the dazzling legions. Then began the din, the fire, the roar, the vast confusion of the battle's riot, and in that scene of turmoil, this gallant warrior fell by hands unknown and unsuspected.'

'By their's, the friend's!' said Celia. 'Why, these assassins who surround us would not thus use a brother of their trade!'

'It was verily a crime too dastardly for thought: but hear the end. The war ceased, and the friends returned to Naples: half the estate of one was pledged to the instigator of this foul act, and in brief time he squandered it as he had his own, when, for second high offence, he fled the city.'

'But, the lady!'

'Ay, the lady was married to the other.'

'How well 'tis but a fiction!'

'No! 'tis not a fiction, child; I knew the lady well: a dame too virtuous for her blood-stained husband.'

'Truly, father, except thou hadst known the lady whose honest faith was linked to such a monster, I could not credit thy story.'

'She died in blessed ignorance, and he has lived without a breath of suspicion to taint his name.'

'If this be true, how shouldest thou know the fact? Who was this? — art sick, dear father? How cold thy hand is!'

‘Oh, God! would it had been frozen ere this in the grasp of death! He was, my child, he—is—thy father!’

‘Is this a place for a jest so horrible? Yet, thou art altered, chilled: then ’tis not a jest. Alas! why am I not in blessed ignorance too; and thou art a—I cannot speak it. Yes! thou art my father still; kind, generous, doting; most ill-starred, but not so guilty!’

‘Hold! I ask no extenuation of the crime.’

‘Why hast thou told me this? till now I have been happy.’

‘Yes, my child, that is the keenest pang. What thinkst thou of this brigand chief?’

‘I do not understand thee.’

‘What thinkst of this fair mansion?’

‘Most strange questions, father! art thou raving?’

‘What, if thou wert its mistress?’

Celia, agitated by her father’s manner, would have called for help, but he prevented her, and continued in phrenzied tones—

‘Hist! I must do the demon’s bidding; he would marry thee!’

‘Doth the Marchese di Savelli bear his daughter this request?’ said the maiden, rising and looking firmly in her parent’s eye, with the dignity of offended innocence.

‘Yes, Celia, start not at it; for else I should soon be a condemned criminal, borne to the scaffold, surrounded by a pitiless mob; my property confiscated, the sole heir of title degraded, and thou and he be the orphans of an executed murderer.’

‘It may be, just Heaven: but all to me is still darkness and mystery.’

‘Know, then, that the wretch in whose power we now are, is the Count di Monte Lezzio; he who prompted and aided me to do the only act, yet that so black ’twould damn a generation, of which, through a life of nearly fifty years, I do now repent me. Oh! I have repented it: each night conjureth up in dreams, more horrible than reality, the sound of conflict, the clouds of war, the foe, the friend, blood, blood, blood! of a fellow-soldier, and my hands drenched with it. This, my infamy, will he proclaim, (ay! and substantiate with letters in my hand often written,) and send me hence, bound like a common felon, to the capital. Should none suffer by this fate except myself, it would have no terrors for me: but thou, thy brother, all our kindred will share my ignominy. Still, righteous Judge! why should I complain? may not the daughter of a murderer be a murderer’s wife?’

‘Father,’ said Celia, after a short interval, with all the

calmness she could command, 'I owe thee obedience; nay, more, learning thy least desire, to fulfil it: yet pause for one reflection. Should I, in this extremity, marry this tyrant, what will the public say? what our friends, my brother, and' —the girl fell on her knees; there was one she could not name. Her tortured spirit broke forth in tears, and clasping her hands, she continued—'father, when they ask for me, say I am dead; it shall not be false.'

'Twere a pity,' said the brigand, softly entering, 'for one so blooming to die so soon: for if thou dost violence to thyself, be assured the same penalty awaits thy honorable sire: the same ruin to him and his forever.'

The lady arose, and dashing away her tears, looked ineffable scorn upon the author of her grief. 'Enough,' she replied, 'I am content; but thou wilt not, magnanimous Count di Monte Lezzio, be thus resolved, if the feeble nature of a woman so hardly used, wear out before its time.'

If ever the brigand felt sympathy for his victim it was at that time: but her beauty overcame his rising inclination to set her free, and he answered, 'Fear not, gentle lady: I will be kind, very kind to thee. But, Signor Marchese, supper waits, our bridal feast, and we are not yet united. What, ho! father Nicolo?'

'Dost call the priest?' asked Celia, convulsively.

'Even now: no hour more fitting. Here is thy only parent; he cannot object; nor you, reverend minister; and if thou dost!—'

'Count di Monte Lezzio,' said the marquis, with anguish quivering on his lips, 'hear me; in the name of woman, of her who bore and nourished thee, hear me! All I have or hope for, have I already offered thee in vain, to preserve unstained the honor of my name, the peace of my family, and the liberty of this poor stricken dove. I now implore thee respite her, but till to-morrow; perchance, ere then, thy heart may relent, and' —

'And lest it should,' continued the brigand, deliberately, 'pray, bid the ceremony proceed, without further unprofitable delay. Nay! I will not hear; protract an instant longer, and by the everlasting heavens, I will denounce thee to the ruffians who obey me, and make the breath of each to thee, as mine is now, a naked sword hung by a single hair over thy devoted head! And whatever may befall *thee*, still will I hold thy daughter captive, having gained nought by stubborn opposition.'

At this instant the priest entered. His usually placid look was disturbed when he saw the group in the chamber. The

marquis advanced—‘Father Nicolo,’ said he, ‘save these present, thou only knowest the secrets of my heart. Behold, Count di Monte Lezzio, a name familiar to thy ghostly ear. He would wed —— speak, thyself; I cannot.’

‘I would wed,’ said the brigand, ‘this lady, Celia di Savelli, daughter of my ancient friend, Fabricio Verri, who gives his free consent, as doth the lady, herself.’

‘To one, like thee,’ replied the venerable man, resolutely, ‘I will join no woman, whoever may consent. If ye have racks and wheels, lead me to them. To sever the frail thread of my remaining days, is but a trifling sacrifice in the cause of sacred duty.’

‘My lord,’ said the robber, ‘I will not brook procrastination: thou hast influence, and must exert it with this scrupulous apostle. If he still refuse, let him remember, thou, not he, shall bear the consequences.’

The marquis knew too well the determined spirit of Eugenio Cesi, to make any remonstrance; and taking the priest aside, presently returned and signified his willingness to perform the ceremony.

Celia started as if from a dream, exclaiming, ‘that hope fled too! Go on! go on with thy office, good father Nicolo; call it not sacred, which heaven will never prosper. Parent of the fatherless, defender of the weak, God of the afflicted, Thou wilt watch over me!’

The robber smiled as he stood up before the pale and scarcely breathing girl. Tall and iron-framed, with mingled decision and reckless ease in his manner, how little was there in his appearance or character harmonizing with the fragile and artless being, who, like a weeping angel, drooped in his bad presence.

Father Nicolo strove with the fearless eloquence of holy zeal, but in vain, to move the brigand’s purpose. The ceremony was commenced; the virgin’s hand was placed in his, her white lips trembled with the fatal promise, and the wife of the outlaw was laid at his feet cold, breathless and insensible.

‘Now to our banquet,’ cried the bridegroom. ‘Your excellency will leave my lady here; her women and this old saint may teach her the joyous demeanor becoming a bride.’

‘Ay,’ exclaimed the priest, ‘the blackest fiend of hell might teach thee what may become a man, and thou be profited by the lesson.’

‘Tut, tut, good father, thy cutting reproaches will not sever the knot just tied. But, my lord, to supper; good wine will drown these useless sorrows; and taking the marquis by the

arm, the brigand led him unconscious to the door. He was there saluted by the men who had gone to ascertain the fate of the page. At the sound of his name the lady Celia revived: 'We found,' said one, 'the saddle on the lowest rock, and his cap floating in an eddy of the deepest water. There horse and rider sank together.'

'Happy, Giulio!' cried the lady, clasping her hands: 'his heart was heavy to-day, while mine was glad; but now he sleeps, sweetly sleeps, and I must yet live and watch and weep, alas, how long!'

The old hall was illuminated with wax tapers intended for an altar; upon the table, glittering in their light, was the ill-gotten wealth of the banditti. The fare, though plain, was abundant; but the sparkling wine and bright cups reflecting the tinselled dress and arms of those who quaffed them, would, as they were designed, have graced a more honorable board. The meal went on cheerily. There were songs and jests and boisterous mirth, bursting from the excited brain of all except the sorrowing guest.

'Thou dost not drink, my lord,' said the chief; 'tis generous wine of St. Basle; rarely such reaches the Apennines. Come, drink and dispel these shadowy fancies. What do they profit?'

'My soul, I trust, which penitence alone can profit.'

'Bah, bah! What's done, if it be evil, groans will not undo. Fill up, my brave men; this is our merriest night.'

Bravo! bravo! Il dotto Gabriele; bravissimo, shouted twenty voices; while the cheers resounded through the mountain, and thus the robbers reveled till the moon had sunk to rest, and midnight spread its starry canopy over the darkened world. The bride in her sad captivity, looked out upon the broad face of heaven, decked with countless gems and smiling on the earth, all tranquil as the repose of infancy. But to her soul it brought no hope; for a sound was heard in the hall of brutal festivity, which smote her with new despair.

'Fill up, once more, the last time;' cried the master of the feast. 'Arise, and fill once more to-night; while at his bidding the hands of the drinkers, nerveless with excess, lifted the ill-poised cups and drained them amidst distempered peals, of mirth. As the tumult died away, a cry without burst on their festal glee; an eager cry of triumph. It was a single voice, and trumpet-tongued it said—'Now, brave men, now is the certain moment; fire!' And the stunning report of arms rattled round the hall, and through the smoke that clouded the entrance, a band of soldiers rushed in upon the confounded banditti. Several had fallen; but their chief, springing upon

the table, shouted, 'A rescue—arm! arm!' The marquis at the same instant was up, and struggling with him in the energy of despair. The brigand had succeeded in drawing a poignard, while the hands of his antagonist grasped his throat; but a light figure, like a spirit of the dead, leaped before him, and with fatal aim shot him to the ground. Thus prostrate, the wretch essayed a cry of encouragement to his men, but the half-uttered word shrunk back upon his lips, and he breathed no more. The contest was short, but decisive; the inebriated robbers were unable to resist, and except those who had perished in the onset, were seized and securely bound.

'Where is my lady? where is my lord?' cried one, triumphantly. It was Giulio, and he was soon before the redeemed heiress of Savelli. 'I knew, I knew,' he broke forth in exultation, 'when I spurred my faithful horse over the crag, that he would bear me down in safety; we plunged into the current, and the whirling waters buried us, but we separately rose and reached the bank. I mounted again, and fleetier than the wind, flew back to our friends, and here we are victors, and thou art free, dear lady.'

All this was spoken in a breath; but before the rescued girl could pronounce her thanks, two soldiers brought forward the marquis wounded and insensible. From a deep gash in his neck the tide of life was ebbing rapidly. Celia was once more thrown back to grief; the good Nicolo knelt at his side in prayer, and his daughter leaned over him smothering her frantic sorrow to catch his parting accents. A moment his eyes glared upon her; 'the letters, the letters, search,' he whispered incoherently, and expired.

Before the general seizure of the property in the castle, father Nicolo commenced a diligent search for the correspondence of the marquis, in compliance with his dying request. Morning dawned before his labor ended, and although many papers were opened which told dreadful secrets of the Count di Monte Lezzio, yet the records of the former's guilt could nowhere be found. Three days afterwards the remains of the Marchese di Savelli were honorably consigned to the tomb of his ancestors.

Time, whose genial balm heals every grief which remorse does not fester, cured the fever of Giulio's boyish passion for his lady, and soothed in her breast the torturing remembrance of her parent's hapless fate. When respect for his memory allowed, father Nicolo sanctioned, by the sacred rite, which had once made Celia di Savelli a victim to the honor of her natural guardian, the pure offering of her heart to one, whose love and general desert indicated her most worthy protector.

The dauntless spirit which had wrought the deliverance of the brigand's captives, fitted Giulio for scenes of military enterprise; and when his mind had been enriched with various knowledge and expanded to maturity, the influence of his patroness procured for him a high commission, of which his talents and intrepidity not only proved him wholly deserving, but soon won the fairest wreaths of fame to crown the aspirations of his early years.*

R.

MRS. HEMANS.

‡ Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!"

THE tongue that sang in such sad strains of death, now rests in death's silence. Mrs. Felicia Hemans died on the 16th of May last, at her residence in Dublin. When the great or the good vanish from the earth, natural it is for those who survive—throwing aside some of the restraints which a becoming delicacy had imposed—to give a fuller and freer expression to those feelings of admiration or of love, which their career may have awakened. The act is not more due to the memory of the departed, than it is grateful to those by whom, and for whom it is performed. And who, among those that but now have gone down to the nations of the mighty dead, moved more gently and usefully in their selected sphere, inspired purer sentiments of love and admiration, and bequeathed to after times a more beautiful monument of their genius and their heart, than the being whose death her admirers have so recently been called upon to mourn? Where is one, the passages of whose life have been clothed in tenderer interest, and whose intellectual revelations, as they successively came forth, were hailed with more chastened enthusiasm—tinged as were these revelations by a melancholy light, partly shed over them by the clouded hopes of their author, and partly reflected from the clouded fortunes of her domestic life? For ourselves we say, that of her heart and intellect we have been accustomed to think with affectionate and respectful gratitude. Their im-

* The substance of this story was communicated to the writer by an American tourist. The correspondence mentioned, after lying undiscovered until all interested in it had passed away, was brought to light by the rapacious curiosity of the French during their campaigns in Italy, and elucidates the principal incident of the tale, notorious at the time of the action, and still traditional in the vicinity of the scene.

age we have often contemplated in her writings. The impressions which such contemplation left may now be freely revealed. The being to whom they nearest relate is within that bourne, over which neither blame nor praise may pass.

When a poet dies, one of the first efforts of legitimate criticism—embodying the harmonized opinions of all who are capable of thinking upon the subject—is to disclose in brief his whole character; to point out the centre of his poetical spirit, and describe the circumference of his poetical range; to ascertain, as nearly as possible, to how much of our time and admiration he has a fair claim; and to fix the place in the literary heavens to which, by virtue of his deeds on earth, he may hereafter be entitled, with what constellated luminaries he will be classed, or whether he may be of those peculiar ‘stars that dwell apart.’ This work will, by able hands, be soon achieved for the poetess whose name heads this article. We now engage in the humbler and easier task of merely designating the forms in which her emotions and fancies were embodied, and of briefly dwelling upon two or three of their characteristic features.

Of her extended pieces, including *The Forest Sanctuary*—*The League of the Alps*—*Modern Greece*—*The Last Constantine*—*The Siege of Valencia*, and *The Vespers of Palermo*—we remark that while containing much that is excellent, still to us they are the least interesting of all her works. They are too monotonous for our taste. And their monotony is of that character which can least be endured—the monotony of sadness. We are always moved by single strains of pathos, ascending to the heart with the intermingled music of other sounds sent off from the poet’s lyre; but we pall and weary under a single melancholy tone long drawn out and slowly, until it degenerates into an unimpressive hum upon the tired ear. The two last-named compositions are in the dramatic form. As plays for the stage, they have proved themselves failures; as works to be read in the closet and there meditated upon, they are unquestionably fine. We perceive distinctly why they failed in representation. The mind of their author was not dramatic. It was too purely spiritual to be so. Mrs. Hemans seemed to have no appreciation of any other thought-revealing power, than language. The voice—the eye—the lip—the form—the gesture—these were not in her mind’s eye when she was engaged in *wording* the sentiments and emotions which her characters were to utter. Of consequence, these sentiments and emotions—if uttered naturally, according to their author’s conception of their utterance—must be spoken tranquilly, unimpressively, undramatically. Hence

have we regarded these dramas as no other than well-written, alternated monologues, pronounced by the names to be found at the beginning of each, under the title of 'Dramatis Personæ.' Nor are they *condensed* enough for easy and impressive vocal expression. Long after the entire thought has been given forth, words are heard hollow-sounding, to fill out the measure. Nothing than this can be more wearisome to the actor, more wearisome to the audience, and of course more damning to a play. Of the plots, we will only say that they want variety and felicity, and more than either, they want that *dramatic something* which none but he who has been often behind the scenes, and familiar with those there to be seen, can thoroughly appreciate and turn to practical advantage. Mrs. Hemans did not do this. She *could* not do it. Her chaste and heavenly spirit would have shrunk from that contact. It could hardly hold communion, even in the way of business, with the Lotharios and Magdalenes of the green room. Hence do her dramas remain—with divers others that might be named—as warnings unto all who desire and attempt to compose for the stage, without having that theatrical and professional knowledge which those who have been successful dramatic writers have invariably enjoyed, and which can be acquired only by the intercourse and familiarity already alluded to. But, as we have said, her dramas read well. They contain some beautiful pictures of the outward world. They contain many noble traits strongly bodied forth. They are inlaid often with images, new and most beautiful. They abound in contrasts and likenesses, in emotions and wishes, that interest while they refresh the reader's heart. Our memory now seems faintly to hear strains—once heard more clear—brief and beautiful songs—and in the Siege of Valencia, a dirge—sounding in the general war-strife sweetly, like the soft voices of birds in the pauses of the storm. And now have we said all in their praise that they deserve. Why, asks one, did Mrs. Hemans write dramas? We cannot say. She had read much of Sicilian and of Spanish history. Such reading is not unfruitful in such minds. It produces therein multitudinous thoughts and sympathies, and a wish strong and resistless to be unburdened of them. Mrs. Hemans selected a dramatic vehicle. Why did she? It was not that in which her thoughts could go forth to the world's eye most impressively. There was another form of embodiment far better adapted to her style of thinking and feeling—such as may be seen in her tales and historic scenes—a form wherein might all her visible and audible realities be idealized and exhibited in isolated beauty—a form fragmentary indeed, but that

wherein is *language* whatsoever has made her dear to many hearts, from the palace to the cottage.

To her miscellaneous pieces do we give the preference—the brief efforts—the short strains—fragments of the heart's music, hastily swept therefrom by the present or the past, as tones are swept from the Æolian harp by the gustful wind. How has she *voiced* a thousand feelings—tender—retiring—far down in the heart—that till then had been voiceless, seeming almost too spiritual to be embraced by sounds and words! How gracefully hath she appropriated the humble topics which loftier hands had disdained to touch! A little hint or fancy, planted in her mind, shoots vigorously up, and blooms quickly forth in a thousand leaves and blossoms and goodly fruitage. Dante's great poem has been likened to an immense forest. The recorded memories—the fugitive visions worded ere they had vanished—the embodied hopes and fears of Mrs. Hemans, may be likened to a garden full of flowers and trees, each perfect in itself, blooming unconscious of its neighbor's presence, deriving no beauty therefrom, and all reposing in the shadowy and pensive hues of twilight. How has she seized upon a single thought—a single scene—a single moment of triumphant, of agonizing, or of blissful life—and clothing it in beautiful language, made it impressive by delicate and touching images! Does a mirror hang in a deserted hall—does a butterfly sport around a skull—does the midnight wind sigh among broken arches—does woman's love bear her to the battle-field—does a lovely tradition float in the memories of the rude—is a youthful bride led veiled to the altar—do ivy leaves mantle a ruin—do strength and youth fall for liberty—does the last surviving forest tree crumble to the earth—does the sound of banqueting disturb the silence—or shines within, some dim vision of a better land:—upon no heart can they produce more lovely, more poetical, more just impressions than upon that of Mrs. Hemans. Those impressions have been revealed to the world. In their brief, fragmentary shape, they have been conveyed in magazines and newspapers, to where the larger volume but seldom goes. They have thus spoken to many hearts. And often too in the form of songs have they been linked to the voice in its happiest tones, and thus become intertwined with those scenes and persons that we would not willingly permit to vanish from the memory.

And what are the features by which these impressions, thus revealed, are characterized? The first we name is, sadness—not a desolate and Byronical sadness, verging upon despair, which can see no peace beyond or on this side the grave—but a sadness, that subdues into pensive tones the

feelings of the reader—that is shrouded not only in sorrow, but moreover is tinged with religious hopes—such a sadness as well might abide in the bosom of one much bereaved, even there where she had garnered up her dearest earthly affections. We know but little of her private griefs. Now and then have come to these shores tidings that all was not well in the domestic sanctuary. ‘Deep sorrows,’ she says, ‘seem to have solemnized my whole being.’ To this topic we carefully allude, and only for that herein haply may be that fountain of melancholy emotion which gently flows through all her intellectual creations. Whatever be the theme whereof she speaks, she generally contrives to tinge it with sadness. Rarely hath an event, or scene of the outward world, or vision of the world within, drawn forth one mirthful strain from the chords of her lyre. We doubt if she had the power—as we are almost certain she had not the wish—to indulge in a sportive vein. But generally are her themes selected from those of a mournful character. With these only does she intensely sympathize. From her *Songs of the Affections*, down through her hymns on the works of nature, and her numerous miscellaneous poems, to her last melancholy lyric, published in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, entitled *Despondency and Aspiration*, all is sadness; yet a beautiful, holy, and hopeful sadness.

Standing among the works of God and the works of man, she beheld and listened. There were the stars; the sounding sea; the seasons and their wondrous change; and the still more wondrous changes of human life; all the creations of the chisel and the pencil, and whatsoever of good or of ill, history had preserved of mortal achievements in the past. Intermingled with all were those unfading elements, unto which, by reason of their peculiar influence upon the soul, the name of Poetical has been given. There were the sublime, the beautiful, the mirthful, and the sad. There did she hear and behold all wherefrom the poetic spirit of the ancient and the modern worlds selected, and combined into its enduring creations—whether in architecture, or sculpture, or painting, or music, or in language. And with what, in all this, did the spirit of our poetess intensely sympathize? We answer, with the Melancholy alone. Her inspiration was from on high; but with the hues of this sad element were all its manifestations imbued, and by it were they consecrated. How does she love to dwell among sepulchral urns, and tears, and myrtle bows, and mournful cypresses! With what a pensive charm does she not invest partings to meet no more; the graves of martyrs and of heroes; the death of flowers, and the decay of seasons! All these melancholy topics doth she clothe in deeper

sables. The meditative heart is pleased to be impressed by them. It recognizes therein truthful expressions of many a feeling that in some dark moments had within its own breast been born. We can well perceive how dear must be the memory of *Mrs. Hemans* unto those who, in bereavement, have communed with her sad poems—finding there much consolation; for therein—as in a clear crystal wave—have their eyes, though dimmed with tears, beheld reflected the emotions, and sympathies, and hopes, and regrets, which long had lain within their own bosoms, but unto which their voice could give no utterance. Her song commenced in youth, ‘sad as the tears of *Simonides*,’ and thus did it end. Her concluding strain was like those that had gone before, and vigorous in its sadness. Her power did not faint as it approached the end of its earthly course. Her last noble lyric—*Despondency and Aspiration*—came from a harp, none of whose chords were snapped, but still clear, and strong, and sounding, as when touched in youth.

Another feature which shines through most of her poetry is, *Affection*. We do not mean the affection of the poetess—though we doubt not that strong and wide-embracing it must have been—but the affection which lives in all susceptible beings, and which is manifested in a thousand delightful forms. With many actual manifestations thereof in the past, which history or tradition had perpetuated, her memory was familiar. Had it been revealed in a father, or brother, or son, or friend, or patriot?—if the poet’s eye had seen, her imagination had idealized, and her pen had recorded it. But had it sprung forth in fresh beauty, from that fountain of its purest and deepest existence—a woman’s heart—had it bloomed from the love of a daughter, or sister, or mother—had it saddened the brow in absence; had it stilled into rest the heart’s pulsations; had it hurried gentle forms into the midst of spears and banners; had it sustained the heart against the world’s scorn; had it revealed itself in any of the myriad forms of loveliness, which at will it may assume?—who, than *Mrs. Hemans*, could in language body it forth more truly, more tenderly, more impressively, more mightily?

Take her *Records of Woman*—what are they? Recorded instances of woman’s affection—examples of her unquenchable love—not nakedly and unimpressively given, but clothed in mellow light from her own genius—made more graceful by the charms of the sweetly flowing English tongue, and surrounded by touching imagery, such as none but a poet’s eye may see, and none but a poet’s pen may appropriate.

Again—take her *Songs of the Affections*—what are they?

Just what their title reveals; stories in stanzas, illustrating the beauty and worth of the same heavenly quality; stories not real, for they are born in the poet's own imagination, from her knowledge of mortal nature, quickened by her own energetic and fruitful genius. Of these delightful pieces, were we to designate those which stand out from the others, characterized by extraordinary excellence, we should point to *A Spirit's Return*, and to *Woman on the Field of Battle*. Beautiful as they are, and most emphatic representatives of Mrs. Hemans' poetic spirit, we almost fear that we wrong their companions by giving to them a preference. All are most true and impressive pictures. Much have we read of this trait in poetry and in prose, in fiction and in history—something thereof have we seen in sculpture and in painting—but nothing have we seen or read clothed in more truth, and tenderness, and pathos, and simplicity, than these illustrations of Mrs. Hemans. Long will her sex bless and cherish her memory for revealing, and in sweet words embalming the strength, and purity, and loveliness, of this their most universal attribute.

If it were necessary to name any of her poems which disclose the character of this feeling, as it existed in her own breast—we should mention the beautiful songs addressed to her children, and also her hymns on the Works of Nature—*The Rainbow—The Sun—The Rivers—The Stars—The Ocean—The Thunder Storm—The Birds—The Sky Lark—The Nightingale—The Northern Spring*—all of which were written expressly for the use of her children. They are composed with simplicity, almost infant-like. They are devout and gentle—easily to be repeated—well adapted are they to the small capacities of childhood, and they overflow with their author's affection. Mrs. Hemans' domestic happiness was in the society of her children. It was her pleasure to point them the way to truth and goodness. The eye may almost see them clustered around their gifted mother, and looking up to her countenance—shaded haply by some sad memory of the past—and catching from her lips the immortal strains—now known to all the world—then only heard within that little circle. The ear seems to hear them now, for the first time, imperfectly repeating those songs in adoration of nature.

‘Child of the earth! oh, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

‘Haply those glorious beings know
Nor stain of guilt, nor tear of woe;
But raising still th' adoring voice,
Forever in their God rejoice.

‘What then art *thou*, oh, child of clay!
 Amid creation’s grandeur—say?
 E’en as an insect in the breeze,
 E’en as a dew-drop, lost in seas.’

The scene to our human heart is impressive; chiefly for that we seem to see therein one of the great poets of the age, pointing her young offspring to the ever-welling fountains of freshness and of strength; to the stars clad in their unfading beauty; to the earthly fields where dwell the seasons; to the sun arrayed in majesty that shines forever; to the rainbow rejoicing in the skies; to the skylark, as ‘buoyant with joy’ it soars singing; to the nightingale and the spring; wedding their young affections in strongest love to Nature, the ever-bountiful and ever-pure. Happy those who, in life’s dawn, are thus pointed, and thus wedded! For in after years, does the storm arise—does the world’s eye frown upon them—does passion snap asunder bands of earthly friendship—does death snatch from their vision forms which the past had surrounded with beautiful associations and remembrances? Yet still shall not their hearts, though they faint, sink into deep despair. For the cords that linked their sympathies with nature, are yet untouched; they abide strong and imperishable. Nature storms not, nor frowns on those who, in a rightful spirit, commune with her. There is no passion in her breast, no scorn in her eye. Death does not triumph over her beauty. Behold her fair as in youth, and ready always to receive into her boundless bosom the happy and the bereaved, the poor and the rich, those who totter in years, and those whose young hearts are the loveliest image of her own ever-blooming purity and youthfulness.

Another feature that arrests our eye in contemplating Mrs. Hemans is, her religious devotion. Surely the writings of no poet of this century are more full of devotion—of religion—than those of Mrs. Hemans. How clear was her perception, how intense was her appreciation, of the relations that exist between man and his Creator! Meditating in poetical fervor upon these relations, the earthly present vanished, and the heavenly future appeared. Within her breast sprang into life a thousand lovely visions—fairer than scenes that meet mortal eyes—images of the celestial land. Glimpses only of these visions has she bequeathed to us in her writings.

‘Oh! beautiful is heaven, and bright
 With long, long summer days!
 I see its lilies gleam in light,
 Where many a fountain plays.’

‘Oh! where the living waters flow
 Along that radiant shore,
 My soul, a wanderer *here*, shall know
 The exile-thirst no more.’

Would you have proofs of how much she loved to look upon that clime, viewless save to the spiritual eye, and to commune with its disembodied inhabitants? Read her Spirit's Return—one of the finest of her poems—read her lines to a Departed Spirit—her Message to the Dead—and the stanzas entitled, The Departed. In these pieces we recognize a spirit—devout—pious—an immortal longing—a heavenly aspiration—not unlike that which breathes and burns in the Spanish devotional poetry. Not, indeed, like Ponce de Leon, and those who moved, and felt, and thought with him in the same sacred poetical sphere, was she cloistered in lonely retirement, that, mortal scenes shut out, the immortal might be revealed in unwonted brightness and purity. Our poetess moved in daily intercourse with visible and tangible human beings, and among all the sensual, perishable objects of earth. Yet often did she retire within the dim solitude of her own heart. There intently meditating—gazing and listening with the eye and ear of faith—well might she seem to hear far-off voices intermingled with strains from immortal harps; and well might she seem to see forms of surpassing beauty veiling with golden wings their brows all serene, and feel her spirit—once of the earth earthy, now of the heaven heavenly—soaring away into that better land, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’ Happy visions these!—vouchsafed to but few while in the clay, yet by them sometimes revealed in words transparent as the crystal light through which at first they had been seen. The feature now under our eye, is also manifested in the beauty and frequency with which Mrs. Hemans, in a great many of her short poems, passes from the mortal to the immortal—the visible to the invisible—from this world's deserted homes, and broken hearts, and melancholy memories, to heavenly mansions, and to the blissful spirits that dwell therein.

As we have said, Mrs. Hemans' poetry is full of religious devotion. Strike out from your heart all belief in a hereafter, and then read her works. How naked, how profitless do they appear! Believe that with the body, the soul is extinguished—that the christian system is all a dream—that the word God is but a name, a sound, designating no existence;—and still will you find much poetry, not only in the Greek and Latin, but likewise in the modern tongues, that stirs you—which you intensely enjoy—and which haply may be clothed in pa-

thetic interest, by your very belief, dark and desolate as it is. But of this poetry, is *not* the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. The religious, the christian spirit consecrates and vitalizes her every thought and feeling. It intermingles with, and interpenetrates it throughout. It is essential to its existence, as air and blood to the existence and energy of these our frames. Glorious and wide-extending indeed is the christian revelation of truth! Not only does it sustain the soul in this world's fearful calamities—revealing a life beyond the grave;—it has likewise revealed new worlds to genius, pointed it to loftier themes, and plumed it with beauty and strength for more majestic flights. Unto Mrs. Hemans the principle of the christian religion was of aid in both these spheres. For while it was the soul of her poetical creations, it was her guiding light through the bereavements and hazards of the world—the safety-lamp that conducted her steps through the fire-damps of life.

We desire to speak a few words more upon the subject of her *intellectual* merits and demerits. Mrs. Hemans' thoughts are oftentimes very much diffused—dispersed—scattered through a multitude of words, like thin, light clouds through a vast expanse of sky. Many and many are the lines in her verses which, when we had perused, we included within penciled brackets. They contained nothing which had not before been expressed, or which was not entirely irrelevant to the topic. We do not say that the words were not very handsome to the eye, and, when sounded by a clear voice, very pleasant to the ear. But they were not closely fitted to the thought, or the thought to them. They enfolded it, airy and light, variegated and beautiful, like a Turkish costume. But through them we could not see the body, the limbs, the entire form of thought. This we hold to be a great fault—a fault not resulting from lack of talent, but from lack of care and elaboration. In these cases, Mrs. Hemans was not anxious to get a distinct view of what she would express. She did not look at it long, intensely, widely,—from its centre to its circumference. The thought, or feeling, or scene, thus not being distinctly seen and accurately measured, of course its garment—language—could not be nicely adjusted and closely fitted unto it. Haply, she contemplated the thought and its medium, with the *same* eye, and at the *same* moment; or might she not, like divers of her contemporaries, have looked at the medium first, and the thought afterwards; regarding the container as primary, and the contained as secondary? If so, then was her failure, in these points, proper; and in conformity with eternal and changeless laws. Writing slovenly,

is the inevitable result of thinking slovenly. There is no truth based upon surer foundations than this—that literary composition is the offspring of two entirely distinct processes. The first is spiritual; the second material. The first is made up of memories, of thoughts, of feelings, of reflections. The second is the *linguaging* of those memories, thoughts, feelings, reflections, into visible and audible words. The former, if the aim be at extraordinary excellence, must be performed without the remotest possible reference to the latter. Only that poet will live immortally, whose conceptions have been framed without a thought, as to whether they shall be manifested unto others through marble, or through language, or upon the painted canvass. We acknowledge the extreme difficulty in, nay, the intense labor necessary to, the performance of these widely distinguished processes. Much modern genius, denying the distinction, spurns the labor, and confounding the two processes into one, damns itself with everlasting mediocrity. How unlike those master-spirits of the ancient world, who contrived first their thoughts with consummate care, and then, from their abundant language, selecting words, tried them one after another—rejecting this, selecting that—combining them into one form, and then into another, until finally, by matchless skill and toil of human intellect, did they become so admirably expressive of the thought, that out of it they seemed to spring—to be intermingled with it—inseparably and indissolubly married thereunto.

But why do we spend time in pointing out and grumbling at this defect of Mrs. Hemans, when she has given to us so much that is condensed—graphic—so clearly seen, so distinctly heard, so deeply felt, that we seem to be, for a moment, gifted even as the poetess. Our eye has just been resting upon a few of her finest pictures—*A Spirit's Return*; *Casabianca*; *Woman upon the Field of Battle*; *The Lost Pleiad*, and *The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*. Pictures we call them—clear, vivid, animated, filled, not crowded, with lovely objects in lovely combinations. Through her bright, tranquil language do we behold them, lucidly, as on some early dawn of summer, we have looked into the calm, crystal lake, and seen therein not alone its inhabitants—silent, though quick with motion—and pebbles and shells lying beneath its transparent depths,—but likewise there mirrored the hills encircling it; the blue sky with its clouds; or a sail that perchance was reposing upon its glassy breast. Take a passage from *A Spirit's Return*:

'I sat beneath that planet—I had wept
 My wo to stillness; every night-wind slept;
 A hush was on the hills; the very streams
 Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,
 And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour,
 Stood motionless, even as the grey church tower
 Whereon I gazed unconsciously: there came
 A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,
 Or like the light quick shiver of a wing
 Flitting through twilight woods, across the air;
 And I looked up.'

Surely the eye has but to convey this scene into the heart.
 The heart will not merely perceive, but feel its perfect beauty.

Take, again, the opening stanzas of the much-eulogized and
 oft-repeated composition, entitled, *The Landing of the Pilgrim
 Fathers.*

'The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the woods against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tost.
 'And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New-England shore.'

What a wide and almost palpable scene is brought before
 you—sitting in your chamber—by these forty or fifty words!
 Do you not almost hear the roaring of the wintry sea? Do
 not those 'giant branches' seem to be almost sculptured forth
 to your vision? And the Exiles sing,—

'Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea!
 And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
 To the anthem of the free!'

The whole scene is so given, that unto it you apply, as it
 were, instinctively, the word *Truth*. Whoever does not feel
 and enjoy it, may safely infer that something is wrong about
 his sensibility to beauty and sublimity.

The *Lost Pleiad* is of kindred excellence. We remember
 it as one of her noblest strains. We should say that its spirit
 passed into its fine language in one of those 'moments—
 deigned by our Creator to the poet only, and to him but seldom
 —a moment of deep and almost passionate inspiration. The
 concluding stanzas we cannot forbear extracting.

'Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
 E'en as a dew-drop from the myrtle spray,
 Swept by the wind away?
 Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
 And was there power to smite them with decay?

‘Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think of what *we* are,
When from its heights afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star.’

Some one has said that Mrs. Hemans is not an *original writer*. What is the meaning of this expression? In one sense, he is an original writer who, in language, embodies thoughts, sentiments, emotions and outward scenes which, *to his knowledge*, have never yet been embodied in any spoken or written tongue. But it is manifest that he will hardly be entitled to this honor in the opinion of one who is thoroughly familiar—hand and glove—with every thing, spiritual or material, contained in all the existing languages of the earth, and whose comprehensive knowledge discovers that the embodied thoughts, sentiments, emotions, and outward scenes of our original writer, have for ages been living in the German language, in the French language, in the Chinese, or haply in his his own mother English. The idea of *originality* dimly revealed in the last sentence is, we believe, the *true* one. No one is a *truly* original writer, except when wording that of the outward or inward worlds, which never yet has been worded. Whether in this sense, Mrs. Hemans be original, we cannot say; having looked into but few books, in half a dozen of the hundred written languages now on the earth. This is not, however, of much consequence. Whoever gives us a book wherein we may contemplate, what we have never before contemplated—while our ignorance may give him the appellation, so shall our gratitude award to him the honors of an *original writer*. What matters it to us, that its contents may be found somewhere else, if unto us they be inaccessible,—peradventure imprisoned in some foreign tongue, or dungeoned in some miserable and unapproachable lingo of our own English? We feel safe in saying that Mrs. Hemans has worded, in truth and beauty, from the visible, the audible, the imaginable, what to myriad readers of this generation, is entirely new; and by them you will not willingly be permitted to pronounce her unoriginal. And some things too, we venture to say—though the remark may seem to imply a knowledge, deeper and broader than that to which we can lay claim—has she revealed *absolutely* new; such as never before had passed through human eyes and ears into human hearts. And this has she done right in the teeth of those thousand declarations now bandied about from lip to lip, and from periodical to periodical, that, in Solomon’s words, ‘there is nothing *new* under the sun’—that every thing within the earth,

upon the earth, and above the earth, is just exactly what it was two thousand years ago—that human nature has, by genius, been completely worked out—that all the sciences, physical, mental, moral and political, are completed; nothing therein remaining to be achieved—and that intellect has now no more to do but, like Alexander, sit down and weep that it has not other worlds to conquer.

The above-quoted words of Solomon fall gracefully only from the lips of beings celestial—all-seeing, all-knowing, all-comprehending. Mortal man may not presume to utter them. Unto him—inquiring, searching, soaring—the new is continually evolving. God's creations are exhaustless. Man's power of combining and modifying these creations, so as out of them to elicit what shall to all the senses and all the hearts of each succeeding generation be new, will live in vigor, and flourish in activity, until man himself shall perish from the earth. Even elements are multitudinous, and in form and character, are continually changing. The elements of sound and of language are few and fixed; yet who pretends to say that all their combinations are exhausted—that no new word shall hereafter be constructed—that no new strain of melody shall hereafter be composed? As already said, the elements in nature are many and ever-changing. And who shall say that they are not susceptible of infinite combinations, beautiful and new? Who shall say it? We know very well who *have* said it. We know very many who think it; and so saying and so thinking, have despairingly entrenched themselves within the saying of Solomon, and delved their lives away among antiquated common-places, because, forsooth, 'there is nothing new under the sun.'

All the past is full of conclusive proof, showing that this remark has no application to finite, dimly-seeing man. Each age, as following its predecessor, it has rolled on through the wide seas of time, has evolved into light something new—something quite unlike what was before upon the earth. There is not a single department of human inquiry, or of human action, whereof this remark is not true—be it poetry or politics; history or architecture; any one of the fine arts, or any one of the physical sciences. The Egyptians, doubtless thought, in moments of intellectual pride, that there could be nothing new in architecture. But after their's came the Grecian with its five orders, absolutely a new creation. Then the Greeks, doubtless thought, that *after them*, nothing new in this department could be conceived. Vain, self-applauding thought! The Gothic appeared in all its dark and original majesty, and the middle ages were crowded with styles that

bore no similitude unto the Grecian. The ancients believed, that beside the little spot over which *their* eyes had ranged, and *their* footsteps trodden—their own narrow *terrarum orbis*—there was no other land; that a certain small island, a little to the north of Scotland, was the *ultima thule* of geographical discovery. But Columbus arose, and lo! a new continent is revealed, vaster than all the ancient worlds, and wherein, for weal or for wo, the most important earthly destinies of man are to be developed. The ancients believed, that the earth whereon they lived, was the central point in the universe, and that around it wheeled eternally all stars and all suns—rising each day from their eastern beds, and at night laying their flaming locks in the waves of the occident. Pray, did not Copernicus reveal something *new* to man, when he blew up the Ptolemaic system, and held up to the eyes of all succeeding ages the *true* astronomy? How is it in poetry? Take a single illustration. Before the time of Shirley, the mighty minds of the Elizabethan era seemed to have exhausted every topic for the stage; all emotions, and thoughts, and events worthy thereof, seemed to have been dramatized. But Shirley came, and with him a *new* dramatic world. How is it in another department? Richardson, Fielding, Smollet, Radcliffe, Porter and their successors, male and female, seemed to have worked out the field of imaginative literature. They planted and reaped, and sowed again and reaped, and gathered in. They had apparently left nothing for future gleaners. They had exhausted the world of fiction. Whoever should come after them, must imagine new. ‘No one,’ says a certain critic, ‘can have a place in the imaginative sphere, which they have filled with perfect glory.’ But the wand of the Northern Enchanter passed over the same and similar regions, and lo! hills, and lakes, and streams, and gorgeous palaces, and life in myriad forms all beautiful and new, gradually uprose to the world’s vision. And who shall say, that after Scott, no great and original novelist shall appear? Other genius in coming years must arise, otherwise though equally gifted, to combine and mould human nature and human transactions, which in other, though equally striking forms, are hereafter to be unfolded. And in the physical departments, has modern ingenuity contrived and embodied nothing *new* either in wood, in stone, or in iron? Look around you and read an answer. In the sciences,—in chemistry, geology, botany, astronomy, physiology and the rest—how much, unknown to former minds, has been to us revealed? And is there nothing new in these sciences yet to be discovered? Has human intellect completed them? Assuredly not. Standing, as it were,

above the centre of a circle, whose circumference nowhere meets the eye, it beholds radiating outward upon every side into measureless distance, the lines which faintly separate from each other the various sciences. How small is the space between them over which man, the adventurer and discoverer, has yet passed! And when we compare the miserable little which has been done, to the momentous and the vast which are yet to be achieved, how vain and petty the thought, that to man there is nothing new to be revealed, and by him nothing remaining to be performed! As yet we are only creeping upon the vestibule of Nature's temple. The ancients had not what was known to the middle ages; the middle ages had not what unto us has been disclosed; and we, boast loudly as we may, have nothing of what shall crowd upon generations to come; which looking back upon our narrow possessions, and still narrower thoughts, shall haply regard us with a feeling akin to pity. Unto the end of time, age following age, shall, like the mysterious roll in the Apocalypse, when its each successive seal was broken, unfold scenes, new, startling, strange, never before unfolded. We live in the youth of the world as well as in its age—a world ever-fresh, ever-producing—a world spiritual and material, which may be likened to the soil whereof Dante speaks, whence, soon as one flower was plucked, straightway grew another up. Let not the poet give heed to the derogatory idea implied in the notion whereupon we have been commenting, that in nature was originally a certain measurable and ponderable quantity of poetical matter, which, by mighty genius of the past, has been clean exhausted from her now drained and shriveled system, and poured all-vital into human language. Believe it not. The present is full of new, beautiful, and mighty themes. Time, the beautifier, is flinging its soft, purple veil over scenes, and events, and emotions, that but now have passed away, and noiselessly is transforming a world of harsh and dull reality into a realm, mysterious and enchanting—the realm of the past—the true and abiding home of poetry.

Whatever may have been Mrs. Hemans' power of new, impressive, natural and unobvious combination, she seems never to have feared its diminution from storing her mind with useful knowledge. Her attainments are said to have been extraordinary. She read much. Her name may be added to the list of those who have been good poets, and likewise great readers. The poetical powers, delicate as they may be, are not injured by contact, and even collision, with other powers. Originality of thought and feeling is not, as divers idlers would fain believe, impaired by much reading. Indeed, we

are of opinion that he stands the best chance of being *truly* original as a writer, who *has read the most*—and for a reason similar to that which compels us to believe that he stands the best chance of inventing something absolutely *new* in any of the arts, who is most familiar with what therein has already been invented. Cogitating in the closet, the one may conceive, and the other may invent, what unto them shall be profoundly original; but looking abroad in the world, gives to each, mortifying conviction that their inventions and conceptions have been for years most current common-places among their fellow-beings. Whoever would produce anything new in the construction of time-pieces, must, if he desire to have within him an assurance of success, be possessed of all existing knowledge on the subject. Whoever would reveal any thing new in astronomy, or mental philosophy, or in poetry, must, if he desire to have within him an assurance of success, be acquainted with all the ideas now embodied in language upon each of those subjects. But divers of our poets begin to write for the public, not only without knowing what of poetry has already been written, but moreover, what to us is unaccountable, rejoicing in this ignorance. They tell us, by way of what we shall call excuse, of their anxiety to have all the thoughts by them published, *their own*, springing purely from their own hearts, into their own fresh and self-created language. Now this anxiety would certainly be very laudable, did it not appear a little narrow. Is not our poet aware, that while his thoughts may be legitimately *his own*, coined by his fancy in the bolted and sentinelled mint of his own heart, they may be just exactly like—in eye, limb, form and soul—to thoughts which, in a Greek, or German, or French, or an English dress, have for centuries been walking about the earth, and with which, not only the present, but many preceding generations have been most intimately acquainted. It *may* be well to multiply likenesses, but still are we constrained to the opinion, that already are there Richmond's enough in the field, and therefore do we protest, with all our heart, and soul and might, against arraying any others in a little differently ornamented costume, and sending them for glory out to intellectual combat. And now may our poetical friend respond that he avoids much reading of books, not for any fear of their ideas being transplanted into his mind and choking its own natural growth, but from an apprehension that he may be contaminated, or rather *unoriginalized*, by the *manner* of their authors. On this point we can only say, that if you think for yourself, and feel for yourself, your manner *must* be your own; for manner is nothing more than your own style

of thinking and feeling, beamed gradually forth into language. Nor can we appreciate that fastidious squeamishness which will not observe the *manner* of writers. For ourself, we say, that we have been taught to regard the *manner* in which the greatest minds have been pleased in language to manifest themselves as aids—models—to be applied for the improvement of one's own manner, and that we should no more fear injury therefrom, than a painter should fear contamination from a study of the *manner* which pervades and consecrates the master-pieces of Raphael or Salvator Rosa.

We conclude these desultory observations, by again recommending the writings of Mrs. Hemans. We recommend them, not to superficial readers—to those who fly over a page with the lightning speed of certain travelers, over a certain country—to those who go never down through the husk of language into the kernel of thought—to those who will not pause at each beautiful scene, or impressive combination of emotions, and permit them to pass entirely into their inmost heart. Nor, moreover, do we recommend them unto those who are disciples of none save the blood-and-thunder school, whose hearts are engaged by nothing save spasmodic representations of spasmodic life—whose intellectual being is sustained, and refreshed, and purified, rather by tornadoes of diabolical passions, than by bland and peaceful influences. Such fevered spirits can find nothing in these pages where-with to sympathize. And there is another class of readers to whom we cannot possibly recommend these poems—the *cui bono* gentlemen—who fling down with a sneer, the mightiest achievements of human intellect, because, forsooth, they *prove* nothing—who, when you dwell praisingly upon worthy emotions worthily embodied, chill your sympathies by casting among them such an ice-bolt as this: ‘Poh, what’s the *use* of them?’ Of these gentlemen, we can only say that, did *they* not damn Mrs. Hemans’ poetry, *we* should. Their praise would, to our apprehension, be conclusive evidence of her demerit. And yet we feel as if our utilitarian friends had the better of us, until we survey the things of this world, and estimate their comparative value. We know, that from Solomon down, through Jeremy Taylor, to certain eloquent tongues of this age, all matter seems to have been exhausted for images to illustrate clearly and strongly the worthlessness of human life, and all that surrounds it. We feel how much we all are but impersonations of vanity—shadows pursuing shadows—soon vanishing. All things here, are indeed not worth a sigh, or a smile—a heart-ache, or a heart-joy. Infancy waits for boyhood, and boyhood for youth, and youth

for manhood, and manhood for age—and all these successive stages, what are they, but periods wherein this frame may be prepared for the banquet of death? Each generation rises, breaks its fury and dies, even as every wave swells up, and breaking upon the shore, dies away, leaving nothing save a sound, itself soon to be forgotten. What indeed is immortal fame, about which there is so much ado? With us, does our utilitarian answer, nothing but a quick-departing thought, in the shape of a remembrance, that now and then flashes into the minds of a very few of the many millions that throng each successive age. How trifling! Mankind could get along very well without it. From these reflections, we strive to depart, and find somewhere a pleasant refuge; and we feel safe when reposing within this truth; that there is one *ultimate* end of man's existence upon this earth, to wit: the greatest possible advancement towards perfection of those qualities which constitute what we call heart and soul; and that intellect is of no worth, except when tending to the accomplishment of this end; that intellect, the body, the outward world, the past, the present, and the future, are vouchsafed to man only as *means* contributive to this single *end*. Whoever may not merely perceive, but intensely *feel* the length and breadth and height and depth of this truth, will hardly venture the question sneeringly: 'of what use to man is poetry?' He will perceive, that it is entitled to a place among the influences that may improve all that in man is worth improving—that it has an important bearing, directly or indirectly, upon the great end of his earthly being. By such, will the labors of Mrs. Hemans be properly appreciated. Her memory will be enshrined, not so much in their admiration, as in their love. Her genius has awakened within their hearts a love intense, of many things pure and beautiful in the visible and spiritual worlds, and still intenser sympathy therewith. It has lightened many of their mortal labors. It has oftentimes beguiled them into pleasant shades, and among cool fountains, and flowers, and bracing breezes, that they might return, inspired with freshness and elastic strength, to the dusty highway of life. Like that of showers and the sun, its influence is soft, mysterious, noiseless; but, therefore, not less benignant or less mighty. Not willingly from their hearts, will this influence, and the memory of its creator, be permitted to vanish? And within many a human breast, in ages to come, may they find an entrance, and there abide forever—upon the only spot where man may erect a worthy monument in gratitude to his benefactors.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN JAY.

It is not to be expected in a limited article, that any but a very imperfect view can be given of the life and character of a man who has exercised an important influence over the destinies of his fellow-beings. We cannot, therefore, hope, with any reasonable expectation of success, to do more than dimly shadow forth some of the most prominent points in his checkered career, and to excite the curiosity of those whose acquaintance with his life and character is but partial, to make minuter inquiries. Justice to the dead does not require so humble a tribute to his memory. The sources from which flow the blessings which we hourly enjoy, are too palpable, to need any other circumstance to remind us of the gratitude due to our illustrious forefathers. The glorious result of their labors, evinced in the civil and religious liberty enjoyed by a numerous people, presents an imperishable monument to their memory, proclaiming by realities instead of words, the noble, disinterested feeling which prompted the private sacrifice for public good, and the powerful intellect which matured the plans for its accomplishment. The benefits to be expected from a contemplation of the characters and exploits of those who have rendered themselves conspicuous for their virtues and abilities, will result almost exclusively to ourselves—placing before our minds as models, those who have approximated most nearly to perfection; exciting within us a desire to emulate their virtues and to render ourselves equally entitled to the love and admiration of posterity.

JOHN JAY, who was the eighth of ten children, was born in the city of New York, on the 12th December, 1745. His ancestor, who originally emigrated to this country, was a Frenchman, who was forced to abandon his home in consequence of the persecutions suffered on account of his religion, subsequent to the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He in this country pursued the occupation of a merchant, and left to his son, who was the grandfather of Mr. Jay, a competency and a knowledge of the business in which he had been engaged. The father of Mr. Jay prosecuted the same calling, and though not wealthy, yet by industry and good management, he comfortably maintained his large family. Mr. Jay's character strikingly evinces the important influence exercised by parents, not only over the habits and sentiments, but also the minds of their children—uniting in himself so manifestly their prominent peculiarities. His parents were both remarkable for their fervent piety, which served to sustain them through many hours of affliction, and to induce them to bear with

meek resignation, some of the severest visitations of Providence. Springing, as all purely religious feelings do, from the same source, there was between them in this respect an apparent similarity. But the peculiarities of mind which, as a general rule, distinguish the sexes, were strikingly marked. His father was remarkable for a strong, masculine frame of mind, which made him a shrewd and judicious observer of human nature, and which, controlled as it was by the influence of his religion, rendered him mild, but uncompromising in the fulfilment of all his duties. His mother possessed a highly cultivated and brilliant imagination, and the softer and more refined feelings of human nature, which present so beautiful a contrast with the rude though more powerful developments of masculine intellect, and which, when properly cultivated, render woman so admirably calculated to fulfil the duties of the station for which nature designed her.

In studying the characters of men, during the early period of their childhood, we are astonished at the striking similarity between their peculiarities, as then just unfolding themselves, and the more ample development in after life—evincing the essential importance of careful education at an age too frequently regarded as receiving no permanent impressions. In this respect Mr. Jay was peculiarly fortunate; blessed with parents, and especially a mother—for it is upon her that this important and responsible duty usually devolves—who delighted in conveying instruction to their children. It was, no doubt, at this important period of his existence, that those ideas of the duty which he owed to his Creator and to his fellow-beings which evinced themselves in his after life as the mainspring of his actions, were instilled into his young heart by the assiduous instructions of his mother. He remained at home under her tuition until eight years of age, when he was sent to a boarding-school at New Rochelle, where he remained for three years. He was subject here to many inconveniences, such as poor fare, hard beds, &c., which little folks are apt to look upon as the severest of hardships. From his stay at this school he derived much benefit, as, in addition to his progress in the classics, he was likewise taught independence—the plainness of his fare inducing him to disregard the effeminacies of life; and having no particular friends around him to take his part, he learned that he must stand or fall by his own exertions. He remained at home under the instruction of a private tutor, until fourteen years of age, when being prepared to enter the Freshman's class, he was sent to the college now known by the name of Columbia college. Here the book of human nature was, for the first time, opened to him. He was

ushered upon a new scene of action, without any other guide than the excellent principles which he had derived from his previous course of education. His character and mind, however, were much more fully developed than is usual for persons of that age. He displayed a consciousness of the importance of devoting himself to his studies, which is not usual until a later period in life. He had many difficulties of voice and manner to contend with; his articulation was indistinct, his voice naturally weak, and his manner of reading so hurried, that it was almost impossible to distinguish anything which he uttered. By a degree of perseverance, however, entirely uncommon in a child, he overcame all these difficulties and became an excellent reader. His principal desire, however, appeared to be a proficiency in composition, and whenever he had anything of the kind on hand, his whole mind appeared to be occupied with it; even during the night he had a paper and a pencil by his bedside, on which he would put down any prominent idea which might suggest itself, upon the subject which he had under consideration.

There is a circumstance which occurred shortly before Mr. Jay left college, which is worthy of being related, as showing the high sense of honor, which even at that age he entertained. Some of the students having been guilty of some wantonly mischievous pranks, and all the usual means of detecting the delinquents having proved unavailing, a last resort was had to what was called an appeal to their honor. They were forthwith assembled and the questions—"did you do it?" or "do you know who did it?" were severally proposed to them. The replies were all in the negative, until the questions were proposed to John Jay: the first he answered negatively, the second affirmatively. When called upon to give up the names of those whom he knew to have been concerned, he respectfully, but peremptorily, refused. Threats were made use of in vain: he was suspended. It is unusual to find one so young, preferring character to reputation; dreading the reproaches of self more than the disapprobation of others. We have known many similar instances in our own experience, and in every single case, the little miscreants turned state's evidence. Mr. Jay graduated with the first honor of his class: shortly after, he commenced the study of the law with Mr. Kissam of New York. This gentleman had attained considerable eminence in his profession, but was more remarkable for the excellency of his principles and feelings. With him Mr. Jay was on terms of the most easy familiarity; and it was with highly gratified feelings, that in after life he used to refer to the agreeable intercourse which had existed between them.

A just idea of Mr. Jay's intellectual and moral qualities, at this period of his life, will be derived from a tribute paid him by his fellow-student, Lindley Murray, the distinguished grammarian. In his memoirs he remarks—'The celebrated John Jay, late governor of New York, was my fellow-student for about two years. His talents and virtues at that period, gave pleasing indications of future eminence. He was remarkable for strong reasoning powers, comprehensive views, indefatigable application, and uncommon firmness of mind. With these qualifications, added to a just taste in literature, and ample stores of learning and knowledge, he was happily prepared to enter on that career of public virtue by which he was afterwards honorably distinguished, and made instrumental in promoting the good of his country.' But although the early portion of his life is fraught with interesting incidents, we cannot dwell upon them: we must hasten on to the important duties which he was destined to fulfil in after years.

In the practice of his profession Mr. Jay was eminently successful; it could not, indeed, have been otherwise with one of his exalted talents, untiring industry, and undeviating rectitude.

The following extract from a letter of Mr. Kissam to Mr. Jay, will serve to show the unbounded confidence which he entertained for his talents, and the friendship and familiarity which existed between them. 'If it were not for you, or some other apostolic lawyer, my clients would be left in the lurch this court, as I am afraid I cannot attend myself. But, sir, you have now a call to go forth into my vineyard, and this you must do, too, upon an evangelical principle, that the master may receive the fruits thereof. All I can tell you about the causes is little more than to give you a list of their titles; but that is quite enough for you. One is about a race horse, in which I suppose there is some cheat; another is about an eloped wife; another of them also appertains unto horse flesh. These are short hints; they may serve for briefs. If you admire conciseness, here you have it. As to the cause about Captain's island, tell Mr. Morris that it must be put off, because you are concerned against me. I can't tell where to find another into whose head the cause can be infused in the miraculous way of inspiration.'

At the passage of the Boston Port Bill, the scales fell from the eyes of the people as at the touch of Divinity. They saw clearly the tyrannical determination of the British ministry, and were conscious that, if they wished to preserve their liberties, they must rouse themselves to vigorous resistance.

Meetings were consequently generally held, and committees of correspondence between the colonies appointed. Mr. Jay was one of the members of that for New York. In a letter written by him to the committee for Boston, the proposition for an assembly of deputies from the colonies in general was first made. A few of the colonies acceded with alacrity to the proposition; several of them, however, were deterred from implicating themselves from the prudential reasons which Falstaff terms the better part of valor. Mr. Jay was the youngest member of this first congress; he was at this time twenty-nine years of age. One of the first acts of congress, when convened, was to appoint a committee to draft an address to the people of Great Britain. Mr. Jay was placed upon this committee, and subsequently by it appointed to prepare the address.

The importance of this address to himself and to his country united in demanding from Mr. Jay the utmost exertion of his powers. This celebrated paper is so generally known, that all comment upon it would be superfluous: it was pronounced by Mr. Jefferson, 'the production of certainly the finest pen in America.' All Mr. Jay's writings are amply worthy of the strictest attention. The cogent reasoning, the lofty sentiments, the deep-toned feeling, and the nervous, glowing language in which they are embodied, bear the reader irresistibly along to the conclusion at which the writer aims. There is no labored attempt at ornament, no knight errantry after words and figures, no overstrained feeling:—the mind of the writer appears, glowing with the enthusiasm which his subject inspires, to pour forth the irresistible torrent fresh from the heart. The only mode of reaching the feelings of an intelligent, well-educated community, is through the medium of the intellect, convincing the judgment that the feelings ought to be excited, while the only means of producing the consequences desired, is by intensely exciting and arousing them; the appeal to the head and the heart should, therefore, be simultaneous. The address of Mr. Jay to the people of Great Britain was admirably calculated to produce the effect desired; to arouse the honest indignation of our English brethren against the tyrannical usurpations of their government. It is evident, both from the declaration and measures of congress, that, at this time, they anticipated that the present difficulties would be of but short duration; that they did not aim at an entire separation from Great Britain; and that they had no conception of the protracted war necessary to free them from the encroachments of the British ministry. Under this mistaken notion, the non-importation law was passed, the

results of which were unfortunate, as it cut off all those supplies so necessary for effectually carrying on a military campaign. One advantage, however, was derived from it, as it induced them to adopt efficient measures for carrying the provisions of the bill into operation, such as establishing and disciplining an armed force. Mr. Jay was upon this committee; important advantages in many respects were derived from its exertions. The motives of the colonies to take up arms, are clearly set forth in their declaration of the causes which induced it. After declaring that they have no design or wish for a separation, they continue:—

‘Necessity has not yet driven us to that desperate measure. We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of establishing independent states in our native land, in defence of that freedom which is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the violation of it. For the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our fathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed, shall be removed—and *not before.*’ The infatuation of the British ministry thus driving a loyal people into desperation is perfectly incomprehensible. About this time occurred the battle of Lexington, which disclosed the design of the British ministry to employ force, where they might think it necessary. This gave rise to the momentous question, whether America, as an independent nation, should take up arms against her lawful sovereign. The petitions for redress which had been previously presented, had been treated so ignominiously, that congress appeared unwilling by additional supplication, farther to compromise the dignity of the nation. But the opinion of the people required even a greater degree of humiliation than that to which they had been already reduced. Many from conscientious scruples—many for the great attachment which they felt for the mother country, and many from motives of interest and cowardice, were deterred from favoring an open declaration of war. Mr. Jay was aware that this was the state of feeling of a great number of the colonists, and was conscious of the importance of convincing them that every mode for a pacific adjustment had been resorted to in vain. Yet it was with the utmost difficulty in consequence of the indignant feeling which prevailed in congress, to induce them to send one more petition for the redress of the country’s grievances. Its fate was the same with those which had preceded it; in the eloquent language of Patrick Henry, ‘We had petitioned, we

had remonstrated, we had supplicated, we had prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne. Our petitions had been slighted, our supplications had been disregarded, our remonstrances had produced additional violence and insult—and we had been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.’ It was in vain, after this, that some few of the more pacific spirits of the land still looked forward to, and insisted upon, an amicable adjustment. An indignant nation was aroused, and imperiously demanded of its representatives the severing of all the political ties which bound them to the mother land. This produced the Declaration of Independence, to which article Mr. Jay was prevented from having the honor of affixing his name, by being forced a short time previous to resign his seat in congress, for one in the convention assembled to frame a constitution for his native state: he had the pleasure, however, of presenting it to that body, a few days after its passage, and witnessing its reception by acclamation. The two countries were now fairly at issue. We had embarked upon a troubled sea, with our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, pledged to bear the vessel gallantly into port, or to perish amid the turbulent waves which roared around her. It was found necessary to adopt strong and extreme measures to counteract the machinations of the tories, who, encouraged by the presence of the British fleet and army, were raising troops, and, in several instances, had even seized zealous, influential citizens, and carried them into New York, where they were imprisoned as rebels. To put a stop to this course of proceeding, a committee was appointed with unlimited powers. The fact of such extraordinary power being reposed in the hands of a few individuals, shows the very critical state of the American cause at that period, and the unbounded confidence reposed in the individuals of the committee. Mr. Jay was its chairman; it was empowered to use its efforts in detecting and defeating all conspiracies; to call out, at their discretion, detachments of the militia for suppressing insurrection; to apprehend, secure, and remove persons whom they might judge dangerous to the safety of the state; with unlimited power to make drafts upon the treasury; and to raise and officer a little standing army of two hundred and twenty men, to use as they might think proper. The duties assigned to this committee were most efficiently fulfilled.

The course of conduct which Mr. Jay was forced to adopt by the duties of his station, exhibits one of his most prominent characteristics. Many of his individual friends were adherents to the royal cause; many of them he knew were conscientiously so; yet he was bound to proceed against them with

the same rigor, as towards the most inveterate enemies of his country. Whenever an opportunity offered of acting in accordance with the dictates of friendship, he was ever ready to fulfil such obligations; but when called upon by the more sacred duty which he owed to his country, his private feelings never induced him to deviate from the strictest notions of duty and rectitude; the avenues of his heart were closed; the firm and dignified patriot became the unbending stoic.

One of the striking points in Mr. Jay's character was the respect which he invariably paid to religion, and the many practical illustrations which he gave of the sincerity of the feelings which prompted it. Nevertheless, even in that respect, he could not escape slanderous misrepresentation. The severity with which his conduct towards the Rev. Mr. Kettletass was commented upon, must be attributed to the rigid, I may say bigoted, state of feeling with regard to religious matters, which characterized this period. The whole tenor of his life would be sufficient to rebut the charge of impiety, so totally inconsistent with the pure vein of religion which we see pervading his life and writings. But the circumstances of the case simply, to the present enlightened notions of religious duty, would be sufficient to exonerate him from so grievous an accusation. Mr. Kettletass was a member of the convention: at the most important period of its session, when some of the most interesting and responsible resolutions were about being brought forward; when every philanthropist and patriot stood firmly at the post of danger, prepared to meet the crisis with determined fortitude, their whole souls engrossed in the glorious cause in which they were engaged,—this gentleman requested permission of the house to return home to attend to his clerical duties. Mr. Jay introduced the following resolution—‘Whereas, the Rev. Mr. Kettletass, one of the deputies from Queen's county, having been solemnly devoted to the service of God, and the cure of souls, has good right to expect and claim an exemption from all such employments as would divert his attention from the affairs of that kingdom which is not of this world,—resolved, that the said Mr. Kettletass be at liberty to attend this house at such times only as he may think proper, and that his absence be not considered by this house as a neglect of duty.’

So much lukewarmness in a cause so important and so dear to him, aroused Mr. Jay's honest indignation. With his enlightened views of moral obligation, he thought he was best fulfilling the duties which he owed his Creator, by snatching a nation's birthright from the grasp of tyranny, and transmitting the boon of civil and religious liberty to unborn generations.

Sometime during the turbulent period which succeeded the French revolution, the army of the French and their opponents were encamped near each other, daily anticipating an engagement. The general of the French, having concluded upon making an attack, gave notice to his officers to hold themselves in readiness to march against the enemy early the succeeding day. The officer to whom had been assigned the post of danger, had long been looked upon as holding his claim to courage by a dubious tenure: he appeared before the general, upon the evening preceding the day contemplated for the engagement, and requested permission to absent himself from the army for the purpose of visiting his parents, who he alleged were ill: the general at once detected the cowardly artifice:—‘Oh, yes,’ he replied, quoting the commandment—‘honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’ The charge of impiety is equally applicable in either case.

(*To be concluded.*)

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT IN THE WEST.—NO. II.

In our last number we spoke of a rail road from Covington to the interior of Kentucky, and considered it as a *link* of a grand chain connecting the waters of the Ohio with Mobile bay. Since that, we have had the pleasure of seeing a movement at Cincinnati, which promises to be the *initial* of one of the most important public works ever undertaken. We allude to the continuation of the route heretofore proposed, through East Tennessee, to the harbor of Charleston, S. C. A committee, appointed at the meeting held in Cincinnati, composed of Dr. Drake, T. W. Bakewell, and J. S. Williams, reported in favor of this *project*; and a committee of seven was raised to hold such correspondence, and make such publication, as might further the undertaking.*

The ground being thus broken, we shall proceed with our discussion in reference, secondly,—

To the Ohio and Atlantic rail road. In our last we considered this as terminating at Mobile; but a slight inspection of the map will show that, when the main trunk has passed the Cumberland Gap, it may *radiate* to various points upon

* As the report and proceedings of the committee are to be published, we say nothing of them at present.

the Atlantic. Of these, the most direct, and far the most useful in its moral and political results, as well as the new resources it would lay open to the enterprize of our countrymen, is that to the city of Charleston. When we examine the route, through which this work would pass, we are astonished to find that it presents the *nearest* direct line to the seaboard; and yet that, from the want of natural means of transportation, scarcely a traveler passes through it, and the region of southeast Kentucky and East Tennessee, are almost hidden from the public view. No feelings of patriotism or social sympathy could be found to operate in favor of any public enterprize with greater force than those which urge forward this undertaking. Yet, noble as such sentiments are, we are conscious that some pecuniary advantage must be offered to enlist the energies of the moneyed public. In this point of view there are three particulars to be examined:

1st. The economy of time and distance.

2nd. The cost of continuation.

3rd. The trade which is to constitute the profit of the work.

The *distance*, in comparison with other routes to the atlantic, may be stated in round numbers as follows:

1. From Cincinnati to Lexington or Paris, about	80 miles.
2. Thence to Cumberland Gap,	130 "
3. Thence to the junction of French Broad, &c.	52 "
4. Thence by the French Broad and Saluda, to Columbia, S. C.	215 "
5. Thence to Charleston,	130 "

Total distance,	607 miles.
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The distance from Cincinnati to New York, by the way of the lakes, is 950 miles.

Distance to Philadelphia, by the way of Pittsburgh, 850 "

Distance to Baltimore, by the way of Wheeling, 650 "

Distance to Mobile, by the valley of the Tennessee, 780 "

Thus, we perceive, that assuming Cincinnati as the centre—and it is central as respects the Ohio river—the Charleston route is 440 miles nearer to the seaboard than by the New York route; 340 nearer than by Philadelphia; 140 nearer than by Baltimore; and 270 nearer than by Mobile. To this we may add, that nothing makes New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore *seem* so much nearer, but the constant intercourse which commence, and enterprize keeps up. And what prevents this to the south, but the want of any means of communication? The articles raised by the Ohio valley and the

southern atlantic, are reciprocally necessary to each other; and such as each frequently obtain, by very roundabout means.

In respect to *time*, the difference is quite as striking.

From Cincinnati to Charleston by rail road, *three days* would be at a *slow* rate; while from Cincinnati to New York, by the Erie canal, requires eight days, and to Philadelphia six, and to Baltimore four or five. With this geographical advantage, and also that of being much less exposed to ice and snow, we should think it only necessary to determine the feasibility of the plan, to cause capitalists—especially those of Charleston, to at once engage in it. No difficulties of construction can be apprehended, except those which arise from the Cumberland mountain and Blue Ridge; as it must be observed, that the Smoky mountain, one of the highest of the mountain range, is traversed by the valley of the French Broad. In reference to the height of the Blue Ridge, it may be said that Darby, in his ‘View of the United States,’ represents the plain which contains the height of the Appalachian chain, as highest in the northeast, and gradually declining to the southwest—so that the Blue Ridge in Carolina ought to be of less height than in Virginia—over which rail road routes have been surveyed and found practicable; or in Pennsylvania, over which they have actually been constructed. I see in the article prepared by Judge Peck, of Tennessee, for Silliman’s Journal, 1832, that the Blue Ridge has been estimated at four thousand feet; but it is added, that the *ascent is so gradual*, that the traveler can scarcely realize its superior height. If this be the case, it must present much less obstacle than the abrupt ridges of Pennsylvania, over which the Allegheny and Portage rail road has ascended two thousand five hundred feet, and been found a safe and easy passage. The route may, therefore, be set down as practicable.

2. As to the cost of construction, we can only say that, on an average of the cost of the Amboy and South Carolina rail roads—one of sixty-one, and the other one hundred and thirty-five miles in length; and of the estimated cost of the Mad River rail road in Ohio, and of the Lexington and Ohio rail road in Kentucky, is not more than \$10,000 per mile; to which, if we add \$1,000,000 for the extra cost, in the passage through the mountains, it will make \$7,000,000 for the cost of the noblest work of inland communication ever projected? What is the cost compared with the advantage? New York has granted a charter with \$10,000,000 to construct a rail road through her own state, and there is not wanting capital to construct it; and what is the result in that case compared with that, which, in this instance, would follow the union of

several states—of cotton and grain growing countries—of mineral and commercial regions, in one vast chain of active, connected enterprise?

3. Of the *trade* and *productions* which are to sustain it.

The region of the Carolinas produce cotton and rice; Ohio and Kentucky grain, tobacco, pork and beef. Their productions being different, there would be a large trade from this source only; but independent of that, Charleston is an atlantic port, carrying on a large trade, in both exports and imports; hence, it would open a *new market* for the agricultural productions of the west, and a new supply for those of foreign countries. This argument alone ought to be sufficient for northern Kentucky and east Tennessee, so far cut off as they now are from market.

There is still another source of commerce in the great variety and extent of the mineral region of Tennessee and North Carolina, through which this road would pass, and whose articles of commerce would be in demand, at either end of the line. Among these articles are coal, iron, salt, slate, lead, zinc, and gypsum; a larger variety of minerals than probably any other portion of the United States presents. To these must also be added gold, which, though not of much advantage in the estimated carriage of a rail road, will, it is presumed, not be despised anywhere.

We have now taken a cursory glance at the advantages of an atlantic rail road from Cincinnati to Charleston, S. C. Many other interesting facts connected with this subject might be adduced; but we feel persuaded, that the rich city of Charleston—the states of Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee, with the city of Cincinnati—so much to be benefited by such an enterprize, will not suffer the opportunity to escape of enriching themselves, doing honor to their country, and riveting a new link in the chain of patriotism. What is done, should be done quickly; the financial condition of the country is healthy; all good stocks are readily taken by capitalists; and the cities of the east are stretching out their arms in every direction to divert trade from its natural channels to their great marts of commerce.

PUBLICUS.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

'A view of the climate and soil of the United States of America: to which are annexed some accounts of Florida, &c., translated from the French of C. F. Volney. London: 1804.

THE author of the above work was an early traveler in the 'far west,' and has published a 'view' of our country from actual observation. Previous to his visit to the United States, he had been an extensive oriental tourist, and had gained great distinction by the publication of his 'Travels in Egypt, Syria,' &c. He occupied a conspicuous station in the catalogue of distinguished travelers and historians of the eastern hemisphere, and his name was high in the temple of fame. His reputation, therefore, as a writer and historian, and his extensive travels in our country, furnished sufficient grounds of belief that he would publish a correct 'view of the climate and soil of the United States.'

English travelers in their delineation of our character, and their accounts of our 'domestic manners,' have generally manifested a grossly ignorant or unpardonably malevolent disposition towards us, which is clearly evinced by the fact, that they have seen every thing in our country to condemn, and nothing to approve; whereas, French tourists have generally manifested a becoming liberality and regard for truth and veracity.

The chaste, classic style of our author, and his general correctness, have given him a reputation as a historian, which bears a proud comparison with that of the Fidlers, the Halls, and the Trollopes, who have within a few years *fiddled* and *trolloped* through our country, and then published caricatures of Americans, as the result of their sage observations.

Our author was apprehensive, however, that the 'splendid success of his travels in Egypt, furnished no certainty of similar success in the publication of the present work, because it is more grave and scientific; and because too much praise bestowed on one book ultimately tires out the general goodwill towards the author; and in all ages there will be found some of those Athenians, who throw in a shell solely because they are tired of hearing men always speak well of the poor Aristides.'

'I have even thought, sometimes,' continues Mr. Volney, 'that it would have been more prudent and more advantageous to my thirst of fame as an author, to write no more; but it does not appear to me, that having done well once, is a sufficient reason for doing nothing more during our lives; and as I am indebted for most of my consolation in adversity, to

labor and study; as I owe the advantages of my present situation to literature and the esteem of intelligent men; I was anxious of paying them a last tribute of gratitude—a last testimony of zeal.’ He expected to undergo a rigid scrutiny from the Americans, ‘but had not the vanity to pretend exemption from errors, and only claimed the merit of having drawn attention and excited new information on various subjects which might not, perhaps, have been thought of so soon.’

The apprehensions and fears expressed in the above extracts, appear to have been to a considerable extent realized. The work, I believe, never had an extensive sale; perhaps never passed through a second edition, and is now nearly out of print. I am not aware of its republication in this country, or at least I have never seen an American edition of it.

Our author visited the Scioto region in 1796. He prophetically remarks, that ‘the northwestern territory will at some future period be the Flanders of the United States for corn and cattle.’ ‘I saw,’ continues our traveler, ‘on the bank of the great Scioto, a field of maize, the first year of its being broken up it is true, where the plants were in general upwards of four yards high, with ears proportionably large.’

In the book before us, we find a relation of the circumstances which led to the settlement of the French colony at Gallipolis, on the Ohio. As the means which were employed to effect that object, and as many of the circumstances attending the history of that early western settlement may be new and interesting to some, I will quote a few extracts.

‘A certain company called the Scioto, cannot yet be forgotten at Paris, that in 1790 opened with great parade a sale of lands in the finest district of the United States, at five shillings an acre. Its proposals, distributed with profusion, promised every thing that people are accustomed to promise in such cases: a climate *healthy* and delightful; scarcely such a thing as frost in winter; a river called by way of eminence the beautiful river, abounding in excellent fish of an enormous size; magnificent forests of a tree from which sugar flows, (the sugar maple) and a shrub that yields candles (*myrica cerifera*); venison in abundance, without foxes, wolves, lions or tigers; no taxes to pay; no military enrolments; no quarter to find for soldiers, &c. The publication of Mr. Brissot’s travels, who just at this time returned from the United States, completely established the common opinion, and purchasers became numerous, chiefly among people of the middle class, and the better sort of this class, whose morals are always the best.’

‘Individuals and whole families disposed of their property, and thought they made excellent bargains in buying land at

five shillings an acre; because, in the neighborhood of Paris, good ground would fetch at least twenty or five and twenty pounds. Every proprietor, furnished with his title deeds, set off when he thought proper; and in the course of 1791, some embarked at Havre, others at Bordeaux, Nantes or Rochelle; and the people of Paris, always occupied in business or pleasure, heard no more of them.

‘On my arrival at Philadelphia in October, 1795, I made inquiry concerning these people, but I could obtain no satisfactory information. I was merely informed in a vague manner, that the colony was somewhere on the Ohio, among the savage lands, and had not prospered. The following summer I directed my course through Virginia, and after having traveled more than three hundred miles from Philadelphia to Blue Ridge near Staunton; after having traversed more than two hundred miles of a mountainous and nearly desert country, from Blue Ridge to the country beyond the Gauley, or Great Laurel chain; and then having proceeded in a boat sixty miles down the great Kenhaway, still more desert from Elk river to its opening into the Ohio; I found myself, on the 9th of July, 1796, at the village of Point Pleasant, four miles from Gallipolis. There I received positive information of this city of Frenchmen—for such is the signification of the Greek name they thought proper to give it; and eagerness to see some of my own countrymen, and to hear my native tongue, which I was already forgetting, made me desirous of repairing thither without delay.

‘On my arrival at this colony, I found no person who had known me before; but as a Frenchman seldom refuses his confidence to one who expresses any friendship for him, I obtained from three or four Parisians, in whose welfare I felt myself interested, the substance of the following information.

‘About five hundred settlers, all of them mechanics, artists, or tradesmen, in easy circumstances, and of good morals, arrived in the course of 1791 and 1792, in the harbors of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Each had paid twenty or four and twenty guineas for his passage; and their journey by land, in France and in America together, cost them an equal sum. Thus dispersed without any common direction, without any central point of assembling together, they proceeded with little better than vague information towards Pittsburgh, and the lower part of the stream of the Ohio, where the land was pointed out. After much time and expense consumed in taking wrong roads, they arrived at a point marked on the map, where the Scioto company caused barracks to be built. Soon after this, the Scioto company became bankrupt—not making

good its payments towards the Ohio company, the original proprietor and vender, which did not consider itself bound by the acts of its debtor, and refused to the French the lands for which they had already paid. Hence a heavy lawsuit followed, which was so much the more vexatious to the settlers, as their money was already exhausted. To add to their misfortune, the United States were at war with the savages, who disputed this part of the country, and who, flushed with their success in dispersing the army of Gen. St. Clair, on the great Miami, on the 4th of November, 1791, blockaded the settlers in Gallipolis, during 1792 and 1793, carried off four, and scalped a fifth, who survived this terrible operation.

‘Despair seized their minds, the greater number abandoned the undertaking and dispersed, part removing into the peopled territory, part to Louisiana. At length, after four years of troubles and litigations of every kind, they who remained, obtained from the Ohio company a tract of nine hundred and twelve acres for the farther sum of eleven hundred dollars. For *this favor* they were indebted to the friendship of one of the members of the company, the son of Gen. Putnam, who enhanced it by a service still more important to the community, that of refusing twelve hundred dollars offered by two of the settlers, with the design of getting the whole into their hands, and then making their unfortunate companions pay what they thought proper.

‘Through another instance of good fortune, at the same period, the congress of 1795, moved with a sentiment of equity and compassion, decreed a present of twenty thousand acres to these poor pillaged Frenchmen, to be taken opposite Sandy creek. This act is so much the more deserving of respectful gratitude, as those sentiments of illwill towards the government and people of France, that broke out the year following, already prevailed in that assembly. Of these twenty thousand acres, four belonged to the person or persons whose activity promoted the gift, and the rest were to be shared among eighty-two or eighty-four, who remained of the original number.

‘At the time of my visit, only a year had elapsed since the conclusion of these arrangements, and industry had already begun to revive in such a manner as to evince what it would have effected, unchecked by such long and cruel disappointments, and excite our regret, that it had experienced them. Still the life of the settlers was far from pleasant. Each family was obliged to undertake all the arduous labors of a new settlement; hands to work for hire, the utility of which is properly felt only when they are wanting, were not to be

procured but at enormous prices. It was hard for people brought up in the ease of a Parisian life, to be obliged to sow, to weed, to reap their wheat, to make it up into sheaves, to carry it home, to cultivate Indian corn, oats, tobacco, and squashes, in a heat of 85 or 95 degrees.

‘I could have wished to leave this colony with a persuasion, that it may grow stronger and prosper; but beside the radical fault of its ill-chosen situation, it appeared to me, that the discouraging impressions received had still too many motives subsisting, to be susceptible of being effaced; and I have likewise fancied I perceived, during my travels in America, that the French are not so well adapted for establishing farming settlements there, as emigrants from England, Ireland, or Germany. Out of fourteen or fifteen instances of French farmers, whom I have heard mentioned on the continent, only two or three had any prospect of success—and as to the establishment of bodies of men in villages, such as Gallipolis, all that were heretofore undertaken or formed on the frontiers of Canada or Louisiana, and left to their own resources, have languished and ultimately come to nothing; while simple individuals from Ireland, Scotland, or Germany, penetrating alone with their wives into the woods, and even to the territory of the savages, have generally succeeded in establishing permanent farms and villages.’

Our tourist it seems went down the Ohio from Gallipolis to Louisville, and found the country between those places so thinly inhabited, that scarce five villages (including Cincinnati, which was the metropolis of the northwestern territory,) and eight farms in embryo could be pointed out to him, although the distance exceeded three hundred miles. Louisville he describes as a town containing about one hundred houses. After a forced march of three days from the latter place, our traveler reached Vincennes on the Wabash, a distance of one hundred miles, ‘without seeing one hut, or hearing the song of a single bird, though it was in the month of July.’ The following is his description of the village and post.

‘The appearance of the situation is an irregular savannah, about eight miles long and nearly three broad, skirted on all sides by eternal forests, and sprinkled with a few trees, and an abundance of umbelliferous plants three or four feet high. Fields of Indian corn, tobacco, wheat, barley, squashes, and even cotton surround the village, consisting of about fifty houses, the whiteness of which relieve the eye, after the long monotony of wood.

‘These houses range along the left bank of the Wabash, which is about two hundred yards wide, and at low water is

twenty feet beneath the level of the village. Here are no banquettes as at the Ohio; on the contrary, the bank forms a kind of dike, sloping behind down to the level of the savannah, which is some feet lower. This slope is the effect of the successive inundations of the Wabash. Every house, according to the good Canadian custom, is separate from the rest, and surrounded by its court and garden, enclosed with pales. I was delighted with the sight of peach trees loaded with fruit. Adjoining to the village and the river is an enclosure formed by sharp stakes six feet high, and surrounded by a ditch not more than eight feet wide. This is called a fort; and in fact it is a sufficient defence against a surprise from the savages.'

Our author (a Frenchman) draws the following sad, though I apprehend accurate picture of the degraded condition of the French population at this place.

'The day after my arrival at Vincennes, there was a sitting of the judges of the district, to which I repaired, to make my observations on the natural and moral state of the inhabitants collectively. As soon as I entered I was struck at seeing the audience divided into two races of men, totally different in feature and in person. One had fair or light brown hair, ruddy complexions, full faces, and a plumpness of body that announced health and ease; the other very meagre countenances, a sallow, tawny skin, and the whole body as if emaciated with fasting; not to speak of their clothes, which sufficiently denoted their poverty. I presently discovered that the latter were the French settlers, who had been about sixty years in the place; while the former were Americans, who cultivated the land they had bought only five or six years before.'

A considerable portion of the work under consideration is devoted to general observations on the Indians of North America, and a vocabulary of the language of the Miamis, a tribe settled on the Wabash.

The extracts which we have furnished, discover the striking contrast between the aspect of the 'far west' in 1796 and 1835, and at a glance show the vast changes which our country has undergone within a period of forty years. Locomotives are now moving with rapidity where our traveler found the roads almost impassable—magnificent steamboats are now majestically floating on the western waters where he saw nothing but the canoe and periogue—McAdamized turnpikes are now seen where he found but paths and Indian trails—where were then a few isolated villages are now flourishing cities; and instead of a few thousand inhabitants, the northwestern territo-

ry is now divided into several states, embracing within their limits millions of human beings.

Such was the aspect of the West then—such has been our advancement in wealth, population and improvements, and such the mighty changes which have been wrought within the present century. The once solitary wilderness now buds and blossoms as the rose, and pœans of grateful praise now ascend from the hills which once echoed the savage yells of the sons of the forest.

If our past advancement, our present prosperity, and the capability of our soil for sustaining population, be correct data from which to estimate our future greatness, the ‘great valley,’ it may be confidently predicted, will at no distant period, be teeming with a hundred millions of human beings—of happy freemen. The patriot’s bosom may well glow with pride in view of the almost unexampled growth and still onward march of the ‘great west.’ ‘Westward still the star of empire takes its way.’

L. S.

THE POLITICS OF MACHIAVEL.

It has been the good or bad fortune of the distinguished individual above named, to serve as a passport with most politicians, for cunning, subtlety, want of principle, and anti-republicanism, or rather tyranny. It is one, among many instances, of the easy disposition of mankind, to believe the worst of his fellow-creature, and to take upon trust and disseminate falsehood, rather than truth. There is a proneness in our nature to attribute general or particular actions to improper motives; and in testing the conduct or writings of distinguished men, who are bold or striking in their words or deeds, we are too apt to look for some selfish gratification or aggrandizement at the expense of justice or humanity, as the inducement; rather than generous selfdevotion, or ardent struggles for individual or aggregate happiness. Particularly is this the case, in searching the conduct of politicians; for useful as they are, and indispensable to the action of government, either in its domestic or foreign relations, the general verdict of the minor class of that body, and of those who take no part in the affairs of a nation, is against the probability that any scheme or measure springs from a philanthropic or generous motive, but rather that it is generated in the hotbed of personal or party exaltation and benefit. The attempt to

prevent the introduction or continuance of slavery in Missouri, was looked upon, not as arising from the high motives of benevolence to the black man, as well as to his master, as one of the means of relieving both from what may be termed an indispensable evil; but as an attempt of one party to curtail the political rights of the other, in taking from them a representative right as to federal members in a species of property, either entailed upon, or purchased by, the owner thereof—not looking to the point, that no equivalent was received by the other party, (as a right of representation as to federal numbers does not attach to any other species of property;) nor was any commercial advantage given to them; (which was the assumed ground of the compact of the original thirteen states, by which this representative right was yielded to the slave states.) So the resolution that was laid upon the table of the senate of the United States, as the last political act of the late Rufus King of New York, proposing that after the payment of the national debt, (now extinguished,) the proceeds of the public lands, the common territory of the United States, should be applied to the purchase, liberation, and exportation of the slave population of this country, was looked upon by southern politicians, as a high-handed measure, calculated to produce disunion, and sow discord among the states—instead of viewing it, as it is, the only feasible plan, of applying a sufficient sum, without impairing the permanent resources of national revenue, to an object of immense national and individual happiness and security—the consummation of which, would be equally hailed with joy by the free as the slave states—one, which, in the present aspect of things, calls upon the patriotism, firmness, and calm judgment of the nation, to examine and well weigh its results. Thus the purest motives are arraigned, and measures calculated for the general good are thwarted, and crippled, and defeated, by the array of motives imputed to their projectors as false, as they are suicidal to their opponents. The page of history is redundant in example of what is here briefly alluded to, and experience mourns over the folly of the past.

This train of reflection grew out of the perusal of a brief examination of the biography of Machiavel, of whom it may be said to have been his fate that, while ‘justly eminent for genius, learning, and worth of the first order, he has been regarded by many as given over to vices of the most open and heinous character, as blasphemy and atheism.’ This writer was born, it is supposed, at Florence, in 1469. His works are not very voluminous. The two most celebrated are ‘The Prince,’ and ‘Political Discourses upon the First Decade

of Livy,' they being compiled as his views of government. In the former he treats of principalities; in the latter of republics; which two simple forms, are those he makes. It is as to the character and design of the work entitled 'The Prince,' that so much controversy has existed in the republic of letters, and which is not settled yet. Though the work is free from mystery, unequivocal in its expressions, full of illustration, and, as one would think, consistent in its design; although it has been studied by emperors, kings, and scholars, and has been equally the favorite of the tyrant, and the champions of freedom: by one party he is considered as the open advocate and subtle teacher in the most undisguised act of tyranny—the zealous projector of reducing absolute government to a practical science, and as offering to rulers as a manual of instruction in the detestable policy, which shall afford the subject as little of the goods and comforts of life as possible, while it draws from them whatever may be required for the wealth, pageantry, and power of the rulers. Thus Machiavelism and tyranny have become synonymous. Oppression, intrigue, and perfidy, are expressed in that one word Machiavelism. Read a few of the rules or maxims for princely instruction.

1. One should either keep upon good terms with others, or crush them utterly when provoked—for if the injury you do them, should be slight, you leave them in a capacity to return it; but if it be to the purpose, their power to harm you is gone—so that when a prince resolves to injure another, he should do it in such a way as to cut off all possibility of retaliation.

2. The new prince ought to extinguish the whole family of him who reigned before his acquisition!

3. A prince should gain the confidence of the neighboring petty states; protect them against one another; then sow discord among them, so that he may be enabled to exalt or depress which of them he pleases.

4. Men are fickle and inconstant. It is therefore necessary to be in a condition to make them believe by force, when they will no longer believe of themselves.

5. Whoever imagines that the merit of new obligations will extinguish the resentment of former injuries and disgusts among men, will find himself egregiously mistaken.

6. A prince ought to know how to resemble a beast as well as a man, upon occasion.

7. All men are wicked and faithless, and will not keep their engagements with you; you therefore are not obliged to keep yours with them.

8. Those who know how to dissemble, will always find simple people to practise upon.

9. If it is not possible for a prince to avoid those vices which are called infamous, it is not worth his while to trouble himself about them, nor endeavor to escape the scandal of those vices without which he could not support his state.

10. If a prince be at the head of a numerous army, he must make little account of being thought cruel; for if he has not that character among his soldiers, they will never be kept in order, nor be fit to lead to any enterprise.

11. Is it better for a prince to be loved or feared? One would desire to be both; but since that is difficult to be accomplished, it is better to be feared.

These maxims, with many others, if understood to be the true meaning and intention of their author, are only fit to be given or uttered by one fiend to another—they inculcate relentless cruelty, undisguised perfidy, naked treachery, unqualified oppression, and brutal tyranny. On the other hand, does not their baseness, their nakedness show, that they are the products of a keen, deep, satire against rulers? The life, character, and death of Cæsar Borgia was before him; in this very book he alludes to his actions, and cites him as a model—could it be otherwise than in irony?

By the other party it is contended, that Machiavel greatly favored the democratic form of government, so as to have been induced to teach the principles of insubordination, and to excite the people to rebellion; that tyranny never had a more decided opponent, and that under the pretext of instruction to sovereigns, he taught the people the most important lessons, and that he exposed the acts of governments and great men, not for imitation, but for abhorrence. Charges so diverse in their nature as are laid upon him by the opposing parties, cannot be easily credited, and of themselves raise a presumption of innocence in his favor of being friendly to tyranny, particularly if from the general scope of his writings or his individual actions, the bias in favor of freedom can be established. He is entitled to be heard himself. In a letter addressed to his friend Zenobio, he vindicates himself from the charge of being so much the friend of democracy as indicates a rebellious spirit; secondly, against the charge of impiety and villifying the church; and lastly, of teaching princes all the villany and execrable acts, by which they may break faith with and oppress their subjects. He says, ‘If any man will read over my book “The Prince,” with impartiality and charity, he will perceive that it is not my intention therein to recommend that government or those men therein described

—much less to teach men to trample upon all that is sacred—laws, religion, and honesty. If I have been a little too particular in description, and drawn these monsters to the life, with all their lineaments and colors, I hope mankind will know them better and avoid them; my treatise being both a satire against, and true character of them.’ This letter bears date April, 1537, when he was sixty-eight years old. It is doubted by the bishop of Gloucester in 1760, whether this letter is genuine. Who have been the advocates of tyranny against Machiavel? He has been subjected to the thunders of the papal see, which were reverberated against him after his death, by a bull of Clement VIII. by which ‘The Prince’ was condemned, and every one held liable to excommunication who should read it. On the reestablishment of despotism in Florence, Machiavel was deprived of all office, imprisoned and tortured. Two pretty strong proofs of the general tendency of his writings, and decided negatives against the idea of his deliberately teaching the art of tyranny. From all contemporaneous accounts it may be gathered, that those who intimately knew and associated with Machiavel, entertained no doubt of his republican opinions, and that his writings treated of what princes *did*, not what they *should do*. The celebrated Harrington, than whom never lived a more ardent friend of liberty, for too much freedom in his writings, was unexpectedly hurried to the tower, and justified himself by the examples of Plato, Livy, Machiavel, all of whom, especially the last, he regards as friendly to the civil and political liberties of man. The great sun of philosophical freedom and learning, the all-pervading Bacon, in pointing out the different bulwarks of virtue and probity, alludes, among other things, to a prudent description of the crimes and artifices of men, and says—‘We are beholden to such men as Machiavel, and that class of writers who openly and unmaskedly relate what men do in fact, and not what they ought to do.’ In the Harleian Miscellany is an essay entitled ‘Vindication of Nicholas Machiavel,’ which redeems him from the charge of being the teacher of tyranny; and the author being at Florence in 1642, found that he left a good name behind him, as ‘a pious, charitable, sincere good man as any in the city.’ Rousseau remarks of him, ‘that under the pretence of instructing sovereigns, he gives important lessons to the people. His Prince is the *manual* of republicans. His connexion with the House of Medici obliged him, during the oppression of his country, to conceal his love of liberty. The choice of his execrable hero, sufficiently evinces his secret design. The court of Rome has strictly proscribed his works, because it is described in them too truly;’ and in the fifth volume of the

North American Review, page 363, is an eloquent vindication of the fame of this author. His works are translated into English by Farnsworth, in two quarto volumes; and politicians of this country would do well to read his 'Prince,' to become acquainted with the artifices of crafty rulers, that they may better guard their liberties against their insidious plans. K.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE TALK OF THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. In two volumes. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers.

THIS work contains soliloquies pronounced by S. T. Coleridge, at diverse times between December, 1822, and July, 1834. The soliloquies are upon a great variety of the departments of human thought and action, and upon many who have distinguished themselves therein. Philosophy—poetry—religion—love—the stage—ghosts—books—the exploded systems for man's well-being in the past, and the newly-devised schemes for his improvement in the future;—these are some of the topics which passed before the mind of Coleridge, and upon which the remarks embodied in these volumes are made. Some of them are very good, and some are poor. They are good because they are acute, original, unobvious, and at the same time just and natural. They are, in many instances, poor, because they are common-place, or smacking of ambitious paradox, or, according to every legitimate use of the English language, quite absurd, if not quite unintelligible. Coleridge is said to have been—not the greatest *conversationalist*—for contemplated as such, he must have been a decided bore—but the greatest *talker* of his times. Entering his apartment, you beheld a form bowed down by years and sickness; an impressive countenance, over whose brow were gathered silver locks; and when his lips opened you heard a soft, melodious voice oracling forth truth: and although sometimes you might be disposed to let your eyelids drop and enjoy the recreation of a slumber, yet generally you were enchanted with the freshness, the novelty, the richness of his thoughts delivered forth in those sweet tones: you left him, to use the language of another, 'thoroughly magnetized.' To give those who may not have seen this work, an idea of its form, we extract the first recorded observations, made December 29th, 1822.

Character of Othello—Schiller's Robbers—Shakspeare—Scotch Novels—Lord Byron—John Kemble—Matthews.

'Othello must not be conceived as a negro, but as a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic; with whom he had garnered up his heart; and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and

worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall :—"But yet the *pity* of it, Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honor was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honor was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venitian state, though it had superseded him."

"Schiller has the material sublime; to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakspeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow. Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakspeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or meditator; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter every thing assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium."

"I think Old Mortality, and Guy Mannering, the best of the Scotch novels."

"It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Lord Byron's verses. Is it not unnatural to be always connecting very great intellectual power with utter depravity? Does such a combination often really exist *in rerum natura*?"

"I always had a great liking—I may say, a sort of nondescript reverence for John Kemble. What a quaint creature he was! I remember a party in which he was discoursing in his measured manner after dinner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded and went on. The announcement took place twice afterward; Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered, and said, "Mrs. Kemble says, sir, she has the rheumatic, and cannot stay." "Add *ism*!" dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue."

Kemble would correct any body, at any time, and in any place. Dear Charles Matthews—a true genius in his line, in my judgment—told me he was once performing privately before the king. The king was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and said, "I liked Kemble very much. He was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box. He declined taking any—"he, a poor actor could not put his fingers into a royal box." I said, "take some, pray, you will oblige me." Upon which Kemble replied, "It would become your royal mouth better to say, oblige me;" and took a pinch."

"It is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time, by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*, as you would say. I was reciting, at a particular house, the "Remorse;" and was in the midst of Alhadra's description of the death of her husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door and cried out, "Please, ma'am, master says, will you ha', or will you *not* ha', the pin-round?"

The prose compositions of Coleridge are comparatively unknown. Nor indeed are his poetical writings so highly appreciated as they should be. We hope soon to communicate a few articles to our readers, wherein we shall endeavor to set forth and to illustrate their characterizing features. The book before us, though in the form of prose, is full of poetical thoughts, wishes, and images. We deem it of value as an aid whereby we may get a distinct view of the point wherefrom the mind of Coleridge was wont to behold and to estimate all things. Elevated to this point, we may survey, and comprehend, and harmonize all the elements which go to constitute the entire earthly career of

Coleridge. So far as we can see, life was by him surveyed from a position whereon no previous mind had ever stood. Hence has he unfolded much that is *new*, and not more new than interesting. Whoever contemplates earthly things, standing upon the same central point wherefrom his predecessors have surveyed them, must, if he would develope the useful and the new, either *extend* his view beyond their horizon of observation, or with *keener* scrutiny inspect the objects on which their eyes were fixed. If, however, like Coleridge, he prefer selecting another and never-before occupied point, then to him remain the responsibility of a judicious selection, and the laborious pleasure of discovering and exhibiting the *Useful* and the *New*, lying concealed within the horizon which that point commands. We shall endeavor, in a future article, to make known what unto us appears the central point—intellectual and moral—of Coleridge's survey. We shall find it to have been far elevated, commanding a wide expanse of the material, and the spiritual, wherein not only bloomed much that was beautiful in poetry, but where likewise lay the springs of much that is lovely in religion, and sublime in philosophy.

We take the liberty of inserting additional extracts, not more for the end of exciting a deeper interest in this philosopher and poet, than for furnishing topics of agreeable and useful reflection; and for creating in our readers a wish to familiarize themselves with the truths therein embodied; and through them, with the mind which gave them birth.

Hear Mr. Coleridge on the subject of language. 'The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision: for works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are, the more necessary it is to be plain.' Mark that, ye who clothe the offspring of your imagination in the longest, largest, loftiest, most fantastic words in the English tongue. Appropriate the pure English that abounds in Pilgrim's Progress; those little, brief, monosyllabic words wherein it is morally impossible for an idea to swell, or strut, or look one jot larger or other than it really is. Again: 'Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar*, in point of style.' We echo this truth from the bottom of our heart. Mr. C. abhors the word, *talented*. 'I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable, *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews, and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *skillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, &c.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun, is a license which nothing but a peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America.' Now we stick to the word, *talented*, as a very good word; and will defend it with all our might. The formation of this word is an admirable instance of that 'peculiar felicity' whereof our poet speaks, which most amply excuses the license. The word expresses euphoniously, and briefly, ideas which cannot be otherwise expressed without circumlocution. Why, then, denounce it? No sweetly-sounding word, which is clearly and briefly expressive, and whose existence is not in violation of those rules and principles which govern and regulate the English language, should be frowned upon; and most surely not by those gen-

tle men whose lives have been passed among 'subjectivities,' and 'objectivities,' and accidentalities,' and other similar phrases, which, if not properly included under the term, *slang*, may be characterized by another expression equally damning, and which has doubtless already arisen to our reader's fancy.

But what are some of Mr. Coleridge's sayings upon his beloved topic—with him, the topic of all topics—Poetry? He says many things new and true, and most admirable. 'I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose, words in their best order; poetry, the *best* words in the best order.' Now, notwithstanding the above encomiastic sentence, we are not going to praise this definition of poetry. And this because we think its tendency is to exalt in the minds of '*young poets*,' whether clever or unclever, the importance of 'words,' and of '*best* words,' to the neglect of that mysterious *something*, to which we give the name poetical, which abides in myriad objects, and which would there abide forever, were there no such vehicle as language, and which the poet should be ever striving to find, to clearly see, and intensely feel, and after all this bring it forth and imprison it in golden English words. To say that poetry is 'the *best* words in the best order,' is to utter an untruth. For poetry always exists previously to, and independently of, words. Words are but the means whereby poetry when drawn from its original, and still-eternal resting place, is revealed to man's heart through his eye and ear. Again, 'Poetry is something more than good sense, but it must be good sense, at all events, just as a palace is more than a house, but it must be a house at least.' 'In the present age, it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favorable, that a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing. Tennyson's sonnets, such as I have seen, have many of the characteristic excellencies of those of Wordsworth and Southey.' There is much in the above sentences which might well be commended, not only to divers persons in this country, who write and publish blank verse and rhymes; but likewise unto those whose friendship may induce them to publish notices thereof. There are among us not a few who deem themselves of the inspired, because, forsooth, they have acquired a dexterity in the management of one of poetry's vehicles; to wit, language. And by the side of these gentlemen are critical friends, (foes, they should be termed, in the deepest and broadest sense of the word,) who, hazardously for their profit and their fame, clap them encouragingly on the shoulder, bid them hasten on in their sublime career, and suggest that they have in them the genuine poetical power, and without doubt will be bards most mighty, in the future: and all this is based upon the existence in their compositions, of some good lines, or good stanzas; the bad to the contrary notwithstanding; as if he should be pronounced a good husbandman, and in the future perchance foreseen to be a wondrous one, because forsooth, in his every bushel of chaff might, by searching optics, be discovered a grain or two of wheat. Let us be careful not to mistake the *body* for the *soul* of poetry; or more properly, its *garment* for the *body* and the *soul*. Let the thought be banished, that inasmuch as one has the power of selecting harmonious and poetical words, and also of combining them into graceful lines, therefore, he

has that other mighty, mysterious, and most rare power which is always alive and strong in the bosom of every genuine poet. There is just that difference between the two powers, which exists between man's Creator and man's tailor. And yet, judging from their compositions and pretensions, we can point to more than one, who distinguish not between the two; but infer from their possession of the one power, the possession of the other. Delusive inference! flattering their poetical ambition to damn their usefulness as thinkers and as citizens. Nor because a man has written now and then a good line, or good stanzas, with much that is extremely ordinary, should critical friends rush headlong to the conclusion, that he has the poetical power within him; and that he should go on and develop, and strengthen, and perfect it. The occasional existence of good verses is most delusive evidence of an existing poetical power in their creator. We hesitate not to say, (and we say it with an assurance that our candid reader's opinion is in harmony with ours,) that there is not a sensible man in this country, who, if he read much poetry, and think and converse a good deal about poetry, and then go to work and write poetry, will not occasionally compose lines which not only a friend, but a rival bard, will pronounce very good indeed. Will a critic upon the strength of these passages alone, without finding any thing *peculiar—striking—marked*, in those which precede and follow them, announce to the public, and through the public to the writer, that he has within him the true poetic inspiration! Past observation compels us unwillingly to answer in the affirmative. 'We think we see,' quoth the critic, 'in this writer, the *germ* of something great. We venture to prophecy that he is destined to be an honor to our literature.' Whereupon our poet rejoiceth exceedingly, and turning down his collar, betaketh himself lustily to the manufacturing of rhymes. We venture to suggest that the only evidence worth relying upon, that a man has within him the true poetical spirit, is a certain something—call it *charm* if you please—*peculiar, striking, marked*—which pervades and clearly characterizes *all* his poetical efforts. No distinguished poet can be named, *all* of whose compositions are not *throughout* characterized by a peculiar, all-pervading *trait*, which sets them apart from the compositions of every other poet. This all-characterizing feature may be feebly manifested in youth, but it *must* be there, or the poet should consign over to flames his paper and pen, and give up poetical immortality to those for whom nature intended it. Dimly is it seen in the youthful writings of Byron, and Shelley, and Petrarch, and the sonnets of Shakspeare, but it is certainly there, and afterwards it bloomed forth in perfect beauty and strength, and surrounded and consecrated all their mature and masterly efforts. The *spirit* of Homer, of Shakspeare, of Dante, of Byron, of Schiller! who can mistake it? There it is revealed in their immortal strains. Had these men only now and then written an admirable stanza, or line; had they only here and there worded a beautiful image, or run an ingenious and startling analogy; without having within their hearts the all-consecrating spirit just spoken of, although the dangerous friendship of a critic might have espied *germs* of something great, and affectionately prophesied their immortal fame, still would they inevitably have gone down to that forgetfulness which swallows up the scribbling herds whose intellectual endeavors are unwisely graduated, not by their capacities, but by their ambition. As this characterizing spirit consti-

tutes the chief beauty and excellence of poetry; so is it, and it alone, the only sure evidence of genuine inspiration in the poet. Wherever we may be so fortunate as to perceive this *spirit*, we shall deem it our duty to encourage its happy possessor to *go on*; for if he strive industriously to develop it, his career will be glorious among men. But if among us a writer of verse should appear, in whose publications no glimmering of this *spirit* is manifested; though occasionally might be discovered fine lines, fine images, fine bursts of feeling; while saying that he may pursue his poetical course if he please, still shall we deem it our imperative duty to warn him that his destiny is a disconsolate and damning mediocrity—to suggest that he has mistaken his powers—to advise him to dethrone the poetical ambition which now subordinates and chains down his other energies, and to elevate into its place some worthier ambition; and more than all, shall we exhort him no longer to tempt gods and men with offerings which neither gods nor men can endure. We drop this topic, to resume it hereafter, with an application of some of the principles it has suggested.

Returning to our volume, we extract the following, not only as a specimen of our poet's waggery, but likewise as suggestive, that when a lady desires the opening of a stage-coach window, it *may* be for another end than mere enjoyment of the external prospect. 'I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. Once I sat in a coach opposite a Jew—a symbol of old clothes bags—an Isaiah of Holwell street. He *would* close the window; I opened it; he closed it again: upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him, 'Son of Abraham! thou smellest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou *stinkest foully*. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at thee at that distance. Dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer? My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said, "he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman."'

Concluding with a ghost anecdote, we for the present bid adieu to this book and its author. The anecdote was related to Coleridge by our distinguished artist, Alston; and is in illustration of Mr. C.'s statement, that when the supernatural character of an apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible—'convulsion, idiocy, madness, or even death on the spot.' 'It was, I think, in the university of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to convert a Tom Paineish companion of his, by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awaking, and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, 'I know you. This is a good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish.' The ghost stood still. 'Come,' said A. that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!' Still the ghost moved not. 'By ———,' ejaculated A., if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you.' He waited the time, deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterward died. The very instant he believed it *to be* a ghost, his human nature fell before it.'

LETTERS TO A GENTLEMAN IN GERMANY; written after a trip from Philadelphia to Niagara. Edited by Francis Lieber.

THIS is a very interesting book. Its interest does not lie in a graphical description of the region through which our traveller passed, in his tour from Philadelphia to Niagara. It is in the multitudinous reflections of the author upon collateral topics. His book is more pregnant with good thinking than any mere traveler's work which we have lately read. Therefore, whoever designs its perusal, must not look for delineations of breakfast tables, and sleeping apartments, and a thousand other of the subordinate topics of common-place travelers. He must prepare his mind for good philosophical remarks, on institutions, and manners, and opinions, and states of society. He must prepare himself for the company, not of a mere tourist, but of a deep, rational—in short—a *German* thinker. We shall quote at random, what may serve as specimens of the author's style of reflecting, and of embodying his reflections.

'As a woman whom we have ever seen adorned with great charms, will have attraction for us, even at periods less favorable to her beauty; or as an individual whom we have once known to perform an act revealing great nobleness of soul, will always appear to us in a superior light, though we may see him in the commonest affairs; so it is well if we meet in life with a being, whom we can call noble, pure and elevated throughout; since, after having seen one instance of great elevation of soul, we will ever find the incipient stages of it in many individuals around us; and so it is in like manner well for us to meet with one example of beauty *made perfect*, which may serve to show us what human beauty can be; and thus elevate in our eye every beautiful trait or limb we may afterwards see, more nearly to that standard which gives delight to the soul. Why is a painter more easily charmed than other people with some single tree, a peculiar bend of a rivulet, or a small rock? Because he perceives a beauty in all of them, from having often observed such objects in their state of perfection. Every true specimen of perfection, or even excellence, of whatever kind it may be, from the moral down to the physical, elevates every instance of an inferior degree of excellence that we meet with, and sheds over it a portion of its own perfection.' Re-read this last sentence; believe the truth therein embodied, and act upon it, ye youth, who, returning from your travels, pass scornfully by all ordinary subjects with the indifferent air of gentlemen who 'have seen d—d finer things in their day.' The motive which induces thousands, after a contemplation of the highest achievements of human intellect, and the rarest manifestations of nature, to look with contemptuous eye upon less high achievements, and less rare manifestations, is rankest affectation. The truth is expressed in the above extract; and the remarks are not more true than they are beautiful. For while it reveals how all things of similar nature are interlinked by common sympathies, it exhibits the higher objects in every department shedding a consecrating influence over the lower. As an illustration of the style of the entire work, we extract the following: It is not more felicitous as an illustration, than it is indicative of the writer's suggestive power, and of the curious knowledge pre-supposed by him to be in the mind of every one who reads his work.

‘But, if I thus tell you a plain, true story, you must not be surprised to find strange contrasts; the most common things ludicrously placed by the side of the noblest or gravest. Life, you know well, does not select and classify; does not present things by gradual transitions, but seems to delight in contrasts; and is much like the index of an encyclopedia, where *Locke* follows *Lobster*; where *Lace* precedes *Lacedæmon*; and *Shakers* is the neighboring article to *Shakspeare*. It places, like the old architects, a grinning monkey in the capital of a column which supports the canopy of an altar; or covers the walls of the room where Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence, with scenes of Don Quixote’s life. Perhaps the very spot on which he fastened his eye, when meditating how he should word that great instrument, now represents Sancho tossed like a fox. We meet with contrasts everywhere. To the version of the bible used by the freest nation of Europe, continues to be prefixed an address to one of England’s most obnoxious kings, drawn up in terms of most offensive flattery; whilst the women of the very sect which takes its name from its meekness, are sufficiently bold to speak in their public meetings. Does not the gay ribbon of fashion almost touch the gravestone which looks from the churchyard into Broadway? Captain Lyon found the nest of a snow-bunting built on the breast of a dead infant; and Domitian was brother to Titus, and a son of Vespasian; and Charles the Fifth’s own sister professed protestantism.’ With these extracts we take leave of this excellent work.

PAULDING’S WORKS.

SALMAGUNDI: OR THE WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ., AND OTHERS. First series; in two volumes. A new edition, corrected by the authors. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1835.

THE works of Mr. Paulding, have been separately and repeatedly noticed in the American periodicals, and have even attracted the attention of the fastidious and captious dispensers of literary fame, in England. What is better, and more to the purpose, they have been very generally read. We cannot, however, avoid noticing the appearance of this edition, which is to contain a complete collection of all the works of that distinguished writer, with his own corrections.

No American writer enjoys, or deserves a higher place in the esteem and affection of his countrymen, than James K. Paulding, for no man has written better, and few have preserved through a long career the same national tone, and unblemished purity. He is one of the few who have not condescended to practice the meanness of courting the praise of foreign critics, in preference to the approbation of his own countrymen. His writings are free from the blight of foreign influence: he has neither adopted the sentiments, followed the models, nor imitated the vitiated phraseology of living European writers; and still less has he cringed before the nod of their critics. His style and diction are pure and manly; and his materials have been collected from the ample

stores of his own country. American history and manners; American scenery and story—have furnished the themes for his fruitful and successful pen: and while he has thus contributed to the honor of his native land, he has applied the lash with unsparing severity to the malignant and mendacious traducers of our literature. We honor Paulding for his independence, and his patriotic feeling; and are gratified that his countrymen will have the opportunity of possessing a uniform edition of his works.

But two volumes of this series have reached us. These contain the first part of *Salmagundi*—one of the most witty, spirited, and elegant productions of modern times. The English language contains nothing of the kind, which is superior to this delightful work. The satire is keen, playful, and just; the style easy, ornate, and classical; the whole affair complete and excellent.

We are told in the preface that these papers were the joint production of Irving and Paulding; and that ‘the thoughts of the authors were so mingled together, and they were so literally joint productions, that it would be difficult and useless, at this distance of time, to assign to each his exact share.’

Mr. Paulding commenced his literary career, twenty-five years ago, and has since pursued the thorny path of authorship, without intermission; and with great vigor and industry. If such a man shall not have earned the meed of fame, after spending so many years of honorable labor in the pursuit, then indeed is authorship a most thankless and precarious calling.

We wish success to the enterprising gentlemen who have undertaken this publication, and most cordially recommend it to the public.

AMERICAN MUSICAL JOURNAL.

We have before us the seventh number of the first volume of a monthly periodical published in New York city, entitled, ‘*American Musical Journal*.’ Its great object is to promote the knowledge of the art of music in this country. The means for the attainment of this object are ‘biographical memoirs of the most eminent composers, ancient and modern, with critical remarks on their works; historical sketches of the music of different countries; the history, capabilities, peculiarities, and improvements of the different musical instruments; reviews of important musical publications; lists of new music; original papers on subjects calculated to advance our own musical interests, &c.’ So far as we have examined the character of these means, we deem them worthy of the high encomium which, by several leading periodicals, has been extended to them. As the subject of music is becoming of great interest in this community, we regard the appearance of this periodical among us, as extremely fortunate. We hold it worthy the patronage of all who may desire the advancement of one of the most delightful of the arts.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,
For the Month of JULY, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date, July, 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer, mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.						
1	47.8	78.0	62.6	29.493	W-W	lt.wd.		fair.	
2	57.0	81.0	64.6	29.443	NW-NW	lt.wd.		fair.	
3	57.0	82.0	69.3	29.360	W-W	lt.wd.		fair.	
4	57.0	81.5	68.2	29.320	W-W	lt.bre.		fair.	
5	59.7	72.5	65.4	29.285	W-W	lt.bre.	.12	vari.	rain 9-12 A. M.
6	62.0	90.0	75.0	29.305	W-W	lt.bre.		fair.	misty morning.
7	63.0	88.2	74.1	29.285	SW-SW	lt.bre.	.02	vari.	rain evening.
8	60.0	72.5	64.2	29.325	NE-NE	lt.bre.		cloudy.	
9	59.0	74.7	65.6	29.385	NE-NE	lt.bre.		vari.	
10	54.0	74.7	63.2	29.425	NE-NE	lt.bre.		vari.	thick fog morn.
11	58.0	74.7	68.2	29.365	NE-NE	lt.bre.	.07	vari.	rain evening.
12	74.2	86.0	80.1	29.320	SW-S	lt.bre.		vari.	
13	70.0	86.0	75.3	29.235	S-W	lt.bre.	.21	vari.	
14	61.0	72.5	64.8	29.240	W-W	lt.bre.		vari.	
15	56.0	72.5	64.8	29.310	W-W	lt.bre.		clear.	foggy morning.
16	57.0	77.0	66.6	29.325	W-W	lt.bre.		clear.	
17	61.0	77.0	68.6	29.360	W-W	lt.bre.		clear.	
18	58.0	83.2	71.4	29.370	W-W	lt.bre.		vari.	
19	68.0	81.5	72.5	29.340	W-W	lt.bre.		vari.	
20	64.0	81.5	70.5	29.335	W-W	lt.bre.	.11	vari.	
21	56.0	81.5	68.5	29.460	W-E	str.wd.		clear.	
22	55.0	86.0	71.0	29.510	E-E	lt.bre.		cleas.	
23	66.0	86.0	75.3	29.440	E-S	lt.bre.	.03	vari.	rain 3 to 4 P. M.
24	71.5	86.0	77.2	29.340	S-SW	lt.bre.	.51	vari.	
25	72.0	86.0	77.3	29.315	SW-S	lt.bre.	.63	vari.	
26	74.0	92.7	80.6	29.375	S-W	lt.bre.	.51	cloudy.	
27	74.0	86.0	79.3	29.360	W-W	lt.bre.		cloudy.	
28	73.5	92.8	82.1	29.335	W-W	lt.bre.		vari.	
29	70.0	90.5	78.2	29.340	W-E	lt.bre.		vari.	
30	68.0	92.7	78.7	29.261	E-S	lt.bre.		clear.	
31	73.0	90.5	79.2	29.181	S-W	lt.bre.	.25	cloudy.	foggy morning.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 71° 69

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 92° 80

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 47° 80

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 45° 00

Warmest day, July 28th.

Coldest day, July 1st.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - 29.3465

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.53

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.18

Range of barometer, - - - - - .35

Perpendicular depth of rain (English inches) - - - - 2.46

Direction of Wind: NE. 4 days—E. 3 days—S. 4 days—SW. 2½ days—W. 16½ days—NW. 1 day.

Weather: Clear and fair 11 days—variable 16 days—cloudy 4 days.

This month has been remarkably dry, and the harvest season unusually late. An intelligent farmer in the northwestern part of Virginia remarked, that he had not seen the harvest so backward during a period of forty years.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1835.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN JAY.

(Concluded.)

MR. JAY was remarkable for his unwavering firmness. Whenever a justifiable course of policy suggested itself to him, which was calculated to produce advantageous results to his country, he pursued it unhesitatingly, without allowing himself to be biased by those weaknesses of our nature, which spring from an undue degree of compassion. If we were to regard only the terms in which he denounced those lukewarm or hostile to the interests of his country, and the extreme measures which he pursued against them, we might be induced to regard him as a severe, hard man, who, though strictly upright and just in all respects, was, nevertheless, deficient in the finer and more delicate susceptibilities of human nature; but when we see him fulfilling all his duties of benevolence, deprecating all unnecessary cruelty, and extending his assistance when circumstances would permit, even to those who refused to take up arms against the sovereign to whom they had sworn allegiance, when he believed that such refusal arose from strictly conscientious scruples; if we regard him when tenderly performing the manifold duties which arose from his domestic relations, as son, as husband, and as father, we must change our too hastily formed opinion, and trace the apparent severity of his measures to some other cause. We must do justice to that devoted patriotism, and to that strict sense of moral obligation, which induced him to

overlook all friendship and sympathy for individuals, whenever such considerations interfered with the paramount claims of his country.

Mr. Jay was induced to bring forward a resolution, which was indeed a strong measure, but one which circumstances fully justified, making it high treason, punishable with death, for any person under the protection of the American government, to lend aid to the enemy. His ideas, with regard to the proper treatment of the tories, are more clearly expressed in a letter written subsequently to Mr. Livingston; this, however, was shortly before the ratification of the articles of peace, when the American cause was triumphant, and extreme severity towards the royalists was unnecessary: he remarks—‘My opinion would be to pardon all except the faithless and cruel. Indiscriminate severity would be wrong, as well as unbecoming; nor ought any man to be marked out for vengeance merely because, as king James said, he would make a *bonnie traitor*. In short, I think the faithless and cruel should be banished forever, and their estates confiscated; it is just and reasonable. As to the residue, who have either upon principle, openly and fairly opposed us, or who from timidity have fled from the storm and remained inoffensive; let us not punish the former for behaving like men, nor be extremely severe to the latter because nature had made them like women.’

We have already remarked that the stern, uncompromising spirit evinced by Mr. Jay, in his political measures, was not the result of natural severity of disposition, but arose from principle. The remark will be amply and pleasingly illustrated by the following extract from a letter, written to an American gentleman with whom he had at one period of his life been upon friendly terms, but who having accepted a royal commission, had been taken prisoner, and was confined in the jail at Hartford. It proceeds—‘Notwithstanding the opposition of our sentiments and conduct relative to the present contest, the friendship which subsisted between us is not forgotten; nor will the good offices formerly done by yourself and family cease to excite my gratitude. How far your situation may be comfortable and easy, I know not; it is my wish, and shall be my endeavor, that it be as much so as may be consistent with the interest of that great cause to which I have devoted every thing I hold dear in this world. I have taken the liberty of requesting Mr. Broome to advance you one hundred dollars on my account. A line by the first opportunity will oblige me. Be explicit, and avail yourself without hesitation of the friendship entertained and expressed for you.’

The constitution of the state of New York was now completed, and Mr. Jay was appointed chief justice. The first meeting of this court must have been deeply interesting. Assembled for the adjustment of rights in accordance with a new constitution just starting into being, for the administration of a form of government set up in opposition to one hallowed by age and upheld by the arm of power, its existence might well have been considered precarious, when we remember that the village in which the first session of this court was held was reduced to ashes by the enemy a few weeks afterwards. Mr. Jay was not present at the final adoption of the constitution for the state of New York; he afterwards expressed himself well pleased with it, except that it contained no provision against domestic slavery, and did not afford sufficient support and encouragement to literature. New York is principally indebted to the exertions of Mr. Jay for her freedom from that curse, the baneful influence of which has paralyzed the exertions of a large portion of our inhabitants, and retarded the improvement of some of the fairest and most promising parts of our country. It was principally through his exertions that slavery was abolished in New York. Mr. Jay faithfully and efficiently fulfilled the duties of chief justice for several years, when having been appointed president of congress, and finding that his time would not permit him to act in both stations with justice to the country and to himself, he resigned his seat upon the bench. His country at this period of his life came near losing his valuable services; as the advanced age and ill health of his father demanded those kind and grateful attentions which filial devotion only can bestow. Fortunately, however, an arrangement with his brother relieved him from the necessity of sacrificing his public to his private duties.

By a secret article annexed to the treaty with France, the privilege of acceding to it was reserved to Spain. The United States being anxious to extend its foreign relations, deemed it expedient to send an ambassador to the Spanish court. Mr. Jay was selected for this important mission. He was now thrown upon an entirely new field of action, but one for which the peculiarities of his mind admirably calculated him. He was superior to the hypocrisy and deceit which are usually regarded as requisites of diplomatic character. But this deficiency was amply compensated by his natural caution, and by the extraordinary quickness and penetration of his mind; the former rendering him suspicious of those whose interest it was to deceive him, and the latter enabling him at

once to detect all the important results of any measure, however it might be obscured by artifice and ambiguity; and in addition to these, the promptitude of his resolutions, and the firmness with which he maintained them. These arose from his singleness of purpose; as he had but the question of the justice and expediency of the measure to determine upon, rejecting all considerations of private interest and personal popularity. However momentous the occasion, however important its results to himself and to his country, Mr. Jay met it with all the calmness and selfpossession resulting from a confidence in his powers; yet he possessed none of that conceit of intellect, which prides itself upon its power, but shrinks from all responsibility; it was a noble reliance which induced him boldly to meet every contingency of circumstances.

Mr. Jay set out upon his mission in the October of 1779. His voyage was an exceedingly disastrous one; the ship in which he sailed was dismasted by the tempests, and almost rendered unmanageable by the damage which she suffered. He anxiously watched her tedious progress as she crept lazily along through the sea, with the disagreeable assurance that he should be inevitably captured by the first British cruizer which hove in sight, and terminate his mission in the tower of London. The island of Martinico presented the nearest and most commodious harbor; to it, therefore, the ship was directed. The captain was doubtful whether to land at the northern or southern part of the island; the wind, however, drove him to the former, where he arrived in safety. Here, again, that Power which had protected our ambassador from the perils of the tempest, interfered to ward off an equally imminent danger. Had the vessel reached the southern instead of the northern part of the island, she would have been inevitably captured, as six British cruizers took their departure the same day that she arrived from the opposite direction. Mr. Jay embarked upon a French frigate for Toulon, to which place many of his letters of introduction were directed. In consequence, however, of being hotly pursued by an English man-of-war, she was forced to land at Cadiz. Here Mr. Jay's situation was an awkward one; an entire stranger, without introductory letters, or bills of credit; though a man of Mr. Jay's mind and manners is not destined long to suffer from such inconveniences. He, fortunately, while in Cadiz, became acquainted with the count O'Reilly, from whom he received all necessary kindness and assistance, and who afforded him information with regard to the important characters of the Spanish court, from which he afterwards derived much

benefit. Mr. Jay's residence at the court of Madrid produced results of very little importance to his country, and was but a fruitful source of vexation to himself. It required all his fortitude and calmness, patiently to endure the dissimulation and perfidy practised by the Spanish minister. He was called to Paris to the assistance of Dr. Franklin in adjusting the articles of the treaty of peace; his labors there were destined to produce the most important results. I have not time to dwell upon the important items in Mr. Jay's negotiation; it is well known that his firmness and foresight prevented the sacrifice of some of the most important provisions of the treaty, such as the right of the navigation of the Mississippi, and a participation in the New Foundland fisheries. The eventual ratification of the treaty with Great Britain, evinces Mr. Jay's determination of character, and total disregard of personal responsibility when duty required it.

The commissioners had been instructed to consult upon all important points, with the French minister, and to adopt no measure without his sanction. These humiliating instructions, no doubt, arose from the implicit confidence which congress reposed in the fidelity of our ally. Dr. Franklin being equally charitable in his opinion, was in favor of acting in accordance with the instructions, which rendered the commissioners of the independent States of America mere puppets, to be played upon by the French minister. Mr. Jay was confident, from the impediments thrown by France in the way of concluding a treaty advantageous to the United States, as well as from many private sources of information, that a coalition had been formed between Spain and France, with the determination of rendering the articles of treaty between us and Great Britain, subservient to their own private interests. Entertaining these opinions, of the propriety of which he was confident, he was called upon for a bold and dangerous course of action. Contrary to the instructions of congress, contrary to the wishes and opinions of his coadjutor, Dr. Franklin, he entered into private negotiations with Great Britain, and eventually obtained a treaty, in which our independence was acknowledged, and the important privileges obtained, of which our selfish, perfidious ally, would have deprived us. Dr. Franklin and the other commissioners, subsequently convinced of the propriety of Mr. Jay's conduct, subscribed the treaty. This was all done with the utmost secrecy. When it became known to the French minister, and he perceived that it was too late, by his influence or machinations, to interfere with its ratification, he was in a most towering passion; chagrined at his being so much mis-

taken in his opinion, of the docility of those whom he contemplated using as his tools. As soon as his duties would permit, Mr. Jay embarked for that country, to which he had devoted his life, and in which all his affections were centred. He now hoped, that he would be permitted to retire into that condition which had the greatest charms for him, and which he had been reluctantly forced to leave, by an imperious sense of duty.

The motives which prompted Mr. Jay to enter into public life, may be inferred from the following extract from a letter written by himself: 'Your country, you say, has been ungrateful—admit it. I have done nothing but serve my country for these six years past, and that most faithfully. But I confess, that I did it, and am still doing it, as much and more for my own sake, than for theirs; that is, because I thought—and think it my duty; without doing which, I cannot please my Maker, and get to heaven. Provided he is satisfied with my conduct, the mistaken opinion of others cannot deprive me of happiness.'

Mr. Jay, however, was not permitted to follow the dictates of his inclinations; his country had yet claims upon his services, which it was unwilling to relinquish. He was forced to accept the office of secretary of foreign affairs, at that time, in consequence of the peculiar state of our foreign relations, the most arduous and important office in the government. Shortly after, in virtue of his office, he received a request from the minister from Spain, to treat with the United States, and to prescribe to him the etiquette necessary to be observed on presentation to congress. This must have been, for Mr. Jay, a period of exultation; one highly gratifying to his feelings, contrasting strongly with his situation, when vainly attempting to negotiate with the supercilious Spaniard, and forced to act the hanger-on at the court of Madrid.

We must hasten over the rest of Mr. Jay's public career. The supreme court of the United States being established, he was appointed the first chief justice in 1789; and in 1795 was sent out as minister to England. We are all aware of the treaty which he subsequently made with that country, which gave rise to much opposition and popular excitement. It required all the influence of the great father of his country, who was, at that time, our president, to obtain for it the sanction of congress. The only comment upon this treaty, necessary to show its advantages, is, the fact, that notwithstanding the increased importance of the United States, notwithstanding the extensive influence which she exercises, we have never been able to obtain one more favorable. Shortly

after, in consequence of his advanced age, and the feebleness of his health, Mr. Jay was forced to retire from public life. He entered with alacrity into a private condition, more fully enabled than heretofore to fulfil the domestic duties, and appreciate the domestic enjoyments, which had always presented to him the greatest attraction. We find him, after officiating in the most important of public capacities, retiring from the busy scenes in which he had fulfilled the duties of the statesman, the christian, and the patriot, to the humbler shade of private life, and the fulfilment of its important obligations; ruling every thing under his domestic control with mild, affectionate, but firm sway.

When asked by one of his friends how he, who had always been accustomed to an active, busy, public life, could find means of occupying himself in his present station, he replied, 'I have a long life to look back upon, and an eternal one in prospect.' The latter part of Mr. Jay's life required all his natural firmness, and all his christian fortitude to sustain him under physical suffering; he lingered on with a slow, painful disease, until seized with the palsy, which terminated his existence. He lived, admired for his talents and beloved for his virtues; he died, universally lamented!

In the foregoing remarks we have not attempted a perfect picture. We have confined ourselves to the most prominent of Mr. Jay's peculiarities, without attempting a development of those, which, though highly pleasing in themselves, and tending to add a new charm even to a character in other respects most perfect, yet are enjoyed in common with the more humble individuals of society. We are perfectly aware that greater minuteness in bringing into view the more delicate shades of his character, would have been more interesting, could the design have been accomplished within reasonable limits.

Mr. Jay was a federalist; a name which has become generally unpopular; though if instead of condemning him, from the name of his party, we would examine into the political principles which he supported, we should perceive them less worthy of censure, than would be consistent with our preconceived opinion of their odiousness.

As regards Mr. Jay's notions of our federal association, they are principles in accordance with which, though under a different name, all our presidents have acted. We firmly believe that no unbiassed man can impartially examine the subject, without coming to the conclusion that there are but two alternatives; that a construction consistent with Mr. Jay's idea of an expedient federal compact, shall be placed upon

our constitution, and thereby establish our present form of government on a permanent foundation; or the loose construction given to that important document by the nullifiers of South Carolina, which will inevitably scatter the seeds of jealousy and distrust over our prosperous land, and eventually root out those feelings of love and devotion which every true-born American entertains for our present constitution, and which are so intimately associated with his tenderest affections.

Mr. Jay's opposition to universal suffrage arose from his distrust of mankind, the majority of whom, he conceived to be incapacitated by vice or ignorance from appreciating and supporting a judicious and impartial course of policy. This opinion will appear more especially reasonable, in its application to our country, if we take into consideration its situation immediately after the revolution—the total ignorance of a great majority of the people with regard to the enlightened principles of government, rendering them fit materials to be worked upon by the restless demagogue. The country at that period was infested to a great degree by this species of vermin; persons who, totally deficient in all the principles of virtue and all political honesty, strive to attain their own selfish aims by flattering the prejudices and ministering to the passions of an ignorant multitude. The grand object of Mr. Jay, which indeed should be the maxim of all governments, was the establishing the institutions of our country, on a firm basis, as their stability must be always identified with the security of private rights. For the purpose of preventing the fluctuation and uncertainty of a government under the control of those too ignorant properly to sustain it, influenced as they were, by the dishonest and the aspiring, who were always solicitous for a change, in hopes of thereby bettering their condition, Mr. Jay was of the opinion that the chief control of the government should be given to the freeholders, as feeling a more intense interest in the welfare of the country, and as being generally better informed and more virtuous. His opinions, however, were confined to the adoption of these principles at that time, as he looked forward to the gradual progress in improvement which would eventually permit the right of suffrage to be universal, without reasonable grounds for anticipating a subversion of authority, a forfeiture of public trust, or the violation of private rights. To one of his correspondents, after speaking of the opinion to which we have just alluded, he concludes—‘I, nevertheless, think that there may be a time for change, as well as for other things; all that I contend for is, that it be done soberly, by

sober and discreet men, and in due manner, measure, and proportion.'

On Mr. Jay's political opinions I have no time to dwell; if there be any objectionable peculiarities in them, I pass them over, convinced that he adopted them from the firmest assurance of their expediency, and exerted himself in every way for the promotion of his country's welfare with a zeal which the most devoted and disinterested affection only could have inspired.

I have already remarked that it was with reluctance that Mr. Jay entered into public life. He always advised his children never to accept a public office from private motives; never to do so except from a sense of duty.

The life of the public man, when the gratification of a selfish ambition is the end in view, is far from being an enviable one. There are two principles in the human heart, entirely opposite in their qualities, which are always contending for the supremacy. Nature and circumstances combined, give it to the one or the other. The two principles to which I allude are selfishness, and the finer feelings of the heart. The former deriving its gratification from the enjoyment of self, as abstracted from that of others; the latter from promoting the happiness of those around them. If selfishness, as just defined, be his character, his life is an unhappy one. Even with the attainment of his end, he is disappointed; for how far does the poor reality fall short of the sanguine anticipation. If his end be not attained, deep and lasting is his chagrin and mortification. With all the sanguine anticipations which a burning ambition gives birth to, he has looked forward for the accomplishment of his utmost hopes; fruitless to him have been the examples of disappointment which daily present themselves. With his eye fixed upon the goal of his desires, his thoughts and his affections absorbed by it, and every nerve strained for its attainment, he urges madly forward, heedless of all the suggestions which prudence may offer him. But suddenly his path is darkened; difficulties, unforeseen and insurmountable, present themselves. Fatigued and desponding, he ceases from exertion, relapses into lethargy, and broods gloomily over his disappointed hopes. If he be characterized by both principles, if his inducement to exertion be the gratification of a selfish ambition, and he, nevertheless, shudders at and abhors the unprincipled and unfeeling means used to advance her aims, his misfortunes thicken around him, for he is not only subject to the disappointments already alluded to, but his better feelings also present an inexhaustible source of mortification. As he continues to climb the toilsome, devi-

ous path which leads to political elevation, he finds but little to gratify him in the surrounding prospect. He sees the furrows of care deepen upon the brow. No longer does the glow of health, the candid and open expression of the face indicate a mind at ease. The buoyancy of the spirits, the elasticity of the step, the sparkling joyous expression of the countenance, have yielded to the dull cast of melancholy. Every sentiment of honor has bowed before the shrine of interest. Every social, every friendly, and every endearing feeling has withered beneath the chilling influence of heartless ambition. On what side soever he turns his eye, he beholds frailty and falsehood; the one who stands most lofty at one moment, is overwhelmed with assurances of love and admiration; if by any mishap he fall from his dangerous elevation, his place is immediately occupied by another, while he lies groaning beneath, unheeded and forgotten. If, on the contrary, a sincere and disinterested desire to promote the welfare of his species be his inducement to exertion, then, though dangers and misfortunes may encompass him; though grieved at the depravity he is forced daily to witness, yet a consciousness of rectitude, a selfapproving conscience, afford him an internal source of gratification, of which no external circumstance can deprive him. But if, perchance, which fortunately is seldom or never the case, the personal sacrifices which he may be called upon to make for public good, may force him to overlook the gratification to be derived from the exercise of the finer feelings of our nature; to leave sealed those pure fountains of the heart which afford the most unalloyed draughts of happiness; if the paths of duty and enjoyment run counter to each other, and the prospects of private bliss are blighted; yet he falls a martyr to the noblest of causes, to be canonized in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

Mr. Jay, in fulfilling the duties which his country claimed from him, was forced to make many private sacrifices—obliged by his almost incessant public occupations to leave to other members of his family the performance of the many tenderesses, which the ill health of an aged father, and the blindness of a brother and sister, claimed from filial and fraternal affection.

In contemplating the characters and exploits of those who have rendered themselves conspicuous by the preeminence of their abilities, we are filled not only with a feeling of admiration but of awe; and it is with difficulty that our better judgment can induce us to draw the dividing line between true and apparent greatness, and with extreme diffidence that we presume to censure those who, in consequence of the superiority of

their intellect, possess so unbounded an influence over us. But when we reflect that for our talents we are indebted either to the bounty of nature, or to circumstances beyond our control, and that true merit can consist only in their proper application, we may learn to correct our erroneous estimate of greatness. All the powers of Mr. Jay's intellect were devoted, from the earliest period of his manhood to advancing the grand cause in which his country was engaged. After officiating in some of the most important capacities at home, he was sent to advance her interests at the courts of Europe. In this situation, he was necessarily subjected frequently to the most humiliating mortifications—the minister from a country generally regarded as in a state of rebellion against her lawful sovereign. He left that country, under the most gloomy auspices—engaged in an almost desperate struggle to wrest its dearest rights from the nervous grasp of usurping power. He returned, bringing assurances of freedom and of peace; diffusing light, happiness, and life throughout a continent.

How different the sensations experienced in contemplating a character of this description, from that of one who, for the gratification of a selfish ambition, could scatter terror and dismay through all the departments of social and domestic life—bursting asunder every tie which binds society together! How different is the glory which this man has acquired for himself, whose history is read in the blessings of a nation, from that of him who has marked his career in characters of blood! How striking is the contrast between the disinterested conduct of the chastened ambition of John Jay, and the unalloyed selfishness of Napoleon Bonaparte. The one, his utmost hopes and wishes amply fulfilled, in promoting the happiness of his fellow-beings; the other, the blood of his victims, serving to nourish the rank weed of his ambition! Such utter destitution of principle and feeling, must demand our abhorrence, though it be sustained by that brilliancy of intellect which too often casts the halo of glory upon a murky sky. True moral elevation of character is entitled to the first rank in the scale of merit; that firm conviction of right, and unwavering adherence to its dictates; that absolute command which the moral man has obtained over the wayward passions of our nature, and which renders him superior to the temptations which encompass him; that pure and disinterested feeling which evinces itself in his every action, so free from the most powerful, and at the same time most degrading principles of our nature—those peculiarities which mark true moral sublimity of character, and which dignify and

ennobles human nature, render their possessor as far superior to the mere military chieftain, as the expanded river, which fertilizes the country through which it flows, distributing the necessaries and the luxuries of life among thousands, to the wild and solitary torrent of the mountain, bearing nothing but ruin in its progress. Beneath the magic influence of Jay, all nature is gay and beautiful; the lowly children of the shade rejoice; peace, happiness, and contentment appear to have diffused themselves over the scene: before the approach of the gloomy murderer of France, the blooming herbage withers, and the tree which but now flourished, in all the pride of vigor and of beauty, extends its dead and sapless branches over his drear dominion.

The greatest eulogy which can be bestowed on the character of Mr. Jay is, that even among the fathers of his country, he stood with the foremost for intellectual and moral greatness. There is an immense mass of intellect which lies dormant in the bosom of every society; but it is seldom that the thrilling, exciting circumstances which marked our revolution occur, to rouse it into action; yet it is only the slumbering energies of the volcano, which need but the torch of fire to inflame them. All is tranquil and blooming upon the surface, unconscious of the dormant power beneath it; accident brings the element and the combustible into contact—the pent up flame roars around the walls of its prison house—the mighty mass quivers to its centre, till it vents its fury with appalling brilliancy, dispelling the moral gloom which envelops us. The days of our revolution, especially, were teeming with intellect. If in imagination we conjure around us the mighty spirits who ruled those stormy times, on what side soever we turn our eyes amid this crowded assemblage, we shall behold giants of intellect, singly capable of immortalizing the century in which he may have flourished. Amid the crowd of departed patriots, we behold John Jay, towering above his compeers—with all the energies of a naturally mighty intellect, fully developed by imperious circumstances, he rears the athletic fabric of his mind, an atlas sustaining the moral glories of his country.

No sculptured column is necessary to commemorate the excellencies of greatness. The monument which *true* greatness builds up for itself, is in the hearts of a grateful people—no production of art can be coeval with its existence. The architectural splendors of antiquity have faded; their ruins only remain to tell us that they have been. In lieu of magnificence and grandeur—wretchedness and desolation: instead of the spirit of architectural beauty, which presided

over the lordly piles—decay broods gloomily among mouldering ruins! The mingled peals of mirth and music, which resounded through her vaulted palaces, are hushed; the whooping bird of night, moans horsely amid silence and gloom. All the monuments of human art, bearing about them the seeds of their dissolution, moulder in the gradual decay of nature. The admiration and love which true greatness enkindles for itself, is not so transitory. Like the fire which the Persians worship, fed from the pure hand of the vestal virgin, it burns upon the sacred altar of memory, and will burn enduringly so long as the finer feelings of our nature exist to feed the flame!

L. M. N.

TRAVELS IN HOT WEATHER.

NO. II.

THE Cumberland road is in fine order. It would be a pleasure to travel over it, if it were not that the impositions practised upon passengers in the stages are such as to render toilsome and hazardous that which might be agreeable. Six of us took our seats in the mail stage at Wheeling, under a positive express understanding that no greater number of passengers were admitted. In consequence of this limitation of number, and of the greater speed and certainty of the mail stage, we paid two dollars a head more than was charged for seats in the accommodation line—so the agent explained it. Yet the accommodation stage, owned by the same proprietors, started an hour before us, we overtook it at Washington where we dined, and from that place the two coaches traveled in company to Frederick, where the passengers from both were received into the rail road cars, and conveyed to Baltimore. As the agent closed the stage door upon us at Wheeling, he said with a very civil bow, ‘there are six of you, gentlemen,—you know your own rights, and need not admit any more unless you please’—yet upon counting noses a few minutes after, we found there were *seven* actually on board, and however unwillingly, we were forced, like the little maid of Wordsworth, to adhere to the count.

‘Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?’
‘How many? seven in all,’ she said,
And wondering looked at me.

And though the contract said we should be but six, and the contractors asserted that we were six,

‘Twas throwing words away; for still,
The little maid would have her will,
And said, ‘Nay, we are seven!’

Nor was this all—at Washington we were detained an hour squabbling with the tavernkeeper, who insisted on our taking in two additional passengers. In vain did we assure him that by the published advertisements of the proprietors, the number of passengers in the mail stage was limited to six, in vain did we asseverate

‘O master! we are seven!’

the question was only settled at last by a pointed declaration, that having obtained lawful and peaceable possession, we should forcibly eject any individual who should be intruded upon us. The same imposition was repeatedly attempted, and scarcely an hour passed during the journey, in which drivers or agents did not quarrel with us fiercely, for refusing to be crowded by additional passengers.

Another evil which we experienced, was the rapid driving down the steep declivities of the mountains. I can scarcely imagine anything more terrific, than this unnecessary acceleration of speed. On arriving at the summit of a mountain you have before you a descent, extending often with little interruption, for several miles. As the mountain side is precipitous, the road necessarily winds along the cliffs, making a number of acute angles, and leaving on the one hand an inaccessible parapet of rock, and on the other a gulf, into which the unhappy traveler who shall make a false step, would be precipitated to a depth of hundreds of feet. No sooner does the driver reach this fearful elevation, than, placing himself in his seat, collecting the reins firmly in both hands, and giving a well known signal to his horses, he dashes down the dangerous road, with the speed of a rail road car, whirling round the acute angles, sweeping along the very edges of the precipices, and leaving a track of fire sparkling from the wheels and horses’ hoofs. It is obvious that in so rapid transit, under such circumstances, the driver loses all control over his team and vehicle, except that of guiding them; to stop the ponderous descending mass, with its great and accumulating momentum, is impossible; and the slightest rupture of the harness or carriage, must be followed by the most disastrous consequences.

If this extraordinary acceleration of speed was necessary

to enable the mail to accomplish a certain distance within a given time, it would be some palliation of the offence of thus jeopardizing daily the lives of numerous individuals. But it is not so. Minutes and even hours are wasted in causeless delays at the various stopping places, by saving which the whole distance might be driven at a safe and moderate average speed, in a shorter time than is now consumed—and after all we pass from Wheeling to Frederick at an average of about four miles an hour.

Add to this, that we had one driver who slept on his box, while driving in the night down one of the most dangerous mountains, and another who was so unskilful, that a person who rode on the seat with him was obliged to take the reins out of his hands; and it will be seen that this line of stages is badly managed.

The repetition of such complaints is far from being agreeable. But we hold it to be the duty of public spirited citizens who witness such grievances, to expose and endeavor to cure them, by advising and awakening the public mind upon the subject. There is no topic which more imperatively demands the interference of legislative authority, than the regulation of public conveyances. The want of it is an anomaly in our systems of laws, and a departure from the spirit of the existing public sentiment in reference to kindred subjects. For what purpose have millions been expended upon the construction of rail roads, canals, and turnpikes, the improvement of rivers, and the opening of channels of intercourse? Why have the best talents of the nation been exerted, and the wealth not only of the public treasuries, but of thousands of individuals, freely given in the construction of works of internal improvement? The grand objects undoubtedly are, to give activity to commerce, to agriculture, to manufactures—to bring the resources of the nation into efficient operation, and to cherish every branch of its industry, by facilitating the interchange of commodities—to produce equality and mutuality of advantage by bringing distant places into easy communication with each other—and to remedy the political dangers and disadvantages arising from the vast extent of our country, by providing convenient modes of intercourse between its various parts. These great purposes include two desirable objects, which are dependent on each other: the transportation of merchandize, and the transit of passengers. The first of these may seem to be the most immediately important, but in fact both are equally important, because they depend on each other, and both are necessary to the prosperity of the country.

We inquire then, does it not argue an extraordinary want of system, on the part of those entrusted in this important department of national economy, that having, by means of infinite labor and expense, provided the most magnificent channels of intercourse, they have left the traveler, for whose convenience these highways have been, in part, constructed, entirely at the mercy of a few rapacious individuals? Is there not an inconsistency of conduct evinced, in thus providing splendid highways for the use of the public, and then leaving a mercenary stage proprietor, who is the greatest gainer by the improvement of the road, at full liberty to impose the terms upon which that road shall be traveled, and to enrich himself by hazarding for his own benefit or caprice, the limbs and lives of those who are forced to use his wretched conveyances? Why not, when so much has been done for the comfort and advantage of the traveler, proceed a step further, and regulate public conveyances by law?

The existence of the evils complained of is the more surprising, as the remedy is simple, and easily applied. The control of congress over the postoffice department, enables that body to regulate the stages in which the mails are carried, and to prohibit the employment of any, the proprietors of which should not become bound by contract to fulfil such conditions as might be imposed. The state legislatures have ample power to regulate all other stages.

This subject should be taken up in all its details, and the remedy should be applied to every description of public conveyances. With regard to steamboats, the accidents in which occur chiefly from the insufficiency of the vessels and machinery, and the incapacity or carelessness of the officers, we apprehend that there would be no difficulty in providing by law that captains, pilots, and engineers shall respectively be obliged to submit to an examination, by some competent board, and receive licenses; nor would there be any injustice in subjecting both officers and owners to penalties in all cases of accidents, in which life should be lost, or any personal injury sustained. A provision by which, at each of the large ports on our rivers, an inquest should be held immediately on the arrival of a boat in which an accident had occurred, and all the circumstances attending it established by the evidence of the passengers and crew, would doubtless be attended by the most salutary consequences. An exposure of this description, to take place while all the witnesses were within reach, would be more dreaded, than a legal investigation under the ordinary forms of procedure, at a distant period, when the proofs would be more difficult of attainment.

With respect to stages, the greatest number of accidents and delays occurs from overloading the coaches with passengers and baggage—and this evil might be remedied by limiting the number of the former, and the weight of the latter. And it should be made the duty and interest of proprietors to procure the best vehicles, horses, and drivers, and to enforce a wholesome discipline over the numerous persons in their employ, by holding them responsible for the safe and punctual delivery, both of passengers and baggage.

The effect of such a system of police in reference to public vehicles, would be, not only to insure the comfort and safety of those who travel, but greatly to increase the number. Wherever the facilities for moving from point to point are improved, it is found that the travelers become more numerous. If the opening of a road or canal, produces this result, would not the same consequences flow from the improvement of stages and steamboats? Would not many who now dread the perils and discomforts of a long journey by land, be induced to enjoy the healthful and agreeable exercise of traveling, stripped as it would then be of all its terrors, and most of its fatigues?

I arrived at Baltimore at twelve o'clock in the night of the third day after leaving Wheeling, and at an early hour the next morning continued my journey, without having an opportunity of seeing any great portion of that beautiful city.

The trip from Baltimore to Philadelphia, by steamboats and rail road, is performed with great rapidity and ease. It is quite delightful, after being confined in stages for three days, and dragged along at the pleasure and caprice of insolent coachmen, through the rugged, sterile, and uninteresting passes of the Allegheny ridge, to find oneself suddenly launched upon the noble expanse of the Chesapeake bay, and dashing along in a fine vessel at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

LOVE AND MOSQUITOES.

•Good night, dearest Emma—may an angel's slumber be yours!

Was the parting benediction of Jezabel Godfrey, esq., as he arose from the sofa, gently pressed a lily white hand, and bowing his graceful person into the two sides of an equilateral triangle, departed. Mr. Godfrey was by profession a Corin-

thian—a race of bipeds not very numerous in this goodly city of Cincinnati—with huge black whiskers, good phrenological bumps, and the manners of a wellbred gentleman. He loved fashionable clothes, Miss Emma's rent-roll, and *himself*, three things which so entirely filled up the little caverns of his heart, that he found it impossible to love any other object.

The fair Emma was not a beauty, nor a blue, nor a belle—neither a Di Vernon, nor a Lucy Brandon, but a right down clever, feminine, mischievous, pleasant, little sprite as ever chased a butterfly or broke a heart. Although just turned of eighteen, she had already turned off a brace of sighing swains; and, whether it was her duty and inclination to inflict the same calamity upon the star-ascendant who had just made his bow, was the allimportant question which now occupied her mind.

For some weeks previous to this time, Mr. Godfrey had been more than particular in his attentions to the lady, his love apparently waxing hotter and hotter with the increasing hot weather. The fair one, however, with that instinctive tact which pertains to her sex, coolly but kindly preserved the even tenor of her winsome way, with that provoking non-committal address, which, more gentlemen than Mr. Godfrey, we opine, have encountered, in their 'labors of love.' Bright visions, it is true, of domestic happiness, danced before her cavalier's imagination, which, ever and anon, caused him to draw his hand, with more than ordinary selfcomplacency, over his bushy whiskers; but still, he was wholly unable to recall to his mind any satisfactory evidence that he had yet penetrated the 'enamel' of his dear Emma's heart.

The night to which this narrative refers, was one of those interesting hot ones, which are of no unfrequent occurrence in the latter part of June. The fiery sun had sunk behind the western hills in all his flaming glory, tinging with a flood of crimson and purple light, the white masses of vapor which loitered far up in the depths of the blue sky, presenting one of those gorgeous sunsets for which this western world is unrivaled, and which alike defy the pencil of the painter, and the pen of the poet. Tint after tint, however, vanished from the clouds, as the bright hopes of youth disappear in the coming on of years; and, as the gray and sober hues of twilight, quietly stole upon this resplendent picture, the 'chaste, cold moon,' with her vermillion rocks, blue lakes and vine covered forests of fir, arose in the east, and imperceptibly blended her silver rays with the fading sunlight of the far-off west. At this auspicious hour—the lover's favorite hour—our Corinthian made his wonted salutatory to his beauteous Emma, as

she sat at the parlor window, watching the gray messenger clouds, which were hastening towards the east, as if to welcome the uprising of the queen of night. When the brazen tongue of the town clock proclaimed the hour of eleven, the lovers were still at the window. Emma was unconsciously picking to pieces a beautiful bunch of flowers, while he who had presented them, was saying, it is presumed, those pleasant things, which lovers are expected to say, on similar occasions. Of the precise color of the fair Emma's thoughts and feelings, at this hour, we have no special information; perhaps she could not have told herself, for such is the waywardness of the female heart, that even the sibylline leaves cannot always tell the 'moment in love, when romance just mellowed into affection, without losing any of its luxurious vagueness, mingles with the enthusiasm of its dreams, the ardent desires of reality.' Be that as it may, the moment of temporary separation had come, and a conversation, in which no doubt poetry and passion, moonshine and mosquitoes, had been strangely mingled, was ended. Our gallant knight, invoking for Emma's pillow those blissful slumbers of which we have spoken, took his departure.

The full round moon was now far up in the sky—a solitary light here and there twinkled from a window—the streets were deserted, and not a sound could be heard but the echo of the lover's footstep as he wandered, he knew not whither. He was too happy to sleep—too romantic to retire to his chamber. He walked down to the quay and made sundry ejaculations to the moonbeams which were sleeping on the waveless bosom of the placid Ohio. He strolled up Main street to the canal, and perambulated the towpath as far as the lunatic asylum, thinking alternately of Emma and his whiskers. At last he bethought him of a serenade 'neath the window of that sacred chamber in which his beloved was wont to weave and unweave

‘The rich train of her amber dropping hair.’

True, he was unable to discourse sweet music on a lute, but he could sing, and what his voice lacked in melody, he hoped to supply in pathos. Love is always impulsive, and in a few minutes Mr. Jezebel Godfrey stood beneath the window of his Emma's chamber, from which the dim light of her lamp was struggling with the light moonbeams. Why, thought Mr. Godfrey, has not that nightblooming Cereus, sought her pillow? Is she sleepless? Is she not in love? These were thoughts that came pleasantly and refreshingly upon his mind, even as the morning shower comes down upon the young corn in the thirsty month of June. For some little time after Emma and

her lover had separated, she remained at the parlor window gazing at the stars, and thinking of Mr. Godfrey. Upon retiring, she found that the chamber window was open, the room alive with mosquitoes, and that her maid had neglected to put up the 'bar' which had that morning been taken to the laundress, in whose washtub it was, peradventure, still reposing. Here was an awful state of things; for Emma had one of those fair, thin skins, of which all tastely, gourmand mosquitoes are particularly fond. She was, moreover, somewhat tenacious of her beauty—what lady is not? and the idea of having her face and hands covered with bites of these little insects was horrible—absolutely shocking. What was now to be done? She must either stand guard all night over her face, or dislodge the enemy from her tent. She resolved upon the latter. She remembered to have heard it stated by one of the lecturers in the Cincinnati Lyceum, before the demise of that institution, that the burning of aromatics would infallibly put to flight the most voracious army of mosquitoes, and she mentally thanked her stars that a love for the study of natural history had carried her to the hall of science. She accordingly took her washbowl, descended quietly to the parlor, emptied a decanter of 'old Monongahela' into it—her father was not a member of the temperance society—then sought the medicine chest in the storeroom, and added a goodly portion of essences, among which, by mistake, she poured in a few ounces of castor oil, and a phial of tincture of assafoetida. She found a bunch of dried pennyroyal—her mother was quite a believer in the efficacy of herbs, if not in the 'botanic system' of medicine; and this, the prudent Emma, crumbled between her taper fingers, and dropped into the bowl. Thus fortified, with a compound worthy the cauldron of Hecate, the valiant girl again sought her chamber, resolutely bent upon a war of extermination against her bloodthirsty enemies. She placed the bowl upon the washstand, and touched the oleaginous mixture with the lamp. Instantly a low blue flame spread over the surface of the liquids, from which arose a wreathed column of odoriferous and nauseating smoke. Gradually the flame mounted higher and higher, and the odor of the burning compound became more and more offensive. The flames seemed likely to endanger the house—the smoke was producing a deadly sickness, when, at last, the frightened Emma seized the bowl, and turning quickly to the window, poured out the blazing contents, which coming in contact with the air, instantly ignited throughout, and fell in a glowing sheet of flame. This, most unfortunately, occurred at the precise moment when the serenading lover, with eyes up-

turned and mouth wide open, was giving melodious articulation to the lines—

‘Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes.’

He saw, it is true, the fiery stream, as it emerged from the window, but mistaking it for the purple light of love, he ‘stood stock still,’ until he was enveloped in a sheet of liquid flame. The note of song was suddenly changed to a loud shriek of agony, as our blazing Corinthian, fiercely pursued by the old watch dog, shot like a meteor through the rose-bushes and beanpoles of the garden, leaving in his wake a lambent streak of flame.

The half-suffocated Emma, alarmed at the fearful cry of distress that arose from beneath her window, stood gazing for a minute at the retreating apparition; but concluding that her burning aromatics had fortunately startled a thief, she closed the shutters, and boldly braving the martial music of the murderous mosquitoes, reclined her rosy cheek upon the pillow.

Early next morning the tonsorial apparatus of Mr. Caleb Lingo removed the last vestige of the singed serenader’s expanded whiskers; and, thus shorn of these cherished ornaments, he passed up to the Cincinnati eye infirmary, for an operation upon his opthalmic organs.

The torch of hymen now lights the pathway of Emma, but Jezebel Godfrey, esq. still wanders in

‘Bachelor meditation fancy free.’

MR. CLAYTON.

THE recent exploit of this intrepid æronaut, when added to his former achievements, places him among the remarkable men of his day. He has shown himself to be possessed of science and mechanical ingenuity—with the enterprize necessary to carry out his conceptions, and the courage to persevere in their execution. Thus far he has been more successful than any of his predecessors; his first voyage is the longest on record, and his late descent, after the explosion of his balloon, the most remarkable.

We make these remarks, not to encourage a further prosecution of these dangerous excursions, or to give our suffrage in favor of that which we cannot but consider an useless expenditure of time and money. We should rather see the

talents of Mr. Clayton, which are certainly of a high order—his undaunted perseverance and contempt of peril, devoted to some purpose more practically beneficial than that in which he is engaged. A balloon ascension occasionally, is well enough. The exhibition of the experiment—the application of those laws of nature which are necessary to its successful result, induce reflection and lead to study. It is gratifying, too, to see such assemblages as those that witnessed with delight and wonder the beautiful spectacles presented by the ascensions of the ‘*Star of the West*,’ from this city. A gay and innocent gathering together of the people, of all ranks and ages, is productive of good effects. It produces an intercourse, which though momentary, is of salutary effect—a mingling, an interchange of civility, a collision of those who seldom meet, and a mutuality of enjoyment, which leave agreeable associations upon the mind, and cause us to remember each other with kindness. Few who saw the sight will soon forget the impression made on the occasions to which we refer—the brightness of the day, the clear and calm sunshine, the multitudes that crowded the streets, and thronged the windows and roofs of the surrounding houses, the orderly deportment of that multitude—the excitement, the expectation, the cheerfulness—all combined, were calculated to produce an exquisite sensation of enjoyment—and the burst of delight which broke forth in loud acclamation, when the graceful vessel of silk was launched into its element, and rose swiftly and majestically into those regions, to which man can only ascend as a daring intruder, evinced the intense admiration which attended the successful climax. A man becomes a better citizen by witnessing such scenes. He loves his country and his fellow-creatures more, after beholding such a community of feeling, and seeing for himself that the natural impulses of the human heart are alike in all—that all around him share the pleasurable emotions of his own bosom. The inducements to selfishness require to be thus occasionally counteracted—the separate circles of business and enjoyment to be broken up—the cells of privacy to be thrown open—the haunts of avarice, and the dreams of selfesteem to be abandoned, and the whole mass of human beings brought into juxtaposition, and placed together upon a common plane of observation.

We love to see such spectacles occasionally exhibited, and such intercourse promoted; we think them salutary: but then we have no disposition to encourage the repetition of the enjoyment, at the hazard of Mr. Clayton’s neck. His life is too valuable to be risked unnecessarily for the public amusement.

The recent catastrophe at Lexington should admonish him to caution. When a man, whose object is fame, has attained the prize, he should beware how he tempts his fate, and exposes the littleness of human power by passing the limits of probable success, and persisting in the pursuit of difficult achievement until prostrated by defeat. The fate of Charles XII., and of Napoleon, are splendid examples of the sequel of inordinate ambition.

The voyage of Clayton from Cincinnati to the Allegheny mountains was so surprising, that the account was received in distant cities with incredulity. Even recently we were asked by intelligent persons east of the mountains, whether there was any certain proof that he had really performed what was asserted? To those who know Clayton, his own word is sufficient—to those who have carefully read his narrative, and compared it with the configuration of the country over which he passed, the internal evidence is ample—but the positive testimony of those who saw him at different points is conclusive.

Having published that narrative, and given subsequently an able article from the pen of one of our most accomplished scholars, on Aerial Navigation, we propose now to insert Mr. Clayton's report of his recent ascension from Lexington, in order that our volumes may comprise a valuable collection of facts on this interesting subject, for future reference.

'The "Star of the West," on the day proposed for the ascension, appeared in her full and beautiful form, ready and anxious, one would have supposed, from the violent manner which she strained the cords which bound her to the earth, to be launched into her element. Owing to the amphitheatre not being so well filled as it should have been considering my enormous expenses, I delayed the ascension one hour. At five o'clock precisely I took my station in my aerial bark, for the fourth time, and at eight minutes after five, I bid farewell to the gay scene that surrounded me, and darted into the atmosphere, or apparently the earth fell from my feet, and in a few moments, Lexington, with her splendid mansions and streets, decorated with trees, and the surrounding fertile and garden-like country interspersed with towns, country seats and cottages, were all within my gaze, and the whole formed a scene truly enchanting.

'When the barometer had fallen to $26\frac{5}{16}$ inches, I cut loose the parachute, which contained a small dog; it soon opened, and I saw it pass a little northeast of Ashland, (the residence of the hon. Henry Clay.) I was desirous to know at what altitude I should lose sight of the spectators. When at an altitude

of three-quarters of a mile, they, and also the cattle in the fields, shrunk to insect size, but it was difficult to ascertain at what altitude they disappeared.

‘The earth now appeared like a vast painted map, the colors of which were not designating counties and states, but the produce of soil, and the fruit of industry—the meadows—grazing land—the corn and hemp fields—the orchards and woods—all differing in color or shade. In a short time a vapor appeared to ascend from the earth, and to form itself into thick clouds beneath me. Eighteen minutes after five, I passed into a dense cloud, and for a few moments was enveloped in mist, and the earth was concealed from my view. On approaching its surface, in front of me, another mountain-shape cloud, and on its side a perfect shadow of my balloon, with the car, the cords and myself plainly represented. I waved my banner as if to salute my companion—the compliment was returned.

‘Twenty-three minutes after five the barometer, 20 inches, thermometer 25 degrees, course southeast, rate, one mile in two minutes. Twenty-eight minutes after five, when at an altitude of two miles, I discovered that the gas had completely filled my balloon, and that the neck had become entangled between the cords by which I was suspended, and prevented the surplus gas from escaping, and secured the valve cord, so that I could not open the valve. I immediately busied myself in liberating the valve cord, and while in the act of doing this, the neck and cord were snatched with violence from me; the whole upper surface of the balloon burst open, with a tremendous noise, and I and the whole fabric fell about two or three hundred feet, with the velocity of a stone. The rapid descent was then somewhat checked, and now the most critical moment of my life was at hand, and one that required calmness, presence of mind and activity, for an awful scene presented itself.

‘The lower part of the balloon, by the violent resistance of the atmosphere in descending, had been pressed against the upper surface of the network, and formed a *parachute* of about twenty-six feet in diameter; but through the centre of this imperfect parachute, I could behold the naked valve and the small meshes of the net, and a great portion of the silk on each side, which formed the resisting surface, being in ribands, dashing from side to side, and producing a noise like the shattered sails of a ship in a tempest. This hurricane noise was not produced alone by the rapid descent, but by the violent oscillatory and rotatory motion of my car. At one moment I appeared almost in a horizontal line with the parachute, and

then I was dashed through the atmosphere to a level on the opposite side; thus performing an arc of nearly a semicircle, the radius of which was nearly fifty feet, and at the same time, I and my car whirling with sickening velocity. While in this situation I succeeded in dashing overboard nearly all my bags of ballast, which weighed about eighty pounds. In four minutes I descended about a mile, and reached the region of dense clouds. At this time I untied the upper end of my cable, and held it in my hands; threw overboard my anchor, and allowed it to swing at the full length of the rope, (one hundred and fifty feet); it was thrown at every vibration far above the level of my car. On passing beneath the clouds, I saw the town of Athens a little to the south of me. In five minutes more I reached the ground and received a pretty severe shock, but sustained no injury worth mentioning. The whole balloon and parachute was instantly flat upon the ground, a mass of ribbands.

‘A few dark faces (negroes) appeared at a short distance from me, with their hands stretched out and screaming, almost frightened to death at the huge machine that came whirling over their heads, and still more were they frightened when they saw me spring out of it.

‘The spot on which I fell was the farm of Thomas A. Jones, esq., Clark county, fifteen miles in a southeast direction from Lexington, four or five miles south of the Winchester road, and one mile and a half from ‘Comb’s ferry,’ Kentucky river. Mr. Jones and several of his neighbors came and politely offered their assistance in packing up the remains of the ‘Star of the West.’ I was welcomed to the house of Mr. Jones, received every kind attention, and by him was provided with a conveyance to Lexington. To him, to his neighbors who assisted me, to the mayor of Lexington, to those persons who assisted me previous to my ascension, and to the ladies and gentlemen who honored me with their presence and patronage, I embrace this opportunity of expressing my grateful feelings, and of acknowledging my obligations.

‘R. CLAYTON.

‘*Lexington, Aug. 24.*’

Although we would discourage any further adventure of life in these perilous voyages, under the impression that little improvement can be made upon past exploits and discoveries; yet we should be far from holding such language, should any reasonable prospect be offered that ballooning may be made useful to mankind. If, for instance, Mr. Clayton will undertake to prosecute a voyage to the newly discovered regions

in the moon, and open a correspondence between its amiable inhabitants, and those of our own globe, we will back him against a world of infidels. If he will only satisfy the public of the practicability of such an enterprize—and there are no physical impossibilities in the way, greater than those which Dr. Herschell is supposed to have overcome—he may easily engage the services of a few schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, from a neighboring part of our continent, who, for the purpose of *doing good*, would *make sacrifices*, in order to teach our language to the benighted people of that strange land. They could practise there the same public spirit which has directed their benevolent efforts in other savage lands—instruct the poor lunatic heathen how to erect splendid dwellings, and magnificent churches, and furnish them with the best lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, and divines. They could teach them many thrifty handicrafts, which now distinguish the ingenious people to whom we allude, and which they esteem it a privilege to exercise for the good of their brethren of all colors throughout the globe—and their own emolument. Excellent books might be prepared for the instruction of the lunarians, under the direction of disinterested publishing committees—furnished them at less than cost, and paid for in such a way that the money would never be missed—by any but those who paid it—nor even noticed, except by the charitable and deserving few who would become enriched by the operation. Emigrating societies might be established, for the sole purpose of benefiting the lunarians, by engrafting a better population upon them, who would teach them to cut off their wings, and ride ‘as worldlings do,’ in chaises and locomotives. Their language doubtless needs to be corrected; their morals to be conformed to a newer school, and their uneducated vices submitted to the pruning knife of moral ability. Bless the people in the moon, how they would stare! What admiration would be theirs if a goodly company of demure young men and maidens should land on their shore, and say to them—‘We come not out of curiosity to see your beautiful country, nor to enjoy the fatness thereof, but to do you good. We have made great sacrifices to come here. We come of poor hardworking parents, and have consented to be educated and clad at the public expense for your good, oh people of the moon. We will teach you to forget what you know, and to learn the knowledge of our fathers. Heretofore you have lived and died happy in your ignorance, thankful to God as the giver of all you possessed; but we will teach you the great doctrine of human ability, whereby you shall learn to become the artificers of your own happiness. Gather ye into the

schoolhouse and we will teach ye; knowledge is virtue—provided it be learned out of *our* books. Your tongue is rude, your manners are vile, your costumes are abominable. Hie ye to the schoolhouse; learn to read and write, and all else shall be added; nor will that suffice; let your young men be married to these maidens; let the loveliest of your virgins bestow themselves in wedlock upon these excellent young men. Give them freely of your lands, your buffaloes, and your unicorns, that their ribs may be covered with fat, and their faces with smiles—so that when they write an account of all they have done and suffered, they may say how grateful you ought to be to them for consenting to share the fat of your land.'

A communication established with the moon might lead to some valuable results. We should learn whether she is made of green cheese as hath long been supposed, and whether the man in the moon, who had been thought to exercise so great an influence upon certain operations of nature in our planet, is a real or a fictitious personage. We might discover the mysterious reasons of the potent agency which that glorious orb exercises on the operations of planting and the germination of seeds, the setting of fence-rows, and the weaning of children. And we might ascertain how far the lunarian rays are chargeable with the hallucinations of those who periodicaly forget the little scraps of knowledge which were laboriously flogged into them in the best schools in the world, and fancy themselves more learned, acute, ingenious, and enterprising, than all the rest of mankind.

Good luck to the moon! much amusement hath she caused us in this dirty sphere of our own! Where would have been our poets, our inventers of patent machines, our gimcrack philosophers, if she had not kindly lighted up the distempered intellects of sentimental imbecility, and filled with vague dreams and shapeless forms, the brains where else there would only have been the twilight glimmering of a latent instinct? How much of all that is said and sung on earth is mere moonshine. Listen to the nightingale, or hear the tuneful mocking bird, pouring forth her delightful strains from among the branches of a tall tree, throughout the livelong night—the genial influence of the moon hath awakened them to a pensive though luxurious joy, and inspired them with song. The groves are vocal, and the garret windows are garrulous of rhyme. The whippoorwill, the tree frog, the cricket, and the poetaster, all feel the genial influence of the chaste luminary of the night. The humming insect will bite you if you listen not to his serenade, and he will bite you whether you listen or not—and the rhymer will sting you if you list not to the

euphonious vibrations of his tiny harp. But why do these delicate creatures love to waft their strains upon the midnight air? Why do they bay the moon who cannot hear them, and the stars who answer them not? Why are they awake when all honest creatures are sleeping? Verily they love to hear themselves sing—and they have their reward.

Good luck to the moon! She is the friend of lovers, and of gentle souls who delight in meditation. Do you gaze with admiration on the face of nature? How graceful are its features, when the moonbeams repose upon the hill sides, lighting them up with a chaste radiance, and throwing dim and dusky shadows into the vale. Then walketh forth the lover, whispering vows of devotion into the delighted ear of the blushing maiden. Blushing, peradventure—for she is looking down, and the protruding eaves of the bonnet throw a shadow over the love-breathing features of the fair listener, and perhaps she may be laughing at the nonsensical raptures of the enamoured swain. What tales the man in the moon could tell! The wolf is abroad, the owl is abroad, the maker of stanzas is in a broad ecstasy, and the reader of the same in a broad grin—the moon looketh down upon them all.

Is there a depository in the moon, of things lost upon earth, as hath been shrewdly imagined? Has Dr. Herschell, among other discoveries of less importance, found the treasury of lost things. One of our neighbors hath lost his wits, and another his decency—some have lost horses and watches, and many have lost their tempers—we have lost several subscribers lately because of our heresy on the subjects of abolition and catholicism, and what is worse, we have lost what they owed us—Tristram Burgess has lost his election, Dr. Herschell has lost sight of the moon, the Sun has lost credit by the late hoax, and we have lost a manuscript that would have been greatly edifying to the public—and we feel a great desire to expose the perpetrator of the theft. Suspicion rests upon an editor and three lawyers. If either of them will disclose his name, and the clandestine proceedings which attended the outrage, we promise him our forgiveness, with an admonition, tenderly administered as is our wont, upon the indecorum of surreptitiously ransacking our unpublished documents, of prying into our private concerns during our absence from home, and of taking and carrying away, without our leave or knowledge, an article of our proper goods and chattels.

HISTORICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SKETCHES OF MICHIGAN, comprising a series of discourses delivered before the Historical Society of Michigan, and other papers relative to the Territory. Detroit, 1834.

THE muse of history will found her grandest monument in the new world; and although the stones of the structure may not be equal in size or beauty, every one, from whatever district of its immense extent, will be valuable, all imperishable. The period may be very remote, many generations succeed and perish before the minister arises for whom this task is reserved; yet the day must dawn, and the genius stand forth, that are to witness and to execute it. In some respects, its like has never appeared upon the earth; in amplitude, in interest, but more than all, in the completeness of the record, perhaps because the last, it will be the first of annals, and must assert that rank till a much later era shall furnish greater facilities, and a more careful page to the historian. To preserve all the materials out of which it can be wrought, is an obligation laid on every American citizen; and as many of them are to be gathered from the realms of the west, it is here a patriot's duty to guard the common stock he inherits, as much as to increase that inheritance by actions worthy of his privilege and his country. Minds of suitable capacity should continually explore the past, as well as observe the present, that no fact worthy of remembrance shall be lost to posterity. We need not describe the objects of attention, they are so prominent that they force themselves on every investigator whose capacity is commensurate with the work. For a season, we were of the number who supposed that the lapse of time, unobstructed by an indifference which seemed to prevail on the subject, would efface many precious memorials of what has been discovered and achieved in this wonderful region. We saw the actors of its scenes leaving no sign upon the stage they left in that sad succession which becomes wider and more rapid as the survivors diminish. A natural fear fell upon us least much had irretrievably perished; and we joined earnestly in the exclamation that vigilance would seek, and industry save, what might remain. There is reason to think that the combination has been silently at work, and for a long period of successful operation responding adequately to the public sentiment. Individuals have done much, and associations have emulated them, in collecting and recording the adventures of the pioneer, and the sum of his narrative about the rude race whose destiny it was to fall beneath his blows. The result may not glut curiosity, nor perhaps even satisfy laudable research, but it is full enough for the philosopher, and

perhaps minute enough for the antiquarian. More has been lost from the department of biography than of history.

The volume standing at the head of this article is a proof of our last assertion, besides being of the first importance as a branch of western history. It gives us much that is valuable and accurate, connected with the civilized settlement of the interesting section of country nearest our great lakes, and its progress and fortunes till within a very recent period. From the preface, it appears that the four discourses of which it is composed, were delivered in an annual series before the Historical Society of Michigan, the object of which is indicated by its name. They were commenced in 1829, by the present secretary at war, (Mr. Cass) and terminated by the president of the late territorial convention, which has so emphatically appealed to the people of the United States on the boundary difficulties with our own state. The two intermediate discourses are by Messrs. Schoolcraft and Whiting. Since 1832, the series has been discontinued, though much remains to be presented before the original design of the society shall have been answered. We trust that when the present crisis shall have expended its force, the succeeding calm will be more profitably occupied than the antecedent interval. We wish very much to see a complete history of that region, as well as of the whole northwest; and shall not be at all satisfied except it be both undertaken and finished. We have abundant proof that the ability and the means are at command, and we demand the end at the hands of one of the very competent gentlemen whose names we have mentioned, or some other qualified person. Meanwhile we hope the energies of the historical society will not lie dormant; but that emulating previous example, individuals will be found to perfect what has been so creditably begun, or to add, if possible, new interest to the topics which have been treated.

Mr. Schoolcraft's lecture is a history of the Lake Indians, comprising views of their customs, institutions, character and destinies, as well as speculations upon their origin, with some account of their early intestine wars.

Secretary Cass commences with the colonizing of the lake region by the French, just three centuries ago, who bore with them the crucifix as well as their national standard, and sought to christianize and colonize the unknown shores of its inhospitable waters. He relates their perilous enterprises among the aborigines, and the overthrow of their paternal authority over the latter, by the sterner rule of Great Britain. The struggles of this nation with the native tribes, as well as with the united colonies, down to our revolution, terminates his re-

marks, which are interspersed with some Indian biography of the most admirable fidelity and justice.

Major Whiting takes up the military history of the territory, where it was left by Mr. Cass, and pursues it from the epoch of 1783, to the close of the last war.

Major Biddle gives us some political statistics of Michigan, since possession of the country was yielded to the United States in 1796. He likewise treats of two or three incidental subjects—the disposition of the public lands; the extinction of the Indian title within the territory; the lead mining district east of the Mississippi; and closes his very well written paper with a survey of the resources of Michigan, and the prospect of her consequence as a state of the Union. Appended to these documents are some contributions from Mr. Schoolcraft, on their natural history and geology; and an article by Major Whiting, originally published in Silliman's Journal, discussing the question of lunar attraction upon the great lakes; all which are of considerable ability, and deserve mention as well as perusal.

All that is wanting to make the book a very good history of Michigan, is a fuller narrative of the manner in which the legislative, judicial and executive departments of its governments have been administered, and of the successive changes which they have undergone from the action of congress and the course of events. Though perhaps it may be thought that this is not the most impartial moment for such an undertaking; it is our purpose to present a hasty sketch of the very rich entertainment we have derived from the volume to which we have introduced the readers of the Magazine. We take no adverse counsel of circumstances in this resolution. Though we do take sides upon the dispute which is now setting Ohio and Michigan in a blaze, that shall not prevent the dispassionate criticism, and the candid praise, of the triumphs of our opponents as literary men, and ornaments of the republic of letters. We have no design in directing with our feeble pen the attention of our fellow-citizens to an examination of the labors of those gentlemen, to avail ourselves of what might be thought a favorable occasion to disparage their merits. Even on the field, if fate should decree that we should meet under hostile banners, we could not lose that high regard for talents and usefulness such as theirs, which neither passion nor danger, nor what is more, the conviction of their being in grievous error, could wholly overcome. In our closets we refuse to see them under any other than the most favorable light, and will be governed by a deliberate fairness even should we, as we may conclude to do, say a word or two

in favor of ourselves, on the vexed, inflammatory, question to which allusion has been made.

What this volume contains on the subject of Indian origin, is from the pens of Messrs. Cass and Schoolcraft, who differ in their conclusions. The former quotes the general belief that it must be derived from the plains of Asia, among the Tartar hordes, and the latter dissents from this opinion without suggesting any hypothesis of his own. Cartier, the French pioneer found, when he ascended the St. Lawrence in 1535, two great nations in the ascendant, the Iroquois and the Algonquins, both located on that stupendous artery of northern America, and throughout the icy latitudes towards the Arctic circle. To fortify himself against the animosities of the former, he effected an alliance of intimacy and excellent faith with the latter, which was afterwards cemented by intermarriage and good offices. Even after the subjugation of both races by Great Britain, and when she occupied what had become their common country, the Indians bore grateful testimony to their first benefactors; men whose purity, affection, and integrity towards them, will take conspicuous rank upon the page of the martyrologist, as well as the historian. But we shall chiefly speak of a later period when, upon the ruins of aboriginal power, were erected the governments of England, and the United States, her successor. We cannot, however, leave the contemplation of those chivalrous tribes for a moment, without expressing our coincidence in the painful conclusion of Mr. Schoolcraft, that they must decline; and (to quote his eloquent language) 'not so much from the want of external sympathy, as from their falling under the operation of a general principle, which spares neither white nor red man, but inevitably dooms all, who will not labor, to suffering and want. Accustomed to live on game, they cannot resolutely make up their minds to turn agriculturists, or shepherds, or mechanics; they have outlived the true hunter state of the country, yet adhere, with a fatal pertinacity, to the maxims of a wandering life. They pursue their intestine feuds with as determined a rancor as if they still had ample stores of animal food, and unbounded ranges of territory to flee to. They cannot be persuaded that there is any better mode of living than that pursued by their forefathers; or any species of freedom superior to the state of savage independence. This is the whole mystery of their decline; however other secondary causes may have hastened, and may still accelerate it.' We are sorry to add that we are almost in dread of their final extinction; though as a conscientious people, to whom provision for the native tribes is a stern duty, we are bound

to avert that event. 'Let us fulfil the expectations of justice and humanity. But let us fulfil them towards this noble and persecuted race with the understanding as well as with the heart; neither leaving them to struggle unaided against the evils of their situation, nor running the hazard, by attempting violent and sudden changes in their society and institutions, of plunging them still deeper in misfortunes.'

Champlain was the founder of permanent French sovereignty in America, as Cartier was its pioneer, and devoted himself to the glory of his native country, and the conquest and melioration of the savages with unexampled heroism and perseverance, for twenty years of the commencement of the seventeenth century.

Quebec was founded in 1625, and it was fifty years before the French crossed the country to prosecute a discovery of the Mississippi, then to them, a traditionary river; and the full completion of which was accomplished by the gifted and cultivated Robert de la Salle, a man of whom it has been well remarked, that he graced his place upon the illustrious catalogue of discoverers commencing with Columbus, and terminating with Parry and Franklin. La Salle descended the father of waters, till his current set into the gulf of Mexico, having traversed his whole extent. Enlightened by the incidents of this expedition, the French government conceived the project of a *cordon* of posts from Quebec, along the lakes and rivers to the delta of the Mississippi, to overawe the Indians, confine its British rival, and monopolize the trade in furs. The first public act in the life of Washington was a mission of remonstrance to the commanding officer of the French posts on the Ohio and Allegheny. Although this formidable plan was never completed, yet its commencement gave the paramount influence among the various tribes to France. That kingdom had its forts and depots as far north as Green Bay, and south to Peoria and Fort Chartres; and its contest for supremacy over England was for a time secured by a great council convened at Montreal, in which the most powerful aboriginal nations were represented by their chiefs, and which was attended by the governor general, and all the minor dignitaries of the embryo province. The negotiations were conducted courageously and ingeniously on the part of the latter, and with a characteristic ability and sagacity by the former. During their progress, the whole policy of French intercourse was considered, and the wants and injuries of the Indians were made known, as well as their decided jealousy of the whites. But the council ended in the extortion of a liberty to lay the foundations of Detroit in 1701; from which

time commences the history of the peninsula of Michigan and of its capital city, whose century and a quarter of existence has been sufficiently remarkable. 'Five times its flag has changed; three different sovereignties have claimed its allegiance, and since it has been held by the United States, its government has been thrice transferred; twice it has been besieged by the Indians, once captured in war, and once burned to the ground!'

For the first twenty years the dissatisfied tribes made many efforts to storm Detroit, and to distress and massacre its inhabitants. Up to 1763, when the town was finally ceded to the British by France, nothing certain is known of its annals. The French posts of less importance shared its fate, and passed into the conqueror's possession, to be employed in the same service they had rendered their original masters. But the spirit of disaffection on the part of the natives soon made itself manifest, and proved that the successors of the French occupied their position, without widening their influence. From the ferment arose one of those leading minds, which are the natural offspring of momentous times; and Indian valor, selfdevotion, sagacity, and magnanimity, united with much more than their proverbial insinuation as a match for civilized men in council, were nobly embodied in Pontiac. He divides with the famous Tecumseh the honor of confederating vast and distant forces for the destruction of a common enemy; an enterprize demanding for its conception the most capacious intellect, and for them, surrounded by every obstacle to appal, as well as to oppose, a prodigious achievement. The circumstance of being Pontiac's successor in so grand a design, dims the more stupendous glory of Tecumseh. To judge of either by their limited educations, the barbarism and debasement of their instruments, and the fierce intractable dispositions of the rival chiefs, is to be convinced that their ill success even, places them side by side with the most fortunate conquerors of any other age. Pontiac matured his plan of subjugating the foreign domination which overhung his empire, and disclosed it to his compeers and warriors in a manner marking the projector as a master-spirit. He imbued them with his own unconquerable and indignant revenge, and when they had consented to execute his purpose of vengeance, led them to the points of attack with a consummate art and discipline very unfrequent, under the best auspices, in martial operations.

The manœuvre by which Detroit was to have been captured under the immediate direction of Pontiac, had been betrayed to the intended victims of his policy, and he was con-

demned to witness the only failure which awaited his widespread scheme of conquest. Of all the posts besieged by his forces, Detroit alone escaped, after having been closely pressed by the Indians for more than two months, when the siege was raised upon the arrival of captain Dalyell, an aid-de-camp of the British commander-in-chief, who was despatched by his superior to hoist the flag of his country at the station in pursuance of the cession made by France, early in 1683. Many bloody and disastrous attempts had been made prior to that period for the relief of the garrison, in which the wily savage was always victorious, and of course always sanguinary. The English captain resolved that he should not retire unchastised, and made immediate pursuit; but the expedition proved anything but fortunate, as many soldiers and officers perished. The Indians dispersed, and soon afterwards general Bradstreet reached Detroit with three thousand regular troops. The great disturber of the country's peace, Pontiac, turned his face towards the setting sun, not perhaps deeming that his own was soon to sink ignobly in obscurity and blood. As if to mock, it may be, to rebuke, the splendor of his meridian, his life was terminated by the malice of a nameless assassin. Immediate and exterminating war was made on the tribe of the dastard, by the faithful followers of the great Ottawa chief, who still reverence his memory, as do superior men of all nations, and whose deeds from an association with his name, will live forever.

The British government appears to have done little to improve the country. It was looked to by those in office as a mere tributary of wealth, and the safer but arduous and moderately profitable labors of agriculture, were sacrificed to the rich and immediate returns of trade, for Indian peltries and other exchanges. For several years, and until the breaking out of our revolution, such was the condition of affairs; peace had but one art—traffic, and but one object—money. Upon the ushering in of the great event, 'so dear to every true American heart,' the *mother country* stimulated to rapine, and conflagration, and massacre, the vulturous appetite of the victim-seeking savages. The far-distant domain of British influence and authority throughout the frozen lakes was exhausted of its ruthless warriors, and their nerves were animated, and their bosoms steeled, by the iniquitous ally. The active employment of Indian force became a favorite object of British statesmen; and Detroit, from its position, and from the associations of the tribes, was the controlling centre of rendezvous, where parties were organized and equipped, and whence they laid waste our frontier, and perpetrated those

deeds of carnage, which have at once the wildness of romance, and the deepest dye of tragedy.

The descent of captain Byrd upon the interior settlements of Kentucky, which was abundantly disgraced by indiscriminate slaughter of the defenceless, as well as men in arms, forms a bloody page of the history of the era. The expedition of Gen. George Rogers Clark, which resulted in the capitulation of the English detachment at Vincennes, though succored by governor Hamilton with some troops from Detroit, on the other hand, was an illustrious exhibition of Virginia hardihood and chivalry.

The revolution terminated, and our independence was recognized by the treaty of 1783, which included Michigan within the boundaries of the United States. Difficulties however arose, concerning the surrender of the posts, which continued in the possession of Great Britain, several years longer. An Indian war, or rather succession of wars, was the consequence. Harmar, St. Clair, and general Wayne, led these expeditions under the authority of congress, to quell the British and Indians, who not only occupied our border, but harassed its inhabitants. Imminent disaster discrowned the two first of these commanders, and led to a sequel at once mournful and humiliating. We pass them by without blame, because it may be that there was no cause of reproach; and without feelings of asperity, because such are always lavished on adversity, too often with sore injustice.

Of general Wayne's campaign, some notice is seasonable and necessary. That officer took the field in 1793, but went into winter quarters after erecting one or two forts, and opening roads. On the 4th of July in the next year he began his march from Fort Recovery upon the Indian trail; built Fort Adams at St. Marys, and Defiance at the confluence of the Maumee and Auglaise. Near the rapids of the Maumee, and beneath the walls of the British post, the general made battle with his army of three thousand men, upon an equal force of savages, routed them and devastated the dwellings and improvements in the vicinity belonging to the enemy. The garrison of the fort held no intercourse with the Indians, and beheld their overthrow without apparent concern. After this great engagement, other hostilities were carried on with uniform success, until the Greenville treaty in August, 1795, between general Wayne and his adversaries, which ceded all the English and French grants to the United States. The pacific disposition of Great Britain, as manifested by the result of Mr. Jay's negociation with that country, leaving no further hope of her cooperation, disposed them to peace.

The dominion of Michigan was actually transferred in June, 1796, when captain Porter displayed the American flag at Detroit, which had been just evacuated by the British. Simultaneously with its change of masters there was a corresponding change of laws; and with the possession of the territory was introduced throughout its limits the provisions of the celebrated congressional ordinance passed nine years before. Arthur St. Clair, who then was governor of the north-west territory, became *ex officio* the first American chief magistrate of Michigan. Her helpless infancy, under the administration of governor Hull, was no more disturbed, until the inauspicious events of 1812, when she became the first victim of the war declared by the United States against England. Congress appointed him a brigadier-general in addition to his gubernatorial rank, with a full reliance on his ability to protect the people of his government from any inroad, savage or disciplined. He did not realize that expectation, but covered himself on the contrary with disgrace, and his country with shame. From Detroit he passed into Canada, to hold inglorious possession of it for one month. Every movement he made was only an increase of folly and embarrassment. Within striking distance of Malden, which he might readily have subdued, he dallied till the very enterprising and gallant Brock came to its relief, when he recrossed the river Detroit without an action, and abandoned Canada. The latter made instant pursuit of his flying foe, and upon coming to the opposite bank of the river, a wide and impetuous stream, he demanded the surrender of his very numerous army, and important post. The summons was a gasconade, and would have been so considered by any man of military genius. More, it is presumed, in obedience to the officers under him, than any impulse of his own, general Hull refused to capitulate; and Brock forthwith opened a cannonade upon his stronghold, intended not to take effect upon it, but to conceal the passage of the dividing river one or two miles below the scene of combat. This movement he effected early in the morning, crossing in column with a force which any opposition under the circumstances, must have crushed. It consisted, upon an impartial computation, of a thousand men—Indians, and militia, and regulars, all told. At daylight general Hull's aid crossed to the ground Brock had just left, with a flag of truce; the panic having struck into the heart of his superior in rank, even before Brock's last bold manœuvre was known. Of this inevitable mark of cowardice the latter made immediate use. He peremptorily inquired what was meant by the flag? and upon his messenger's returning the expected answer, he pro-

ceeded to open negotiations with Hull, which soon terminated in the surrender of his own troops, and other detachments in the neighborhood of Detroit, contrary to earnest advice, almost rising to the note of remonstrance, from all his subordinate officers. It has been urged in his vindication, that there was great lethargy and imbecility in the department of war, which crippled his operations; but that statement only enhances, without dividing, the infamy of all concerned. Neither the difficulties of his march to Detroit in the first instance, nor the want of naval cooperation on Lake Erie, exculpates him from the contempt of every unbiassed mind. The fact is, that the British general frightened him into guilt, by his greater daring and consummate military and diplomatic skill; which, in conflict with a spirit equal to his own, had produced widely different effects. Brock's valor, his intellect, and his brilliant victories in his country's service, deserve most truly that commanding monument to his memory which her gratitude erected over his remains on the iron shore of the Canadas, overlooking Niagara, and towering above its roar into the region of the clouds.

Hull never retrieved his honor, although a pitying public sought to remove the stigma which was its shroud. His errors have been forgiven, but it was a bounty to pardon that for which there was no apology, and could be no atonement.

During the fall and winter succeeding these events, another military actor appeared upon the same stage, whose deeds of prowess needed not the light of contrast such as illuminated them, to attract all eyes, and take their places on the brightest pages of our early history. We allude to that gentleman, who with the recommendation of fidelity and vigor in every station, has served the cause of the rising west so long and so differently at the various epochs of her civil and martial career, from his youth upwards, and now is called by those he defended and nurtured through many interesting crises, to reap his reward, and crown the fulness of his years and honors in adorning the highest office of the republic, GENERAL WILLIAM H. HARRISON. He had previously achieved much in Wayne's campaign, and after the death of that hero, while he was governor of Indiana, had signally distinguished himself by the repulse of Tecumseh, with the flower of his warriors, in several sanguinary engagements. Laurels were growing for him also on the margin of the lakes, towards which, immediately after the last disaster occasioned by general Hull's fatal system of measures at Chicago, he took up his march. Under his more propitious fortune, success again revisited the American arms. By a series of original and admirable move-

ments, he swept the northern frontier of Ohio of the enemy, and restored security to the inhabitants. It is not proposed to detail his operations south of the lakes, not because they are not of the first importance in themselves, but for two other sufficient reasons. They did not so materially influence the condition of Michigan, as those of which we have given a hurried account; and also because the reader may find them at some length in previous numbers of this Magazine.* It was when the brilliant victory of commodore Perry, and the surrender of the British fleet on Lake Erie, had opened a communication to the Canada shore, that general Harrison was enabled to drive the Indians completely out of the north-west territory. With the battle of the Moravian towns its tranquillity returned, and an armistice with the Indians immediately following, made it permanent. General Harrison soon afterwards withdrew his army towards Niagara, and left general Cass in command at Detroit, having conferred upon the country he was called to defend a service, for which present praise should greet him, and for which posterity will certainly rise up and do him honor.

The interruption of the civil government of Michigan, which happened when Hull was made prisoner, now ceased by the appointment of general Cass, governor of the territory. Its institutions were forthwith reorganized, and the operation of the laws under him and his successor has been, till within a very recent period, perfectly harmonious. Having carried forward its military history as far as the means at hand, and our inability to do the subject any justice would permit, we will accompany Mr. Biddle in his remarks upon its political changes, running rapidly from a comparatively early day, down to our times.

The first French commandants exercised civil jurisdiction no doubt in forms quite summary, and most conveniently indefinite over their respective neighborhoods. Upon the surrender of Detroit by Great Britain, whose unquiet position on the continent in the outset, made martial law supersede more temperate equity, Michigan became a part of the north-west territory, which was then in what was called the first stages of government under the ordinance of 1787. In 1798, under the denomination of the county of Wayne, she assumed the second form of territorial government, and sent a representative to the general assembly at Chillicothe; upon which occasion, it is presumed, the right of suffrage, that badge of freedom and order, was first exercised by her citizens. Indiana was made a distinct territory embracing the country west of

* See the numbers for February, March, and April.

the present state of Ohio in 1800; and two years after, by the act admitting the latter into the Union as a state, the peninsula of Michigan was annexed to Indiana. In 1805, she was set off territorially by herself, and began her separate existence, the congressional ordinance continuing to be the form of government, and remaining so without alteration till 1819, when an act was passed authorizing her to elect a delegate to congress. In 1818, when Illinois was made a member of the Union, all the United States' land upon the north of that state, was annexed to Michigan. Down to 1823, the legislative, as well as judicial powers of the governor and judges, were exercised pursuant to the law of 1787, but were then remodeled. A council was substituted for the late arrangement, composed of nine persons, to be selected by the president of the United States, out of eighteen chosen by the electors of the territory, and every taxable citizen was made eligible to office. At this period the term of a judge's service was limited to four years; but in 1825, all other county officers were made elective, and executive appointments subjected to the advice and consent of the legislative council. This body, since 1827, when the present form of government was introduced, has been chosen absolutely by the electors of the territory, and may pass any law not inconsistent with the ordinance of 1787, under the supervision of congress, and subject to the final veto of the executive of the territory. The whole system is supported by the people of the United States.

Michigan proper is a peninsula, lying between Lakes Huron and St. Clair on the east, and the one from which it takes its name on the west, in a conical shape, the base resting upon the states of Indiana and Ohio. Its length has been estimated at two hundred and eighty miles, and its average breadth at one hundred and fifty, the superficies being about forty thousand square miles, the area of our own state. The first surveys of public lands within its boundaries took place in 1816 and 1817; and a portion was purchased at the government sales by agriculturists the following year. Although long before occupied as a settlement for traders and troops, as an American community founding its prosperity on the permanent sources of its own industry, Michigan dates its origin only so far back as 1818; since which time its improvement has been so respectable, that it looks up to the immediate dignity of admission into the Union.

Much is said by Mr. Biddle, and very sensibly, in reference to the distribution of the unsold United States' domain. Of all the dispositions possible to be made of it, he prefers that recently presented in the senate by Mr. Clay, though the

success of his measure may be postponed, or perhaps supplanted by some wretched party device, and never shed one of its many blessings upon the whole country, to whose interest, as well as glory, that statesman has always responded. Further back, however, than the present period, the legislature of the United States on this subject, took a course which has been most liberal and advantageous in its operation, and which we regret our want of time to consider at any length. It was the original policy of the general government, upon the cession made to it by the several states, of their wild lands in the northwest, to survey them into large tracts of three thousands of acres, and sell them upon a very short credit. As the highest bidder became the purchaser, and there was no limitation as to price, had the system continued long in exercise, combinations of speculators would have bought up empires for a song, and the actual settler, whose paramount claim was thus sacrificed by his country, would have been at the mercy of nonresident nabobs. Between the government and the proprietor under such circumstances, emigration must have been discouraged; the west still a wilderness for the most part, if other councils had not in the very hour of peril and trial, asserted supremacy. The state of things which we have suggested, only maintained a brief existence of four years; from the removal of British authority over Michigan in 1796, till 1800. In that year sprung up the new and beneficent project which has been a magician's wand to ourselves of Ohio, and all our neighbors to the west, as well as north. The tracts in which land was sold by the United States, were reduced to a few hundred acres—not more than a large farm in extent; a minimum price of two dollars the acre was fixed, just high enough to deter the dealer, and reasonable enough for the actual resident; and then, as a *chef d'œuvre*, four years credit was granted to the purchaser. Every emigrant of good habits, was thereby enabled to buy, no matter how poor he might be, with the certainty of meeting his engagements almost from the proceeds of the soil. To do this, moreover, compelled an observance of those virtues which flourish in the bosoms of all honest men. Industry, temperance, frugality, patience and punctuality, were the lessons of this admirable and ennobling school, and they were not only enforced upon the parent, but imbibed by the child; the master of the cabin, and all its inmates, removed by their isolated position from every temptation to vice, were stimulated constantly in that path of earth, which alone leads to respectability and prosperity here, and to higher rewards hereafter. Its influence is destined to be felt for many coming

generations, though its immediate errand has been long since fulfilled throughout much of the country on whose welfare it has acted. Let the descendant of those it blessed, be grateful to the 'credit system;' let the philosophic statesman keep the experience it has afforded forever before him, and the western historian who is conscientious in the discharge of his whole duty, record its agency in channeling a tide of prospective greatness throughout our broad realms, which future minds will compare with the greatness of other countries, as they do the majesty of the Mississippi to their meaner streams. It shod the giant foot which has trampled down so many monarchs of the wood, and strung the arm which tossed them from the ground they cumbered, into the flames. It made the solitude glad, and the wilderness to put forth the frequent and fruitful bloom of harvest home.

The enduring reputation for sagacity and patriotism, of which the system of land sales in the west is such conclusive testimony, belongs almost wholly to general Harrison, the war-worn and peace-honored veteran, who first rescued the domain by force from savages, which he again saved from a fate almost as degrading, when it was falling a helpless prey to the avarice of speculators.* In conjunction with the appropriations of land for literary and religious purposes, secured in every part of the northwestern territory by the ordinance for its government, Michigan has enjoyed the benefits of that system, and the names of Dane and Harrison will be remembered enthusiastically by her as well as us, while gratitude to great benefactors holds its proper rank among the virtues. Upon her future destiny the influence of those two patriots may be more important, than every thing beside, except the superintendence of Providence. It has been exerted for the best; it cannot be paralyzed or forgotten.

Least we should fatigue the attention of our readers, we will not do more than allude to a few other matters connected with our examination of the book, of whose contents we have endeavored to present them some detail. We must omit altogether that part of our plan in which we proposed to glance at the present question of boundary, which is impending, between Ohio and the territory, and which, much as has been said and written upon the subject, seems to us capable of much greater elucidation than it has received. Mr. Biddle, in his discourse before the society, takes occasion to remark, that Mr. Secretary Cass has made a statement of the case

* The Magazine for February last, in a sketch of general Harrison's life, gives a full account of his instrumentality in constructing the land system as it stood for twenty years.

which destroys all shadow of our title, and styles the latter nothing more or less than a pretension. In the present belligerent attitude of the parties to the controversy, it were worse than useless to write a partial argument on either side, or we should have extended the scope of this article to some suggestions in the premises, which would be very imperfectly met by such reasoning as Mr. Biddle has thought best to treat the question. Yet we must take leave of the gentleman, not only in good feeling, but respectfully; for in another, and perhaps more suitable place, he has prepared an appeal to the citizens of the United States upon it, which is able, temperate, and manly, doing credit to the body whose sentiments it uttered, and honor to its author. To whatever arbitrament the difficulty may come, we hope that no permanent disaffection will be left in the breasts of the unsuccessful or the victorious, but that a calm of cordiality authorizing the communion of friendship, and a reciprocation of fraternal kindness, will clear up the present overcast horizon.

The geological information, and the facts in relation to the natural history of the territory, and in refutation of a theory of tides on the lakes, embraced by the appendix to the discourses delivered before the society, are quite instructive.

In conclusion, we must observe, that close attention to the whole work, has elevated our estimate of the talent collected in the society which it represents. We had heard of its existence, through the medium of the first in the series of able discourses which the volume contains, and are happy to say that its successors are worthy of its companionship. Let the original design of the association be completed as we have indicated in another part of this paper, and it will give us pleasure to repeat our acknowledgments to the usefulness and public spirit of the contributor, lamenting at the same time, that the stern justice of history cannot consent to a suppression to the sinister events which have transpired within a few months on a very delicate subject, and which may rush forward to the catastrophe of dismay, havoc and blood, involving our brethren of Michigan and their brethren of Ohio, in calamity and shame.

HAMPDEN.

COLTON'S FOUR YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

FOUR YEARS IN GREAT BRITAIN, 1831-1835. By CALVIN COLTON.

WE have long entertained the opinion that a book of travels in England, written by an unprejudiced and philosophical American, who had opportunities of taking a large survey of the political, religious, and social condition of that country, would be an inestimable contribution to our treasures in this department of literature. We have heard many liberal and intelligent Britons say that such a work would be a most acceptable present to inquiring and reflecting men among themselves. And when we consider the many purposes it might be made subservient to, how much might be done towards burying forever old animosities, removing prejudices, and erroneous impressions on both sides, trampling in the dust the plausibilities of those who are endeavoring to keep alive feelings of hostility or distrust, and establishing a good understanding between the two nations on the only sure foundation, mutual respect and regard, we earnestly wish that some one of our enlightened and patriotic statesmen could be induced to undertake the task.

Numerous volumes have, it is true, been put forth of late, purporting to give accounts of men, things, and manners in the mother country. But we hazard nothing in saying that no book of this description has yet appeared, which is what it ought to be. Several of our leading political and literary newspapers also have correspondents traveling, or making a temporary residence, in Great Britain, who furnish, at regular intervals, notices of scenes, manners, and customs. Some of these writers are distinguished for a spirited and engaging style, and high powers in graphic delineation; and their letters are among the most amusing publications we have, about foreign countries. But they are, for the most part, *only* amusing—very good after dinner or drawing-room reading—and nothing more. Neither the writing nor reading of them ought to be ranked among the serious occupations of people of sense. They are generally made up of light sketches of natural scenery, and off-hand comments upon works of art, the habitudes and ways of life of particular classes, and do not even pretend to touch those more important matters respecting the political and social state of the countries they describe, which, notwithstanding, every man in them who is worth any thing, or accustomed to reflect at all, is in reality thinking about. Even in regard to those things, which they undertake to report upon, these 'Sketches,' 'First Impressions,' &c. are exceedingly superficial, as our readers will perceive they must almost necessarily

be, since they are chiefly written by young men just entering upon life, without experience and without knowledge. Some of these tyroes have seen scarcely anything of their own country, and can therefore institute no comparisons between what they see abroad, and what exists at home. They can make no reference, in the notes they set down, to the land they are to spend their lives in; and without this reference, foreign travel can be of little use either to themselves or those for whom they write. Most of them also, being connected with the press, have no motives in examining foreign countries, beyond picking up materials for spirited and entertaining articles; and moreover, having no other means of support than what the newspaper affords them, they must get over the ground as cheaply, that is, as rapidly as possible. A hurried glance at the surface of things is all they can afford to take. Yet such partial and imperfect glimpses of the old world are frequently referred to, as if they really revealed much which the careful inquirer after truth would be satisfied with, or upon which the moralist or politician would condescend to found an argument.

A few months ago, we saw a paragraph in one of the public prints, announcing that the talented editor of an eastern paper was about to embark for Europe, and intended to spend a year in visiting Great Britain and Ireland, and the principal parts of the continent—France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Russia. ‘And,’ said the encomiastic writer ‘we may expect to receive from him accurate and graphic views of these countries, their governments, politics, scenery, manners, and customs.’ All this in a single year! Our countrymen laughed at the famous lieutenant who, in 1828, spent about forty days in making a sort of scamper through the principal towns on our Atlantic coast, went home to England, and published a work on men and things in America. It is a pity to see any amongst ourselves acting so much like this silly young officer. To all such we would apply the remark which was addressed by a celebrated English woman to the count Mirabeau: ‘You, sir, have only seen the country, *running* and *galloping along*, as dogs when lapping up the water of the Nile.’

When we perceived upon the title page of the work before us the words, ‘Four years in Great Britain,’ we thought there was a chance of finding here something that might go towards supplying the deficiency which we have hinted at. But we must confess we have been sorely disappointed. Mr. Colton’s volumes are not more instructive, or valuable in any respect, than the epistolary compositions which are palmed upon us weekly, monthly, and quarterly, (so that every period is marked by its own peculiar visitation) as faithful pictures of foreign

countries. Some of his pages are beautifully written, and throughout there is a good deal of cleverness; and so long as he confines himself to the surface of things, there is little our critical craft can discover to object to. But our author is bitten with the ambition of showing off as a political philosopher, and no sooner does he leave the shore, and get out to sea, than he appears to be without chart or compass to direct him. In attempting to discuss the great questions of public policy which are now agitating the British empire, he exhibits such a want of comprehensiveness and depth, as is quite unpardonable in a man who, without being called upon, assumes to lecture the enlightened people of America on these important matters. The information he gives regarding these, and many other things, is chiefly secondhand; and indeed the bulk of the knowledge which can be derived from him, may be much more pleasantly drawn from Bulwer's '*England and the English*,' and those classical publications, entitled '*Itineraries*,' '*Travelers' Guides*,' '*Pictures of London*,' &c. &c.

Although he spent four years in the British Islands, he seems to have had few opportunities of extensive or varied observation, and to have mingled almost exclusively with a particular class of ultra whigs and dissenters. The consequence is, he frequently manifests a spirit most strongly and harshly biassed against certain men and measures by the persons with whom he associated. And his views and arguments instead of being those of an impartial and philosophical American, are, in reality, the views and arguments of English partisan politicians and English partisan divines.

Of national manners we have very few notices; for as Mr. Colton plumes himself upon not being one of those unworthy Americans, who have been '*dined and toasted out of their character, while in England*,' so likewise he appears to know very little of society there in any of its aspects. In a work of such pretensions as the present, we might reasonably look for some sound and accurate information about the condition, the habits of thought and feeling, the plans, the prospects, the aspirations of those large masses of working men, who have recently awakened from the sleep of ages, and by their independent spirit, and still more by their discipline and organization, are exercising so tremendous an influence in that country. But in regard to them he says nothing that is either striking or important, while the old stories about the manners and morals of the aristocracy, their profligacy, arrogance, fondness for dogs and horses, &c. &c.—all of which by the way are much better told in a score of novels we could mention—are harped upon with tiresome iteration. And then we have no less than

twenty-five pages taken up with a description of the King's levee and the Queen's drawing-room—for, with all our author's contempt for those who have been dined and toasted out of their nationality, he seems himself to have been mightily tickled by his occasional admission to the society of lords and ladies. He far outstrips Mr. Ex-ambassador Rush, in the particularity and expansion of detail, with which he describes all the fine things he saw at the palace of St. James's. In doing this, he not only wearies us with the repetition of a tale that has been told a hundred times, but convicts himself of a ridiculous fondness for pomp and pageantry, and gilded baubles, which we trust the greater portion of his readers will care nothing about. He dwells with evident high enjoyment on the circumstance that he 'stood opposite the king *for about ten minutes!*' Then see how he, who boasts that he is not un-Americanized, treasures up the rich pearls of thought and language that dropped from the royal lips. We assure our readers, Mr. Calvin Colton did write, and cause to be printed and published, the following: 'The duchess of Richmond came between me and the king, and talked with him freely.'

'Poor fellow,' said the king to the duchess, 'I am told he was very miserable. I was extremely sorry not to see him.'

'And are you in town?' said the king, &c. to the duchess.'

If the writer of the following paragraph met with many of our countrymen, who resembled the reporter of the above kingly conversation, we do not wonder at the conclusions to which he has come. We take it from a recent British journal, where it appears as a communication from a correspondent at present in the United States. 'In spite of democracy, the Americans are tickled with names to an extent that truly astonishes me. Every tenth man I meet has some title or other—judge, general, colonel, major, or captain. All the country girls have half a dozen mellifluous and romantic names; and their hopeful brothers flourish away with such appellations as Leonidas, Hampden, Wallace, &c. Mr. C—— M—— was at Washington last winter. What a sensation he produced! His plain Mr. —— was uniformly sunk. It was the son of lord Dunmore—of the *earl* of Dunmore, whom the lady of the house was to show off to you. It was the *earl's* son who rode, waltzed, and talked so well. Of the fondness for titles and high-sounding names, twenty-four hours' experience in this country could hardly fail to furnish you with numerous examples.'

Mr. Colton embarked for Liverpool in the beginning of August, 1831, on board one of the noble packets which run between that port and New York. He had what we consider the good for-

tune to be under the charge of captain Holdredge, to whose kindness, good temper, and professional skill, he pays a merited compliment, and of whose sympathy with his ship, he tells the following characteristic anecdote. 'Well captain,' said I, one pleasant day, as he sat in a chair on the quarterdeck, and was apparently absorbed in watching the steady and majestic careering of his vessel, before a fine breeze, 'a penny for your thoughts'—'She all but talks,' said he; 'she does every thing I bid her.'

One of the foibles of our author is, that he fills his pages rather too frequently with large extracts from other works, which are perhaps familiar to the majority of his readers, and certainly within their reach, if they wish to refer to them. There are also too many hackneyed quotations—thus, in the very first chapter, one of the few incidents of the voyage, the discovery of a beautiful seal of a letter, gives occasion to introduce those very novel lines,

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene,' &c.

Again; the boy who had been sent aloft to keep a look out, falls asleep on the main-topsail yard, and of course we must hear again the passage of the bard of Avon, beginning,

'Sleep! gentle sleep!
Wilt thou upon a high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes,' &c.

He arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, and went to hear Dr. Raffles preach, whom he justly describes as one of the ablest and most eloquent divines in England. His account of the general appearance of English towns is just, though not remarkably new or striking. He spent two days in Liverpool, and then went to Manchester by the famous rail-road, on which he met with an accident that was very near being fatal—but he was happily preserved. We have next a long chapter of groans over the tricks and impositions of the agents and contractors of public conveyances, and the exorbitant demands upon his purse by coachmen, and guards, and the servants at inns and hotels. These frequent calls for money were great causes of tribulation to our author, as they are to every person who travels in the little island; but the method he seems to have taken, in order to get rid of the importunities of the porters, was capital—he did not understand them! Our friend appears to have been what is colloquially called *green*, but we can scarcely imagine that he was so ignorant as not to know what these poor fellows would be at. His own account is amusing.

'Instantly as we arrived, a mob of porters presented them-

selves, touching their hats, with—"A coach, sir?"—"a coach, sir?" "Yes." "Any luggage, sir?" "Yes, here it is." Immediately myself and friend, with our several articles of luggage, were stowed away in a hackney coach, by as many hands as could find a hold at both ends of each portmanteau, of the umbrellas, great coats, traveling desks, &c. &c., for, still passive, we gratefully accepted of any and all assistance that was offered, imagining that the abundance of it was kindly owing to the sympathy felt in our misfortunes. (!) Well, being in the coach, and having given directions where to drive, and not a little impatient for the least unnecessary delay, it seemed to us rather unaccountable that all remained at a stand, and this half score of kind hands who had helped us, and whom we had already thanked, (!) standing without, gazing at us through the window, lifting their hands to their heads, bowing, &c. &c. Indeed these attentions seemed very extraordinary. * * * I put my head out and bid the coachman "drive on." I had not yet learned to say, "all right!" Still he waited. I then bid him *authoritatively*—"drive on!" Still we found ourselves the subjects of a shower of these kind and congratulatory offices. As the coach drove off, they followed us at either side, and seemed unwilling to give us their last blessing, as long as they could keep pace with us.'

Of the English stage coach system, Mr. Colton speaks with high praise. Too much commendation cannot be bestowed upon it. It is perfect—"the impositions of the agents always excepted." He says, 'I have traveled in all seasons of the year, and have never yet been interrupted, or experienced any inconvenience from the badness of the roads. I must also in justice add, that I have never suffered the want of any needful comfort at an inn. It is true, my routes have been on the great thoroughfares of the country. My opinion is, that in no part of the world are the benefits of civilization, for facility and comfort in traveling, so apparent as in England. As to personal security, one never thinks of danger by day or night, except from a possible accident to a coach.'

We find all our countrymen equally delighted by the mode of journeying in Great Britain—borne over smooth roads, in elegant vehicles, by well conditioned and beautiful horses. And they are always thrown into greater raptures if they have known what traveling is in France and Italy, where there are a thousand inconveniences they will never find in America. The testimony our author bears on the subject of personal security is worthy of great credit; for he has a most extraordinary endowment of caution, and frequently manifests it in a way that is quite laughable. For instance, while cross-

ing Waterloo bridge, in London, once, late at night, a man suddenly appears and implores his assistance. He immediately 'feels a *horror* at the idea of a close brush.' The man, however, as suddenly withdrew—to the ineffable satisfaction of Mr. Calvin Colton, who, 'still apprehending the advance of the fellow upon him in rear, turned his head over his shoulder, and saw the secret of his deliverance.' Two men were fast coming towards him. Our author clears the bridge most expeditiously, and finding himself safe in the Strand, 'feels the perspiration trickling down his whole frame.' (!) Again; on a cloudy morning, before a beam of day had appeared, he left his lodgings to go to the coach office. He was bundled up in his cloak, with his bag in one hand, and umbrella in the other. He says—'Thus disabled for either flight or resistance, I approached a corner—and to my *horror*, a MAN (!) stood at the very point, facing me, and awaiting my approach.' This awful apparition turned out to be a POLICEMAN, who seeing our friend halt, and tremble from head to foot with dismay, began very naturally to suspect *him*. He eyed him most intently. Then 'felt after his bundle'—'What have you got under your arm here?' and would probably have put him *in quod* for a few hours, but fortunately the coach drew up at this moment, and 'the Charley' was satisfied, that his only crime was timidity. Several other instances occur. We wonder the man takes so much pains to proclaim himself deficient in courage. He goes to see the Thames Tunnel, and after paying for admission, hesitates to enter, because in answer to his anxious inquiries, the keeper tells him that *two men* had already gone down! And then he is nearly frightened to death by hearing whispers in the tunnel. After these specimens, we doubt not our readers will be satisfied that his evidence, as to the English stage-coach system being highly conducive to personal safety, is entitled to the greatest credit.

Mr. Colton points out as the best approach to London that through Knights-bridge by Hyde Park corner. It is certainly a fine one, and his account of the various objects that come upon the spectator, when entering by this road, is a favorable example of his powers of description. We have only one objection to make to it. In taking notice of the celebrated colossal statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, inscribed to the Duke of Wellington by his countrywomen, he has made an insinuation against the decorum of English women for causing a *naked* statue to be erected. Now, there is nothing at all about this immense work of art, that can offend the most delicate taste. The remark only indicates a grossness of imagination in the person who makes it, and certainly can add nothing to his dig-

nity, and consideration among the fair portion of his readers. With this exception, we think our readers will be gratified by the chapter referred to—although, in our opinion, the only entrance worthy of that great metropolis is by the Thames.

But if a stranger wishes to see London's varieties in a comparatively small compass, and at a single glance, let him take his stand at Charing Cross. Nowhere can be presented a more brilliant, lively, and diversified spectacle. Crowds of busy people pouring in from the Strand, in a never-ending stream, on one side—on the other the more fashionable herds emerging by Regent street, and Pall Mall, from the purlieus of high life at the west end—the rattling and rumbling of stage-coaches and wagons, omnibuses and cabs, with the loud cries of the drivers calling upon their customers to come in—the whirl and dashing of vehicles of all sorts, bearing the high-born and wealthy—carriages and four with out-riders—the coachmen in wigs and cocked hats—the footmen with canes and bouquets.—The stir—the bustle—the excitation of the scene must be witnessed in order to be appreciated.

We do not know that the superior civilization of London is more strikingly illustrated in anything, than the reduced expenses of living well, and the number and excellent accommodations of the coffee-rooms and dining houses, adapted to the tastes, and general circumstances of all ranks. Our author gives a description of them, which we commend to the reader.

The waiter at these places is the only being with whom you have to do. He is a personage entirely *sui generis*. His like is not to be found on this side of the Atlantic. Nor shall we ever see him here. The fellows who attend upon us affect a character beyond the waiter. They are spoiled by our institutions. Many persons who will read this article have never seen a thorough waiter, and may be interested in a sketch of him. Here is one. It is not by Mr. Colton.

‘The waiter has no idea out of the sphere of his duty and the business; yet he is not narrow minded neither. He sees too much variety of character for that, and has to exercise too much consideration for the ‘drunken gentlemen.’ But his world is the tavern, and all mankind only its visitors. His female sex are the maid servants and his young mistress or the widow. If he is ambitious, he aspires to marry one of the latter; if otherwise, and Molly is prudent, he does not know but he may carry her off, some day, to be mistress of the Golden Lion at Clinksford, where he will ‘show off’ in the eyes of Betty Laxon, who refused him. He has no feeling of noise, but as the sound of dining; nor of silence, but as a thing before dinner. Even a loaf with him is hardly a loaf, it is so many

'breads.' His longest speech is the making out of a bill *viva voce*.—'Two beefs—one potatoes—three ales—two wines—six and two pence—' which he does with an indifferent celerity, amusing to new-comers, who have been relishing their fare, and not considering it as a mere set of items. He attributes all virtues to all men, provided they are civil and liberal: and of the existence of some vices he has no notion. Gluttony, for instance, with him, looks very like a virtue. He sees in it only so many more 'beefs' and a generous scorn of the bill. As to wine or any other liquor, it is out of your power to astonish him with the quantity you call for. His 'yes sir,' is as swift, indifferent, and official at the fifth bottle as at the first. Reform, and other public events he looks upon only as things in a newspaper, and the newspaper as a thing taken in at taverns for gentlemen to read. He unites swiftness with caution, does not waste his breath in immediate answers to calls, and knows how, with a slight turn of his face and elevation of voice, to pitch his 'coming sir,' into any corner of the room. If you told him that in Shakspeare's time, waiters said 'Anon, anon sir,' he would be astonished at the repetition of the same word in one answer, and at the use of three words instead of two; and he would justly infer that London could not have been so large nor the dining houses so busy in those days. He would drop one of the two syllables of his 'yes, sir,' if he could; but civility and business will not allow it; and therefore he runs them together in the swift sufficiency of his 'yez zir.'

Thomas!

Yez zir.

Is my steak coming?

Yez zir.

And the pint of port?

Yez zir.

You'll not forget the postman?

Yez zir.

For in the habit of his acquiescence, Thomas not seldom says 'Yes sir,' for 'No sir,' the habit itself rendering him intelligible. His morning dress is a waistcoat or jacket; his coat is for afternoon. He carries a napkin under his arm, and a corkscrew in his pocket; nor can he help feeling a satisfaction at the noise he makes in drawing a cork. In his right waistcoat pocket is a snuff-box with which he supplies gentlemen late at night, when they are in desperate want of another fillip to their sensations, after the 'devil' and toasted cheese. If particularly required, he will laugh at a joke at that time of night, justly thinking that gentlemen towards one in the morning

'will be facetious.' He is of opinion, it is in human nature, to be a little fresh at that period, and to want to be put into a coach.

To see him dine, somehow, hardly seems natural. And he appears to do it as if he had no right. You catch him in a corner, huddled apart,—*'Thomas dining!'* instead of serving a dinner. Once a year (for he has few holidays) a couple of pedestrians meet him on a Sunday in the fields, and cannot conceive for the life of them who it is; until the startling recollection occurs—*'Good Lord! 'tis the waiter at the Grogam!'*

Mr. Colton was very much impressed with the grandeur of Westminster Abbey. No Englishman can contemplate this sacred structure, containing the remains of so many of the most illustrious of his countrymen, and the monuments which record their great deeds and the dates of their dissolution, without the deepest emotions. Very few Americans, we imagine, can visit it without experiencing sensations equally strong—perhaps much stronger. For we go from a country possessing few records or recollections of the past, to a spot teeming with memorials of our British ancestry, and of those periods of history, which were illustrated by their achievements and are forever associated with their names.

The cathedrals and castles are the most striking objects to an American in England. The great works of art and science, the innumerable elegancies and embellishments of life, he sees and enjoys at home. But we have no edifices in which the spirit of antiquity is enshrined—no mouldering ruins telling of the battle and the siege—none of those imposing and gigantic fabrics with which the piety of the Catholics covered Europe. Our first visit to Westminster Abbey was made on a Sunday, and we well remember our feelings as we entered by Poets' Corner, and proceeded into the aisle. Beneath lay the dust of Spencer, Dryden, and Prior, and around were their monuments and those of many other bards, who

*'On the steady breeze of honor sail
In long procession, calm and beautiful.'*

We were never more deeply touched than upon this occasion, with the solemnity and grandeur of the Episcopal church service; and the strains of sacred music resounding through the long aisles had an effect upon our imagination never to be forgotten. We afterwards spent several hours in the chapels, of which there are eight or nine, and in the cloisters, among the numerous tombs and monuments. With what a pathetic and powerful eloquence do those cold stones address the heart! There are the remains of the great in arms and arts, and be-

side them, only a few years afterwards, have been laid the relics of the very persons, whose affection and gratitude raised the stone and inscribed the eulogy. How vain, how illusory, how truly 'the shadow of the shade' is human life! The fond memory which will be cherished of us by our friends cannot long survive our dissolution. 'The heart in which our image is engraven, is, like the object of which it retains the features,—perishable clay!'

Next to the cathedrals, perhaps not surpassed by them, in point of interest to the majority of educated Americans, are the houses of Parliament, and courts of law at Westminster. We shall describe them as they existed previous to the late fire. They occupied the site of the old palace of Westminster, which was built in the time of Edward the Confessor. Some parts of these buildings were far from being deficient in architectural merit, but they bore marks of having been erected at different periods, and their general character was great heaviness and want of uniformity. What is called distinctively Westminster Hall, is a room of immense size and admirable proportions, originally built by William Rufus, and intended as the banqueting-room of royalty. The most remarkable thing about it is the roof, which is really magnificent, made of chestnut wood, of a fine old gothic construction. The main entrance possesses unequalled grandeur,—opening from a recessed arch-way, on each side of which are towers superbly sculptured, and adorned with niches capable of containing full sized statues. Formerly the courts of Chancery, Exchequer, Kings Bench, and Common Pleas, held their sittings in different compartments of this hall; but they now occupy a range of new buildings contiguous to and communicating with it, which though in themselves not devoid of elegance, possess no sort of harmony with the venerable structure, beside which they have been stuck up. It is difficult to describe the sensations with which an American lawyer enters Westminster Hall for the first time. His thoughts are of the past—the mighty dead—and his feelings the reverential feelings of a pilgrim. The place cannot fail to be associated in his mind with the names of Hardwicke, Somers, Mansfield, and other great men, whose talents and learning, and incredible exertions, conferred the highest lustre upon their profession. How many of the elaborate opinions, the skilful debates,

'The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,'

upon which he has meditated in solitude and silence, were pronounced, and discussed within these walls! Here occurred those affecting incidents—here were exhibited those touching

displays of impassioned feeling—and those scenes of irresistible humor, the records of which have frequently refreshed and animated the mind of the student amidst severe and exhausting toils, with the vivid pictures they present of the life, manners, and habits of the times to which they refer.

From the centre of Westminster-hall, a flight of low, mean-looking steps led to a gloomy passage, whence, after a dozen of turnings and twistings, you might emerge at last into a lobby opposite the room in which the commons of Great Britain assembled. This was formerly, as is well known, the chapel of St. Stephen, but, after the reformation, was used as a legislative hall. If we may judge from a part of a cloister below the lobbies, and some other remains, this chapel must have possessed extraordinary richness and beauty; but the alterations which had been made to adapt it to the uses of the commons, left scarcely a trace of what it once was. Some years ago, when considerable change was made in the interior, many of the old decorations were discovered in a state of perfect preservation, consisting chiefly of paintings, in a fine style, of sacred subjects, such as the Roman Catholic religion is accustomed to address to the imaginations of its votaries. All these remains of ancient art and piety were, at the time we visited parliament, effectually concealed by demure-looking brown wainscoat, with which the whole of the interior was lined. The appearance of the house altogether was humble to meanness—oblong in form, lighted by three dimly-lit windows, with a roof so low as almost to press upon the heads of the people in the gallery, which was itself confined, and supported by thin pillars of plain iron, with small brass capitals. Altogether devoid of dignity or beauty, it had not even convenience to recommend it, for it did not afford accommodation for three-fourths of the members, even when the gallery was called into requisition; and was so badly ventilated, that many were wont to complain of a long sitting being seriously detrimental to health. The greatest ingenuity could scarcely contrive a more disagreeable style of seats, than of those which the members occupied—benches covered with hard leather cushions, and having short straight backs. These were arranged so as to leave several small passages, and an area in the centre. At the end opposite the entrance stood the speaker's chair, of mahogany, having no ornament of any kind, except the gilding of the royal arms, with which it was surmounted. Below, in the centre of the area, was the clerk's table, at which sat two figures, having that imposing appearance which black silk gowns, and masses of powdered horsehair can bestow. The benches on the right of the speaker

ker, are occupied by those who give a general support to the measures of the administration. The ministers themselves, and their more influential adherents, sit on the bench nearest the floor, which is called the Treasury Bench. The opposition sit on the left hand, their leaders also on the front bench, directly opposite to the ministers. The speaker is a very majestic personage. He enters the house at each sitting, in great state—arrayed in a richly embroidered silk gown, and full-bottomed wig—preceded by an officer carrying the mace, and followed by a train-bearer. When he enters the lobby, where there are usually many persons waiting for orders of admission and on other business, one of the door-keepers announces him by calling out in a loud voice, ‘Mr. Speaker!’ and immediately afterwards exclaims, ‘Gentlemen, take off your hats!’ Of course every chapeau is doffed instantly. The members receive him, standing and uncovered, and he returns their courtesy by bowing towards both sides of the house. As soon as he takes the chair, the folding doors, which were thrown open at his approach, are closed; the door-keeper cries out, ‘Mr. Speaker is in the chair,’ and rings a small bell for the purpose of announcing that event to the members who may be lounging in the lobbies, coffee, and dining, and smoking rooms, in other parts of the building. Forty members form a quorum; and if that number is present, business is immediately commenced. Formerly the house sat in the evening only; but for the last five years, they have been accustomed to assemble at twelve o’clock—sit till three—then have a recess till five—and after that, remain in deliberation to a very late hour. The object of this new arrangement was to set apart the whole three hours of the morning for the presentation of petitions, and such short explanations and discussions, as might naturally grow out of them; and thus to leave the whole of the evening clear for debates on such motions as might be submitted, and for the prosecution of measures which had already been sanctioned by some action of the house, and were advancing to a final passage. This plan, however, has not been successful. And for our own part, we are convinced by what we have seen in both houses of congress, and of parliament, it is altogether vain to expect that any addition to the time of sitting will expedite the progress of public business. Its only effect is to make the members prolong their speeches. Those who only talked sense before, begin to talk metaphor. Whoever has been in the habit of attending any of our legislatures, knows very well that the more time there is, the greater is the number of talkers. And the evil must go on increasing—every speaker on

one side calling up one, and sometimes two or three on the opposite side. Just so in the house of commons. A single petition sometimes gives rise to a debate that occupies exclusively the whole of three mornings. We have known such a case, and another which produced a discussion, occupying the whole of two mornings. What was worse—both debates terminated without the submission of any proposition growing out of them—the petitions having been laid on the table, there to sleep forever. It is calculated, that not less than fifteen or twenty petitions arrive in London every day; and there is as little chance of presenting them now as ever there was.

Here, by the way, we may remark, that it is sheer nonsense to ascribe the prolixity, in which so many of the speakers in congress indulge, to any national characteristics. Foreigners have frequently noticed the declamatory and verbose style of eloquence prevalent in our legislatures, and some have set down a love of speechifying, as one of the peculiarities of Americans. Now the fact is, these long speeches only prove that our legislators have time enough and to spare. Go into the supreme court, or into any other court, when there is a pressure of business, and despatch is required—or even into the halls of congress at such times, and you hear little or none of this pseudo-oratory—this talking for mere talking's sake. The very men who are most distinguished for their powers of diffusion, will, on such occasions, employ only the most technical, authoritative, and direct modes of address. We would not be understood to say, that the superior chasteness and condensation of the speaking before the supreme court, are owing entirely to the necessity imposed upon the judges and counsel to be economical in point of time; for there are other causes—sufficiently obvious. But we believe, that wherever it is usual to indulge in pathetic and imaginative addresses of unnecessary length, there is abundant leisure for that sort of entertainment. And if each session of congress was twice as long as it is, there would always be speakers enough to consume the whole time. It is remarkable, there is a greater number of regular debaters in parliament, and the style of discussion is more diffuse, now, that the practice of morning sittings has been adopted, than before.

Even now, however, there is a vast difference in both these respects, between the American and British legislatures. In the house of commons, those men only are heard, who can command respect, who are supporters of ministers, or who have a party sufficiently large and influential to back them effectually. Their system, though well adapted to accelerate the performance of business, is so unfavorable to the inde-

pendent expression of individual opinion, and so repugnant to our notions of the just weight of each representative, that it could not be introduced into congress. They have a summary mode of putting down an obnoxious aspirant to their attention, which consists in the employment of such a mixture of groans, 'bah's,' 'oh! oh's!' and other noises, as is perfectly astounding to an American accustomed only to the comparative quiet and decorum of our legislatures. *Crowing like a cock* is the latest improvement on the methods of expressing ironical applause, in the reformed parliament. During one of our earliest visits, the following scene occurred. An eminent tory member from Ireland was making a set speech. He had been permitted to proceed for some time, without much positive interruption. The members only did not seem to listen to him; but sat talking and laughing with each other, and with the speaker himself—some of them lying at full length along the benches, and conversing in a loud tone, as if they were at their clubs. By-and-by, a party of the more youthful members came in, and clustered around the bar. They had the look of men fresh from the dinner table. From their conversation it appeared, they were on their way to the opera, and had just dropped in, *en passant*, to see what was going on. They had not been many minutes in the house, before we heard one of them say, 'Shaw's d—— prosy,' which was responded to by an affirmative 'bah!' from his neighbor; and this again was followed by a cry of, 'question!' from the whole circle. This manœuvre immediately called out a volley of indignant 'hear! hear's!' from the friends of Mr. Shaw, which was promptly returned by louder cries of 'question,' from the young roysters who first manifested impatience. Now came the tug of war. 'Hear! hear!,' roared the few supporters of the Irish member. 'Bah! bah!' 'Oh! oh!' 'Question! question!' burst from every other quarter. The voice of the speaker was heard occasionally above the deafening din pronouncing 'order! order!' which, after several repetitions, procured a brief suspension of hostilities. Mr. Shaw proceeded—he attacked some of O'Connel's positions, and directly charged the government with basely truckling to the great agitator. O'Connel just at this moment came in. Several of the members surrounded him with, 'O'Connel, don't answer him.' 'Oh no! don't answer him.' 'Cry question, like the devil, and put him down!' And so, amidst mingled plaudits and execrations, groans and cheers, cries of 'question,' and 'order, order!' the poor orator was actually obliged to stop; not, however, without making a desperate effort to elevate his voice above the noise, and denouncing the indecorum of the house

as unworthy of school-boys—which last ebullition was received with cheers and loud laughter by nearly all present.

We assure our readers, this is a fair specimen of what almost uniformly occurs, when a member whom the house has a dislike for, or is tired of, persists in going on. The general appearance of the assembly is that of eighty or a hundred gentlemen met to talk in a quiet way over some matters of no great importance to more than three or four persons on each side. The debate is conducted with conversational familiarity. The majority of the members and the speaker are laughing and chatting. It is considered very bad taste in the person addressing the house to look at the speaker, or to appear any way affected by the want of attention manifested by him and the members. There is, however, in general, great respect shown to the presiding officer. The clerks, door-keepers, and attendants, never come in or go out without making two or three inclinations of the body to the chair, and the members who sit usually with their hats on, always uncover and make a bow to him when they cross the floor between him and the door.

There is a trick, for it does not deserve a better name, frequently resorted to by the ministerial party, when they wish to throw as much cold water as possible on a motion they have not the courage to oppose openly. This is called 'counting out.' It is performed thus. Suppose Mr. Bulwer, or Mr. Whittle Harvey, or any other member, who pays his independence the compliment of standing by it, and does not suffer himself to be tied to the ministerial car, should bring on a motion—that for repealing the stamps on newspapers, for instance. There are a hundred members present when the chair is taken, and Mr. Bulwer commences an able and eloquent speech. By-and-by, you will see the ministerial managers moving from their places, and commencing operations, by drawing out one member—then another—and so on, till the hundred have dwindled down to thirty, before Mr. B. is half through his discourse. As soon as this diminution has been accomplished, up starts one of those who wear the ministerial collar, and moves that the house 'be counted.' It is well known, of course, there is not a quorum present. But it is also known, there is in the lobbies and smoking rooms an adequate force, who have left the house for the purpose of getting rid of the motions of the evening, but hold themselves in readiness, in case the trick should not succeed, to come in, and swell the force of ministers. We are sorry to be compelled to admit, that something like this contemptible practice is not uncommon in *our* national legislature.

Descending from the lobby of the house of commons by a few low steps, the visiter formerly came to an apartment called the Long Gallery, from which a door opened into the house of peers. This was larger than the lower house, and the furniture somewhat more valuable and appropriate, though not superior to what may be found in every dissenting meeting house in the kingdom. The throne, which stood at one end, was the only article in the room having the slightest pretension to ornament. It consisted of a canopy of crimson velvet, surmounted by a crown, and supported by columns richly gilt, and decorated with oak leaves and acorns. The lord chancellor, as is well known, sits upon the woolsack, which has the appearance of a huge well-stuffed bag, covered with crimson cloth, with which the benches occupied by the peers are also covered. There was a considerable space between the bar and the door, which, together with a platform behind the throne, was reserved for the members of the lower house. It was, however, so low and level, as to render it quite impossible for any one who was not fortunate enough to get into the front row, either to see or hear satisfactorily what was going on. And as all persons, except the peers themselves, are rigidly kept without the bar, there is the greatest struggle among the commoners, on occasions of much interest, to reach the front row. Just above this part of the house was a small gallery divided into two compartments—one for ladies, the other for gentlemen. The lords at that time showed a more chivalric attention to the wishes and convenience of the fair sex, than the commons, from the *sight* of whom ladies were altogether excluded, although they were graciously allowed to hear what was doing, if they had the hardihood to trust themselves within a curious dark dungeon-like dome, placed above the chapel of St. Stephen. There, by putting their heads into small apertures, they might behold not the ‘collective wisdom,’ but *THE VENTILATOR!* a large plate of brass open work, through which were sent up from below, the eloquence of the warm debate, and the exhalations of numerous lighted candles, &c. &c., to gratify the ears and other equally sensitive organs of the fair listeners.

At each sitting, the lord chancellor enters the house in state, preceded by the bearers of the seals and mace. He is arrayed usually in a black silk gown, and full-bottomed wig. The dress of the masters in chancery who sit below him is the same, with the exception of the wig, which in their case is a three tailed, instead of a full-bottomed. (Oh the majesty of curled whalebone and powdered horsehair!) The bishops occupy benches a little to the right of the throne, which is just

behind the woolsack, and appear in that costume which they wear at the sacred desk. The people of England are beginning to think that these right reverend prelates would do better service to heaven, by confining themselves to their sacerdotal functions, than taking the affairs of state upon their shoulders, or engaging in the low strife of party and temporary politics. We think so, too. The peers have their ministerial and opposition benches as well as the commons. They wear the ordinary dress of the day; their splendid scarlet robes being reserved for extraordinary occasions—the opening or prorogation of parliament by the king, a coronation, &c. The proceedings of the lords are characterized by much more gravity and courtesy, and a more subdued tone of debate than those of any assembly we ever saw—excepting the senate of the United States, which for dignity and decorum, as well as talent, patriotism, and statesmanship, we have no hesitation in saying, stands unrivaled and alone. The exterior of the houses of parliament was even worse than the interior. Such dull, awkward, stupid-looking buildings were to be seen nowhere else. Strangers were amazed to find the hereditary legislators, and the representatives of the great people of England, holding their sittings in such a pile of architectural deformities, when London could boast of so many palace-like buildings for other purposes, galleries of arts, hospitals, theatres, museums, charitable institutions, &c. &c. Yet what Englishman could vote for a proposition to remove, without regret? Who could wish to leave the scenes hallowed by so many glorious recollections? The halls which have so often echoed to strains of eloquence, equal to the greatest oratory of ancient times, and witnessed so many noble efforts for constitutional liberty! Had the conflagration not occurred, it is probable the *religio loci* would have kept both branches of the legislature, for centuries on the spot, if not in the buildings they occupied.

But to return to Mr. Colton. He has given notices of four British statesmen, lords Grey and Brougham, Mr. O'Connell, and Mr. Macauley. We have something to say regarding each of these; but our article is already long, and we must draw to a close for the present. We have given the above description of parliament, as preliminary to some sketches of prominent peers and commoners, which we propose to lay before our readers in a future number. We will then also follow our author in some of his excursions through the beautiful *country* of England—to the Emerald Isle—and to the

‘Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,’ Scotland.

TO ———.

It is said the world is full of envy,
 And none from its shaft is free:
 Then what of you and me, my lady,
 What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
 That your heart is love and kindness' throne,
 And it well becomes you to confer it,
 On him who gave you all his own.
 And that, as now, both firm and faithful
 So you will ever, ever be—
 And this of you and me, my lady,
 This they will say of you and me.

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
 That I for you all else forgot—
 And a traitor's lot would have waited me,
 With deepest vengeance—had I not.
 My love! though envy may pursue us,
 Thus linked in softest sympathy—
 Yet this of you and me, my lady,
 This they will say of you and me.

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
 A thousand things,—in praises sweet—
 That other maidens may be lovely—
 But none so lovely and discreet.
 They will weave for you the crown of beauty,
 And you the queen of love shall be—
 And idly will they speak, my lady,
 Of her who gave such charms to me.

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
 That I have found a prize divine—
 A prize too bright for toils so trifling,
 So trifling as these toils of mine.
 And that from heights so proud and lofty.
 Deeper the fall is wont to be—
 And this of you and me, my lady,
 This they will say of you and me.

But what care we, my gentle lady,
 How an envious world may speak,
 Linked in sweetest bonds together,
 We shall find the joy we seek.
 And the world, my gentle lady,
 Marvelling such peace to see,
 Perplexed, will not know what to say
 Of such a pair as you and me.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE OUT-LAW, AND OTHER POEMS. By CHARLES A. JONES, Cincinnati, Josiah Drake, 1835.

WE have no hesitation in commending this as decidedly the best poetic production of this city, which has fallen under our notice. Most of our young bards—and indeed the remark need not be confined to those whose visits to Parnassus have commenced but recently—seem to think that the chief quality of poetry is to be as different as possible from prose. To discard common sense from the thought, consistency from the plan, and all idea of grammar and rationality from the language, is usually the main purpose of those who write verses—if indeed they have any purpose, but that of making nonsense more ridiculous than it naturally is, by dressing it out in the frippery of an extravagant diction. The pernicious and untrue dogma, that ‘poets are not made, but born,’ has turned the brains of thousands of youth, who have been taught by it, to believe that being born to the high destiny of poetic fame, no labor is necessary to render them perfect masters of the art which is theirs by intuition. Yet poetry is an art; the perfect mastery of which requires great knowledge—knowledge of nature, of books, and of the human heart. And where is the poet who did not possess these requisites? Can any man name him? Did Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, or Scott, idle away their time in spinning sentimental stanzas, or did they labor assiduously, by their midnight lamps, in laying up vast stores of knowledge, and in acquiring an intimate acquaintance with the language in which they wrote?

Poetry is only good when it embodies natural thoughts, adorned by imagery which is philosophically accurate, and expressed in language which is pure, exact, and vigorous. Simplicity of diction is one of its greatest beauties—bombast, its most odious defect. Wordsworth, with all his puerility, often touches the heart, and wins applause by simplicity alone. Goldsmith, who is perhaps the best model of English prose composition, and is no mean poet, never suffers his images to swell into extravagance, nor his diction to overstep the modesty of nature.

We cannot refrain from expressing our entire approbation, of the modesty and good sense of the young poet before us, evinced in his freedom from the defects at which we have hinted. His descriptions are natural, and the effervescence of a poetic fancy, is judiciously sobered down into limits of common sense. His language is that of a scholar, who, before he has ventured upon the dangerous enterprise of authorship, has taken the pains to make himself acquainted with the language in which he writes—an attainment more valuable and less common, than is usually believed. His verses flow with an easy grace, and are carefully pruned of the exuberance which would have deformed, and of the circumlocution which would have weakened them. A gentleman who thus shows respect for public opinion, by confining himself within the obvious rules of his art, and bestowing upon his composition the labor necessary to success, deserves a respectful hearing from the public; and

such a writer, even if he does not attain high excellence in his first attempt, will eventually succeed. Mr. Jones has already succeeded well.

The largest poem in the volume, is the 'Out-law,' the scene of which is laid at the 'Cave-in-Rock,' in Illinois. It is a tale of robbery and murder, and is well told at a spot which has been famous in the annals of crime. The poet has not exaggerated the atrocity of the bandits, who were assembled in that neighborhood a few years ago, and became a terror to those who traveled by land or water in that vicinity. The writer of this notice, resided for several years within a few miles of the infested neighborhood, while it was yet the haunt of these desperate out-laws, and was intimately acquainted with the atrocities that were perpetrated. We can, therefore, bear testimony to the fidelity of Mr. Jones' description, and can assure our readers that no poetic license has been taken, either with the scenery of the beautiful river, or the main incidents on which the tale is founded. What relates to the personal adventures of the hero and heroine, is of course the invention of the poet's brain, and we vouch for nothing coming from a receptacle of such doubtful authority. The poem opens thus:

'The sun has set behind the hill,
Which frowns o'er fair Ohio's tide,
Its mellow radiance lingering still,—
Like the rich blushes of a bride!
And twilight comes, as fades away
The last expiring hour of day,
'To brood in quiet o'er a scene,
So calmly peaceful and serene.
Onward glides with many a sweep,
The rolling river wide and deep,
In circling eddies, dashing o'er
The beautiful and pebbly shore,
Which meets its kiss with murmuring,
Like of bees in early spring,
When every bud and blossom fair
Is opened to the wooing air.
Upon its sparkling chrysal tide,
The wild duck moves along in pride,
The waters curling 'gainst its breast,
In many a bright and silvery crest,
While echo through the yielding air,
Its notes to lure companions there,
And far away, adown the stream,
Is heard the bittern's startling scream,
From every hill, an echo waking;
And every rolling billow, breaking
Upon the rocks that rear their forms
Above, like genii of the storms,
Around whose feet the glittering spray,
A moment flies, then hastes away.

'But lo! from yonder shady rock,
The outlet of some forest brook,
A light skiff leaves the grassy shore
Plied by a solitary oar,
That sparkles in the silver light,
Which the fair ruler of the night,
Bathing her blushes in the wave,
In many a soft reflection gave.'

But we must stop; the publisher would not thank us for infringing too largely on his copyright. If any lady or gentleman, wishes to know why that solitary skiff was plied by moonlight—and who was the prowling individual that ventured abroad at that suspicious hour—whether it was a robber, a lover, an abolitionist, a Vicksburgh gambler, an emissary of judge Lynch, or an honest *sucker*, of Rock-and-Cave township, Gallatin county, Illinois, going about his lawful concerns—such person, so desiring to be informed, as aforesaid, must go to Mr. Josiah Drake's, and purchase the book, wherein the whole matter is fully set forth.

The shorter poems which fill the latter part of the volume, are all far above mediocrity. They are among the best specimens of their class. One of them, 'The Wandering Jew,' was published in this Magazine, two years ago, and copied with approbation into a number of the papers of the day.

The book is very neatly published, and is in every way creditable to our city. If we could have the heart to encourage any one to continue in so bad a trade as that of authorship, we could very conscientiously advise our young Cincinnatian, to persevere in the career which he has so honorably commenced—and would not be afraid to prophesy, that one who writes with such care and taste, must in the end excel.

CLINTON BRADSHAW.

WE had hoped to have received in time for a notice in this number, a novel, which is now in press at Philadelphia, of the above title. The writer is a most estimable and highly gifted gentleman of this city, and we expect from him a work which will do honor to him, and credit to the queen of the west. We entertain but little fear that the expectation of his friends will be disappointed.

NUTS TO CRACK; or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes, and Facete of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars. By the Author of Facetiæ Cantabrigienses, etc. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey and A. Hart. 1835.

THE season for cracking nuts is fast approaching. The pigs are beginning to fatten on them already, the squirrels are feasting on the tree tops, and the pigeons are busy in the beach woods. The little boys are busy plying their blackened hands under the walnut and hickory trees, and the markets will soon be well supplied with the rich spoil of the forest. Cracking nuts is a very pleasant business upon a cold winter evening—eating them is pleasanter still. But those which are spread before us now, are of a different character. This is a collection of the wit and fun of collegians—the dry jokes of the learned, and the humorsome pranks of the young—the wit of the Porson school—

the Latin puns of freshmen—the outbreking revelries of undergraduates—with all that tradition or record has preserved of the facetious sayings and doings at the two famous universities of England. Some of it is quaint and pleasant—much of it hath point, and is most goodly wit—and a great deal is very serious pleasantry, and equal to any laudanum for putting one to sleep after dinner. Nevertheless the book contains the names of several who are famous in the world, and is a good book for showing that all men have their jokes, at one time or another. The grave heads of colleges do sometimes unbend, and even tutors have their lucid intervals of jocund mirth. Enough said. The book is worth the price demanded for it. A good laugh is cheap at any price.

A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT TO THE AMERICAN CHURCHES. By the deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By ANDREW REED, D. D. and JAMES MATHESON, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1835.

THIS work is not written as the title page would seem to indicate, by *Doctors* Reed and Matheson, but is the narrative of Dr. Reed, of the results of a journey made by himself, and a companion whom he designates as *Mr.* Matheson. The Rev. Andrew Reed has for some years been known to the world as the writer of an anomalous work called ‘No Fiction’—a work having the form and impress of a religious novel, but purporting to be ‘founded on recent and interesting facts.’ The work, as well as the author, were handled very severely in the English papers—and well did they deserve such handling—for if the work was really *no fiction*, it could not have been published without a breach of confidence, and a violation of the most sacred relations of private intercourse.

The work before us is written in a spirit of candor—but yet is full of the mistakes and prejudices which seem to adhere inevitably to the English tourist. When we say, therefore, that it is written in the spirit of candor, we mean that the author’s motives are fair—his misrepresentations are the results of national prejudice, and narrow-minded bigotry.

The first remark that strikes us in reading this book, is the author’s national anxiety in regard to the creature comforts appertaining to the repose and refreshment of the body—a solicitude which seems rather out of place in a narrative of a visit to the churches, by a doctor of divinity. However old maidish the doctor might have been on these subjects, it was quite unnecessary, and a little too much on the Fanny Kemble order, to bore his readers with the details of his eatings, sleepings, and ablutions. We fancy that ‘the churches,’ to whom this report is made, will hardly be much edified by the frequent repetition of such passages as the following:

‘Our first inquiry was for single bedded rooms.’ Vol. I. p. 12.

‘We were glad to be set down at Gadsby’s hotel, which is very large, has good accommodations, and would be all you could desire, if somewhat cleaner.’ Vol. I. p. 24.

See also on the same page a long description of a tepid bath, with which the author refreshed himself at Washington. It was ‘a poor affair for such a

place as Washington!—and certainly argued badly for ‘the state of the churches.’

At Sandusky he ‘went to the best inn in the town. It was not such as one could boast of. But it had been better, had it been cleaner.’ Vol. I. p. 99.

At another place, the breakfast ‘was a very poor affair. The chief dish was ham fried in butter—originally hard, and the harder for frying; I tried to get my teeth through it, but failed.’ Vol. I. p. 105.

At another, a very remarkable circumstance occurred. ‘I was shown into a similar closet. There were no dressing accommodations. I required them, and was told that those things were *in common* below. I refused to use them; and at length by showing a little firmness, and a little kindness, obtained soap, bowl, and towel. I dressed. By this time it was nearly two o’clock. I was to be called at half past two; and I threw myself on the bed,’ &c. What an important light is thrown here upon the state of the churches in the United States! How interesting to the grave divines of England and Wales, to be informed of the firmness and delicacy of their deputy in refusing to wash his face in public, and to be advised that he *dressed* himself to go to bed, when other people generally *undress* themselves.

We could fill several pages with such extracts—all going to show the worthy doctor to be a cleanly gentleman, who was careful and troubled about many things, besides the ostensible object of his mission.

At Cincinnati, the doctor made a great discovery, which he thus facetiously announces:

‘Some of the churches are good but not remarkable, except the old Presbyterian church in the main street, which is large and Dutch-built, with a brick face, with two brick towers projecting on it, which towers have turrets as heavy as themselves, and which turrets are chiefly remarkable for two dials which exactly agree. When I saw them they both wanted three minutes to six, and doubt not, if I could see them now, they still want just three minutes to six.’ How singular that two dials on the same house, shall exactly agree, and that they should mutually want just three minutes to six! What a clever painter he must have been, who in making these mimic representations, hit on the original idea of drawing the one to correspond with the other, instead of so placing the hands as to make them point to different hours!

The doctor was at Cincinnati on the 4th of July, and attended the celebration at one of our churches. He speaks favorably of the exercises, except the reading of the Declaration of Independence. ‘Then came the declaration. It was read by a tradesman, who looked intelligent; but he read badly, and what was worse, read bitterly; and in trying to give those terms which hit the fatherland a hard and angry expression, he contorted his face so as to be very ridiculous.’ Vol. I. p. 115. Then follows a page of ‘good round scolding, at the people of the United States, for reading the Declaration of Independence, and indulging in expressions of hate and vindictiveness, which are the proper language of fear.’

The state of the churches at Louisville was very uncomfortable: ‘The thermometer rose this day to 100°, and the heat and perspiration were intolerable. I was compelled to relieve myself of my upper garments!’ shocking—‘to throw myself on a naked mattress!’ alarming—‘and with the windows

open, and remaining perfectly still, the perspiration rose on my skin in globes!!! collected in my hair!!!! and curled down my face and hands!!!!?—Prodigious.

Near Louisville he finds a man that told him 'the women are nothing now to what they used to be. Every Saturday they devoted to firing at a mark; and they could handle a musket with the best of us.' Vol. I. p. 124. The American churches have improved since then—we doubt whether any of the ladies of the west have latterly devoted *every* Saturday to target shooting.

At page 126, the author has a dissertation on legs. The hacknied story of the Americans putting their feet 'on the fender, the jambs of the stove, the chair, the mantle-piece,' is repeated for the edification of the churches—'but all this,' he says, 'is nothing: it is perfectly European. These aspirants seem never satisfied till their heels are on a level with their head; and at one hotel the feet have attained the height of the doorway, and it is a point of serious ambition with young men to see who shall scar the highest mark.'

As this is the grave report of a clergyman, sent out to investigate the state of the American churches, and who doubtless would communicate nothing but *facts*, we must suppose that he intends to be literally understood; and we should be glad if he had pointed out the process, by which gentlemen extend their feet to the height of a doorway which would be above their heads when in a standing posture, and far beyond their reach when sitting.

At Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, the most interesting discovery of the author, is—'the quantity of fine cows that are found here, and which really seem to be a part of the family.' Nor is that all—'Most families have one or two, and towards evening they move about the street like human beings, perfume the air with their sweet breath, and find their way to their resting place, frequently through the entries of the houses, in company with the children.' Vol. I. p. 125. In what respect the cows move like human beings, we are unable to guess, seeing that the former move on four legs, and the latter on two—unless it be that they promenade on the sidewalks, and smoke segars, and thus acquire the perfumed breath which rose like a sweet smelling savor to the nostrils of the itinerant deputy of the congregational church. That they have the freedom of the city seems evident—but that they have also right of way through the carpeted entries of the mansions of that fair metropolis—*non constat*.

The doctor says, that 'In what will be the centre of this little town, there is just erected a courthouse; and, in its immediate neighborhood, are a number of little wooden offices for the accommodation of the lawyers who attend the court. They frequently sit out on nurse's wicker chairs, beside their offices; and, to a perverse imagination, look like the spider waiting to ensnare the silly fly. The courthouse is built of marble, in the Grecian style, with a good portico. As is often our own case, it shows that the architect had no real taste,' &c. Vol. I. p. 126.

What a pity it is that so much pleasant witticism, and that, too, so closely connected with the American churches, should all be thrown away! We regret to be obliged to destroy, with ruthless hand, the humorous associations connected in the author's mind, with the courthouse at Frankfort—but we can't help it—the truth will come out—the Grecian temple which the author

saw, at Frankfort, was the *statehouse*, not the courthouse.—the gentlemen who sat on ‘nurse’s chairs,’ were probably the secretary of state, auditor, and treasurer, or the clerks of these offices, and the bad taste which offended the clerical traveler, was not that of the architect, but of the ancient model from which that beautiful building is faithfully copied.

But tastes differ. The learned doctor in speaking of Lexington, says, ‘the churches, courthouse, and university, decorate the whole,’ &c. We shall certainly not dispute with one, who turns up his nose at the capitol at Frankfort, and thinks the courthouse at Lexington, a *decoration*.

He found out, too, that the farms between Frankfort and Lexington, ‘want exceedingly the animation of stock.’ Vol. I. p. 128. Why, bless the man! What an acute observer must he be, who could find such an abundance of cows in the streets of Frankfort, and so few on the grazing farms round Lexington!

We might copy whole pages of this kind of gossip—of the merest chit-chat, about every thing that came in the author’s way—and which is strangely mixed up with some excellent sketches of scenery, and some serious reflections upon the state of religion. But we pass to another topic. The author, seems to have been charged with a special mission on the subject of slavery. To his evidence, do the benevolent people of Great Britain who have kindly undertaken to look into our domestic concerns, refer for facts; and accordingly, we find him continually prying into the condition of the slave, holding consultations in New England, with the abolitionists, and descanting at length on this fruitful topic. We propose to show the justice of some of his conclusions, and the adroitness with which he adduces evidence to support them. At the close of his narrative, in summing up the results of his observations on slavery, he lays down the following, among other propositions:

‘The slave is deemed unworthy of protection in his domestic relations.’

‘The slave is denied the means of knowledge and improvement.’

‘Education has been found to be incompatible with slavery, and it has been refused. To the honor of religion it has been open to the same objections,’ &c. Vol. II. p. 171.

Yet among the facts reported by himself, we find the following:

The churches of Lexington, Kentucky, are thus enumerated: ‘There are two Presbyterian places, with about one thousand two hundred attendants, and three hundred communicants; two Baptists, with about one thousand attendants and two hundred communicants; two Methodists, about one thousand one hundred attendants, and four hundred communicants; two African, Methodist and Baptist, one thousand attendants; one Episcopalian, about five hundred attendants.’ Vol. I. p. 132.

Out of *nine* churches, the negroes in this city have *two*—yet, ‘they are denied the means of knowledge and improvement.’

At Lexington, in Virginia, where he attended divine service, he remarks: ‘The galleries were mostly occupied by blacks.’ Vol. I. p. 131. Besides this, he found an African church there, and heard preachers, that he thought superior to the white preachers of the United States. In regard to preaching, as well as architecture, there is no accounting for taste, and the doctor may have been sincere in his admiration of the negro ministers—but we should

be glad to know how they became so expert in pulpit oratory, if it be true, that they are denied the means of knowledge and improvement? In enumerating the *church members* of this town, he sets down three hundred Presbyterians, two hundred Methodists, and sixty Africans.

At another place, fifteen miles from Lexington, Va., he was present at the administration of the sacrament. 'The members came successively to the table; the persons of color coming last.' Vol. I. p. 170.

In Richmond, 'the blacks are not allowed their own places of worship; and the Baptist and Methodist congregations are mostly composed of them.' p. 180.

At a camp-meeting which he attended in the Northern Neck, he found seats prepared for the negroes. p. 187.

Speaking of a house at which he stopped in Virginia, and where he was handsomely entertained, he says, 'it had neither bolt nor lock to any one of its doors, that I could find.' p. 199.

Again; 'we retired within the cottage; the slaves which were treated just as his children, were called in, and we had family worship.' p. 200.

But it is needless to accumulate evidence. Wherever doctor Reed attended worship, in the slave states, he found the slaves participating in its benefits—he saw preparations made for their express accommodation—he saw them at the sacramental table—he saw negro preachers so expert, and so familiar with the Bible, that it was evident they must have had long and frequent practice. Yet, he comes to the conclusion, that religion, as well as education, is denied to the blacks.

Such are the singular determinations of the mind, when perverted by prejudice. While doctor Reed confined himself to the topics properly connected with his ostensible mission, his remarks are such as become a serious, discreet, and intelligent divine. He is at home in the worshiping assembly, and his observations in general accord with the views of the better-informed class of pious persons among us. He descants of scenery, caverns, cascades, mountains, and forests, in a very gentlemanly and scholar-like tone—a little on the sentimental order—but we like him all the better for that—it is a good sign. The man who can grow enthusiastic as he gazes on the beauties of nature, has good feelings in him. But when he tells us—p. 14—that the ladies of New York, have 'a mincing tread, which was meant to be Parisian, but is not so; it is affectation, and, therefore, disagreeable'—we utter no scandal, when we say that he has not the eye of a dancing-master. A mincing tread!—wonder what that has to do with the condition of the American churches. He has said some true things about revivals—religious opinions—religious economy—colleges, &c.—but his taste in courthouses and cows—wash bowls, single-bedded rooms, and fried ham, are decidedly cockney. It is too much of the Fanny Kemble and silver-fork school. His lectures on slavery contain nothing new. They are such, as those who understand the subject best have pronounced incendiary, and the good sense of a great majority of the nation has discountenanced—and we apprehend that the sentiments which we are unwilling to hear from our own citizens, will not be more palatable when coming from a foreigner, ignorant of the subject, and having no personal interest in the discussion. When the Irish shall be free,

when India shall cease to groan, when the Caffrian shall no longer curse the intruding Briton—it will be time enough for English philanthropists to look abroad for objects on which to exert their benevolence.

The following account of a meeting at Boston, is worthy of notice: ‘In the evening, we met at Mr. John Tappan’s, a party of about forty persons. I gained information from him on the subject of the slavery question. Doctor Beecher, whom I was to have met here relative to that matter, had arrived before me. Some meetings, however, had been held, and a plan was under discussion. If the subject is well managed at this crisis, it may do every thing; but I have had my fears.’ V. I. p. 311. It seems, then, that there was a *plan*, to be *managed* at this *crisis*, and that the foreign emissary was one of the planners. Further comment on that point is unnecessary.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

TAKEN AT BELLEVILLE, ILL. IN JUNE, JULY, AND AUGUST, 1835.

The times of observation are, V o’clock, A. M. and I and IX, P. M.

The mean temperature for each of these three hours, and for each month, is as follows:

	V.	I.	IX.	Mean of the Month.
For JUNE,	64.56	78.04	70.11	71.06
JULY,	65.55	84.41	72.02	74.00
AUGUST,	66.51	81.04	70.50	72.25

For the SUMMER, . . 65.54 81.16 70.88 72.48

Thus, the mean temperature of the whole season is 72.48.

The maximum and minimum for these times of observation, are:

For June, max.	92.50, on the 8th :	min.	44.00, on the 21st.
July, „	96.50, „ 28th	„	53.00, „ 1st and 2d.
August, „	94.00, „ 11th and 17th	„	52.00, „ 22d.

The mean temperature of well water, and the amount of rain that has fallen each month, in inches and hundredths, are

For June,	well water, 54.00—rain, 6.25
July,	„ 54.31 „ 2.44
August,	„ 54.12 „ 3.67

Mean temperature of well water for the season, 54.14, and the whole amount of rain 12.36.

For June, the fair days are 16, cloudy 8, variable 6.

July, „	21, „ 4, „ 6.
August, „	22, „ 5, „ 4.

For the whole summer, „ 59, „ 17, „ 16.

Nearly all the rain which fell in August, fell in less than 48 hours, on the 23d and 24th. But exceeded by more than three inches, what fell in the same month last year. And the whole amount this summer, is 4.90 more than it was last.

This season is said to have been the most sickly, in the state of Illinois, of any which has been experienced for many years, if not since the first settlement of the country. In many places, whole neighborhoods are so prostrated, that there are scarcely well persons enough to take care of the sick.

Kentucky, especially the southwestern part, has suffered under severe visitations of both cholera and bilious fever.

Parts of Indiana have been afflicted with cholera.

Ohio has wholly escaped the cholera, and has been generally healthy. Cincinnati has been more healthy, and Louisville less so, than usual.

We have heard of no sickness in Western Virginia or Pennsylvania.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of August, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School.
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. Aug. 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM-PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m. tem.						
1	61.0	77.0	67.0	29.310	E-N	lt. bre.		vari.	
2	62.0	79.2	68.4	29.410	N-N	lt. bre.		vari.	
3	56.0	86.0	70.0	29.409	N-NE	lt. wd.		clear.	foggy morning.
4	62.0	86.0	73.0	29.390	NE-E	lt. wd.		clear.	thick fog 5 A. M.
5	66.0	81.5	73.5	29.310	E-S	lt. wd.		vari.	
6	66.0	81.5	72.2	29.310	W-NW	lt. bre.		vari.	
7	57.0	81.5	68.5	29.403	NW-NE	str. bre.		vari.	
8	68.0	83.7	68.6	29.445	NE-NE	lt. bre.		clear.	
9	64.0	86.0	73.7	29.415	NE-NE	lt. bre.		clear.	
10	59.0	88.2	72.4	29.335	NE-NE	lt. bre.		clear.	
11	62.0	86.0	74.7	29.311	NE-NE	str. bre.		vari.	
12	65.0	88.2	75.7	29.312	NE-NW	lt. wd.		vari.	foggy morning.
13	61.0	79.2	71.1	29.311	SW-SW	str. wd.	.19	cloudy.	wet afternoon.
14	69.0	74.7	71.9	29.301	NW-NE	lt. wd.	.13	cloudy.	wet day.
15	70.0	87.5	76.5	29.196	SE-NW	lt. wd.	.67	cloudy.	wet morning.
16	68.0	89.0	77.6	29.246	NW-NW	str. bre.	.44	fair.	foggy morning.
17	68.5	85.0	76.7	29.315	NW-NE	str. wd.	.98	cloudy.	wet day.
18	67.0	85.0	74.0	29.196	SW-W	str. wd.		vari.	
19	58.0	80.0	68.0	29.400	W-W	lt. wd.		vari.	
20	56.0	78.0	63.3	29.347	W-W	str. wd.	.28	vari.	
21	49.5	73.0	69.2	29.403	W-W	str. wd.		fair.	
22	46.0	76.0	56.3	29.517	W-W	lt. wd.		clear.	
23	49.0	80.0	64.0	29.560	E-E	lt. wd.		vari.	
24	62.0	81.0	70.3	29.331	SE-SW	lt. wd.	1.93	cloudy.	wet night.
25	62.5	81.0	69.2	29.143	S-SW	str. wd.	.91	vari.	
26	60.5	81.0	69.5	29.216	SW-SW	lt. wd.		vari.	
27	58.0	81.5	68.7	29.176	W-W	lt. wd.		vari.	
28	64.0	81.2	68.7	29.293	W-W	lt. wd.		fair.	
29	58.5	73.0	59.8	29.363	W-NW	hg. wd.	1.36	vari.	rain 1 1/2 to 4.
30	55.0	75.0	62.3	29.420	NW-NW	str. wd.	spr.	vari.	
31	51.5	67.0	56.8	29.407	NW-NW	str. wd.	.25	cloudy.	

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 69° 12

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 89° 0

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 46° 0

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 43° 0

Warmest day, August 16th.

Coldest day, August 22d.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - - 29.3384

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.52

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.13

Range of barometer, - - - - - .33

Perpendicular depth of rain (English inches) - - - - - 6.54

Direction of Wind: N. 2 days—NE. 7 days—E. 2 days—SE. 1 day—S. 1 1/2 days—SW. 3 1/2 days—W. 7 1/2 days—NW. 6 1/2 days.

Weather: Clear and fair 9 days—variable 16 days—cloudy 6 days.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1835.

AN ESSAY ON TRUTH.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

THE truth should be spoken undoubtedly, and always spoken—that is, if we speak at all. Silence may be a lie, under certain circumstances, but ordinary moralists seldom consider the mere suppression of truth cognizable under the head of telling lies. Some of us get along very comfortably by saying little, and although by this conduct we may lose the credit of possessing wit, we certainly save a vast deal of wear and tear of conscience—for he who speaks much is sure to say a great deal that had better be left unsaid. But not to perplex myself with nice distinctions, how few are there of those who open their mouths, that with any kind of certainty and consistency, speak only the pure truth. I do not allude now to grave pondered lies—serious and downright falsehoods, spoken maliciously, at the instigation of him who is the father of lies—I advert only to that general laxity and inaptitude of expression, in familiar discourse or description, which, with no great dishonesty of intention, do violence in a great degree to the symmetry of exact truth.

Exaggeration strikes one in a moment, as the most common of colloquial misdemeanors—though if it come at once from the heart, and have a free spirited method with it, it is by no means unpleasant, nor is it so apt to mislead, as the doubt and coldness of over caution. One man will swear to that, which

he knows only by report, and another will affect ignorance of that which he has seen. We may get along with both these, if we understand the character of the speaker, if not, they will equally deceive us. If a man give me the right spirit of things, I can allow him a little harmless licentiousness in piling quantities. If he do not distort and disguise, he may magnify, and will not deceive or offend me. Let him not confound black with white, and I will not quarrel with him about *very* black, and *very* white. I should stipulate literally and formally for the truth, but secure of this, a man may amplify and give what intensity he pleases: I understand him; I know his ardent ways and liberal measures, and can at any time dilute him down to proof. If a man say to me that he is perishing with cold, I do not understand that he fears the extinction of life, for the lack of animal heat, but only that he is less warm than is desirable; if he assures me that he is dying of hunger, I apprehend only that his appetite is good. When I am addressed as, my dear sir, I do not consider it a declaration of love; and I well know that many who acknowledge themselves my obedient servants, would not turn on their heels to serve me.

There is an inborn tendency in the human mind, to amplification—to swell out beyond the limits of nature and truth. Our souls are too big for our bodies; and our perceptions and impressions pitched too high for the scale and circumstances of the world in which we live. We see through telescopes. Our middle size belies us. We are all Patagonians in our hearts and our tongues—little creatures with our fifteen hundred steps to a mile, who nevertheless find this earth, with its spare deserts, and untrodden forests, too circumscribed for our free elbowroom. Our descriptive phrases, however they may be tamed down in signification by common use, have been framed as for a race of giants, in a giant world. The mere moderate among us in describing the wonders of a sea storm, would scarcely be so narrow-minded, as to talk of waves rising thirty or forty feet, instead of ‘mountains high.’ We cannot credit that a man has been wet through two coats, unless he asseverated, that it ‘rained as if heaven and earth were coming together.’ Buffon, in describing an insect says, ‘when it feeds, the blood is seen *rushing like a torrent* into its stomach’—could he have said more, in severe justice, of a mammoth?

Look at our advertisements, and at the signs which are exhibited in the streets, and you will see what an unpopular virtue is the naked truth. Does a man make clothes for gentlemen—he scorns to write himself plainly a tailor—he is a

‘man’s mercer.’ Are shoes made within—it is ‘a wholesale and retail boot and shoe manufactory.’ Is a man a barber—he styleth his *sanctum* an emporium of fashion. Are hats made—it is a wholesale and retail fashionable hat manufactory. An apothecary’s shop is ‘a drug and chemical warehouse’—the baker advertises ‘large bread’—toys are, ‘fancy articles’—sugar candy is confectionary—a grogshop is a coffee-house, a retreat, or a refectory—and a place where small sums are advanced upon old clothes and cheap watches, is a loan office, an office of discount and deposit, an exchange, or a general agency and commission warehouse. These are common appellations adopted by our simple republicans, but many have peculiar designations appended thereto. Men style their places of business ‘the Ohio’—‘the Western’—or ‘the American’—though all others in the same traffic have an equal title to the same prefix—and the keeper of a grogshop is not content with styling his magazine of strong liquors a coffee house, but dignifies it as the Washington, the Penn, the Madison, or the La Fayette—and thirsty souls get drunk under the nominal sanction of illustrious names which were never, except in this manner, associated with strong drink. How this world is given to—exaggeration!

Our people certainly have a poetic temperament, or a vaulting ambition that luxuriates in amplification. There are certain adjectives which seem appropriated to the business of exaggeration—such as an *enterprising* bookseller, a *talented* writer, an *inimitable* actress, and a *liberal* manager of a theatre. In conversation the use of these is even more profuse and perhaps less appropriate.

This sublimity of style will not bear to be tried by the nice measures and weights of truth, yet it is not always attempted with a simple intention to deceive. The difficulty, as well as the desire of exciting attention, urges us into dishonest vehemence and magnificent misstatements. The world is sufficiently fastidious not to feel curiosity about familiar appearances, common forms, and trite opinions. The only resource then is the extraordinary; the object is not to inform but to surprise; and for this purpose we are driven, not to our experience, but to our invention. We must create—the Alps will not do—we must pile Pelion upon Ossa. If we should say, ‘I am sorry,’ the attention of the auditor would scarcely be arrested; but if I should throw myself into a theatrical attitude and exclaim, ‘my heart bleeds at every pore,’ a certain degree of sympathy would be excited—yet no one would believe that literally the fountains of the life-current had been broken up, and an universal deluge poured out upon the inner

man. The heart bleeds metaphysically—not by actual hæmorrhage—as the drops that grief draws from the eye, are by the same figure of speech, converted into *floods* of tears.

These exaggerations are not only pardonable, so long as they preserve their conventional appropriateness—but are perhaps even necessary, in the existing state of society—when the taste, by long continued indulgence in mental stimulus has lost its excitability, and an artificial appetite has become formed. Considerable art, however, is necessary, in these daring efforts, or they may fail to attract the notice they aim at, or indeed any favorable notice. Mere overgrown exaggeration does not astonish us; if its gross bulk be not quickened with a due proportion of liveliness, it is only so much waste of language. This is one reason of the disrepute into which the stage has fallen; its licentiousness might not alarm so charitable a world as ours, if it did not disgust by the grossness of its caricatures. An improvident poet often starts upon a beautiful metaphor—but like our friend, the æronaut, inflates his balloon until it bursts and dashes the poor rogue to the ground. A ranting actor tears the passions to rags—and a grovelling Jim Crow distorts even the burlesque by painting it black. In their improvements upon the littleness of nature, they not only exceed her limits, but disfigure all her forms and proportions; they are faithful to neither the measure nor the pattern of her works. Their greatness is nothing but corpulency, unenlivened with any principle of life or activity. There is much of this in conversation as well as in writing—the frog swelling to attain the size of the ox, and only becoming a greater frog by the operation—colloquial obesity that enlargeth itself in dimensions, but not in symmetry. We might bear a cupid seven feet high, if he retained his proper beauty and sprightliness; but it is cruel to see the exquisite little deity, tumefied into an unwieldy Daniel Lambert, with no compensation for the change but fat—gross, dull, material fat.

This last style of exaggeration is frequently employed by persons of tame and unimpassioned spirits, and in their hands it is certainly a most deadening and overpowering instrument. I know not how minds of such a temperament should deviate into such unsuitable vices; but so it is; we often see profound dullness troubled with a strange, lumbering ambition, to be great and wonderful—the ass clad in the lion's hide. In the fable, the beast could not conceal his ears; the dull talker is not incommoded by his own ears, but betrayed by those of his audience. We do not complain of a heavy fabulist, that he perverts or obscures the truth; he conveys no likelihood of

it—no shadow—no sign; his uninspired exuberance falling upon you with the dead weight of sheer impossibility. Even the perfidious solemnity, and decorum of manner, in most such persons, adds greatly to the perplexity of their hearers. When a vivacious enthusiast bursts out into some violent description, his spirit, his look, his tone, and gestures, at once alarm our watchfulness and put us upon our guard. He has no sly and indirect means of lulling our suspicion, and cheating us into belief. Not he—he neither believes what he is saying, nor expects you to believe it; or else he hath a belief so unreasonable that it deceives none. He may love his lies, but they are lies which wear their hearts on their sleeves—they are prodigal lies which set up no pretensions to respectability. Not so with your slow prosing hyperbolist, who with a steady eye doles out his cold extravagance, and dull excess—who dresses out his progeny in the decent garb of propriety, and introduces them to you with formal gravity. You can come to no measures with him. You look at him, and know not how to understand him. There is no fervor in his eye, the wrinkle of hypocrisy curleth not about his mouth, there is no mendacity in his expression, his countenance hath not the audacious honesty of an agreeable liar. Nothing can be more puzzling. Yet there are many of them. They are too dull to invent—but on the same principle they are too stupid to detect the fabrications of others, or too weak to remember facts. They are not manufacturers but retailers.

This anomalous variety excepted, I have rather a kindness, than otherwise, for a little honest exaggeration; and every species of it, leaden or mercurial, is preferable to its opposite, cold and penurious exactness. The whole host of long-bow men, light troops and heavy, are far less annoying, and paradoxical as it may appear, less hostile to the more essential parts of truth, than the little teasing tribe—the minute worshippers of mere matter of fact, and stubborn contemners of fancy. A man, who in a transport of passion, gives an undue extension to any determinate quantity of time or space, or any thing else, does not exaggerate in any ill sense; he deceives nobody, except those without passion—the pests of the human race. His object is not to define a rigid reality as established by law, but to describe it according to the impression which it made upon his mind, under a particular state of excitement. He has no thought about ‘stubborn facts,’ but makes them malleable to his will, and susceptible of any variations of form that his feelings require. People are cool and collected when they set about making facts, and it is very hard that a man in a fury should be bound by them. Ready

made facts will not suit him; they must be all purely his own. He is above statutes and measures, and will own no allegiance to common rules and tables. Surely, he must be a very heartless person who will not admit, that an hour is not always more nor less than sixty minutes, and that a mile is not invariably just a mile. A matter of fact man has no conception of such an extravagance; he grants no indulgence; law is law with him, and he will abide by it to death. A mile, he will have it, is a mile; and the worst of it is, he has certain odious proofs and literal standards in his favor, which he will quote against a liberal adversary, until there is nothing left for it but to own that the blockhead is right. In vain, you hope to move him from his position by appealing to his passions or his imagination; these gifts in him, if he has them at all, being under such certain control, that he carries them about him as securely as he does his gloves and his cane. Never hope to exasperate him into a thought of apostacy from Gunter and Cocker, or from his grammar and dictionary. In these he lives, and moves, and has his being. He stands for a fact; and though it be stripped to positive nakedness, or robbed of its living marrow, he will cling to it—and hug his bit of barren dryness, according to the book and his ‘bond.’

I look upon these pedants, as the most intolerable plagues, that go about to disturb the ease, cordiality, and trusting freedom of familiar conversation. One of these in a company of lively interlocutors, is a perfect marplot. There is no speaking before him; he lies in wait for every trivial lapse, and is ready to arrest on the spot, all misnomers of time, place, or person. He will stop a good anecdote, just before its finest moment to examine its credentials; and cut off the conclusion of a pathetic tale to question the *venue*. To pun in his presence would be as bad as to question his existence—he and *equivoque* could never be brought together but to fight. These starvelings set themselves up for lovers of truth; but the truth is not in them, nor for them. A little niggardly truth, perhaps a crumb of certainty, they may pick up; but of truth in its entire spirit—of the *whole truth*, they have no notion. They will discriminate between John and Thomas, and authenticate a day of the month, with fatal accuracy—they dot an *i*, cross a *t*, and debate over the propriety of that moiety of a semicolon, which taken away would make it a comma—and to secure such points, will suffer the catastrophe of a story to pass by them, like the wind which they regard not. All that is warm, fluent, and animating in discourse, is husk and chaff to them, if there be not something they can swear to.

THE SAVOYARDS.

Not far from the foot of Mount St. Bernard, there is a little hamlet cased in the rocks, and smiling through the gloom of alpine precipices. Few places in poor rugged Savoy present an aspect of deeper solitude and peace. Here and there a patch of grape vines, in solitary verdure glitters on a background of icicles and perpetual snow, like the emerald on the satin robe of cold royalty. And on the declivities of the pigmy valleys, the bold heads of the chestnut trees wave their broad shades over the deep beds of mountain torrents. The sober and virtuous inhabitants of those cliffs, strangers to luxury and wealth, subsist almost wholly upon the dried chestnuts of their rocks, and the white wine of their narrow fields.

Near the beginning of this century, there was a cottage there, now in ruins, which contained a small family of pure-hearted Savoyards. An old man, whose silky locks vied in whiteness with the sunlit snow, his mate, a daughter—and the only surviving one of a once numerous family—composed that humble household. The smiles of contentment, were ever on their placid brows. The calmness that beamed on the countenance of the parents, with the innocent glee of the daughter's sweet features, recalled to the fancy that fabulous region where the fragrant bud might be seen expanding on the bough which bore the mature fruit of autumn. And a witness of their life's sunset, might have sworn that it was there the bard of nature had written,

We've climbed life's hill together,
And many a canty day
We've had with one another.

Like Miranda, Annette knew nothing of the world, and surrounded with purity under the simple roof that sheltered her life, she thought all else was guileless and chaste. On the morn and at eve, her black locks could be seen borne on the icy breeze of beetling cliffs, where climbed her little flock; there, like that bird that borrows its name from the blue heavens, she loved to raise her simple notes, and her chant was wafted in solitary melody, to the regions where echo never melts. There, too, she was wont to offer up to her God her morning orison, and recite, in Latin, the Lord's prayer, of which the good priest of the village, had taught her to understand every word; and when she said

Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in cœlo et in terra.

she would pause, and her fine eye was raised to the eternal

arch above her, as if it were already her abode. Oh! why could not that tranquility and happiness endure? It was also on the mountain path, that Annette had first seen Pierre, the famed chamois hunter of the nearest village. Henceforth, his excursions which before this had never turned in that direction, were daily made to cross the path where he had spoken to Annette. Pierre was one of the noblest creatures that ever graced the alpine landscapes. His mind, also, rose far above his ignorant companions. He could read and write handsomely; a thing seldom known in the mountains of Savoy; he was the wonder of the rude peasantry of his sex, and many a bosom in the other, had swelled for him. But his proud spirit seemed to soar above the village or its inhabitants, and it was only the rock and the torrent or the avalanche that occupied his mind. When at eve he returned to the hamlet, indifferent to all around him, he used to stretch his weary limbs on his mat, and presently he sunk in the deepest slumber till the break of day, when his expeditions were renewed; but of late, his solitary pallet saw him wakeful and restless. To him who has loved, I need not say this change had taken place since he first saw Annette. Two such hearts could not long withhold from each other the confession of their ardent passion, for Annette was artless, and Pierre was frank. They met so constantly, that the young and the old of the little village began to talk of the attachment and union of the two gems of the mountain.

One evening after Annette had retired to her couch, and long after the time when, till lately, she used to be wrapped in innocent slumbers. She overheard her father, who thought her asleep, hold with her mother the following conversation, on their return from an evening walk:

‘You asked me, just now, why I looked sad, and why my words were few to-night? I would not answer till we were seated on this bench, under the old beech that saw us married, that protected our roof from the storms for fifty years, and that sees us still together, with silver locks and tottering knees.’

‘I fear, by your delay, that you have some bad news to tell me. And yet, what ill luck can await us? Annette’s flock is thriving as ever, our chestnuts are dried, the vintage was good, and what need we more?’

‘Is she asleep?’ interrupted the old man, with evident emotion.

‘What! Annette awake, at this hour?’ said the fond mother. ‘I never knew the darling to lay a sleepless head on her pillow. But what of Annette, now? She is the dove of

peace, and is not made to give a moment's pain to a living thing. *She* cannot trouble her father.'

'*She* never did, nor ever will intend to give me pain, and that grieves me still more.'

'What then?'

'Hear me, now. You must know it is but too true; you told me the other day, in jest, about Pierre's love for her; and she' —

'Is this the cause of the sadness on your brow? And suppose it should be so, as I myself begin to believe; is there a nobler lad among the cliffs of Savoy? And what mother, or what father will grieve at a daughter's love for so bold and so honest a boy?'

'I am the father who grieves. But hear me through, and interrupt me not. Pierre's father, whom none in the village can love, and whom so many hate, is the only enemy I have in the world. He is from Switzerland, that country which, while in old times, it shook off the power of Austria, preferred its nobles and calls itself a republic. But many of those lords are so poor, that they must work at home for bread, or wander abroad for adventures—such a one is Pierre's father. He was poor and naked when he came to our hills, and proud as a prince withal. He used many arts, however, and contrived to gain a little estate, which his avarice and extortion have much increased. I never could brook his pride and cupidity. I once took the part of a poor villager whom he oppressed, and incurred his illwill, which changed to mortal hatred; since, in one encounter which we had, I struck him to the ground. He is the only man I ever hated, and the only man I ever treated thus. That is the reason why I never told you.'

'But when he knows his son's love for our daughter, he will forgive, I trust; and then you can give him your hand and say you are at peace with all mankind.'

'You deceive yourself, like one whose heart can bear no malice. He is the most unforgiving man in all Savoy, and had I doubted it, I could know it now. He sent me a paper, which our good priest read for me this noon. He says in it, that he has heard his son was entrapped by our peasant daughter, and that he will find means to prevent his disgrace: but that if I do not do my duty, he will instantly, by means of a mortgage that he holds, for an old debt which, through malice he has caused to be transferred to him, he will, I say, expel me from this little spot where I was born, and where we have lived thus far happy together.' Here the old man's

voice faltered, and a long silence followed. At last Annette's mother asked, with a suppressed sob,

‘And is there no way to soothe the old man and bring him to reason?—There can be no heart in him if we cannot.’

‘It would be madness in me to hope for any mercy from that man. Once when I was young, he feared me, but now my turn is come to tremble. It is now years since these old eyes have shed any tears, but this noon they have been dimmed by the dew of sorrow, which I see at last gathers thickly before us, and I feel they are again ready to pour—yet,’ he said with a firmer tone, ‘my child never, no *never* shall be told to give up her heart's choice, and if we must bid farewell to our vines and our curtains of snow, I can do it with a more contented mind than to break that dear daughter's heart.’

Here the old man stopped, and Annette heard other sounds far more eloquent than speech, and those sounds were the united sobs of her father and mother, who communed now only with their tears, with tears which she could fancy were falling like melted lead upon her brain. Oh! what pencil can paint the agony of her mind? But Annette, though tender and so meek, had not a common fortitude. Her resolution was already made up; her immoveable purpose was to tell her beloved Pierre that all their visions of happiness were at an end; nay, she resolved to give him no reasons for her change of mind, for she knew him too well to suppose that he would be satisfied with common difficulties, and she had the heroism to be willing to incur his hatred to save her dear parents from ruin.

That sleepless night was a night of anguish and despair to Annette; and yet, at daybreak, she rose as usual, burnished her raven locks, washed her swollen eyes in the cold fountain till every trace of sorrow disappeared, and she met her parents' glance with a smile which was not forced, but which, like the lily planted upon the tomb, personated life at the very door of death. She spent a day of unknown grief among those proud cliffs which till then had seen her happy. Her eyes fixed upon the glittering ice of the frozen mountain head, absorbed in one thought, the self-devoted daughter remained motionless, till near the setting of the sun, when a sound fell upon her ear from the hoary cliff above her—the sound of that horn, which till then was to her like the dulcet vibration of the æolian harp, as it roused her from her seeming lethargy, struck to her heart like the cold stiletto of midnight. The signal of Pierre's approach, however, far from prostrating her strength, as it announced the painful hour, summoned to-

gether all the energies of the noble girl. When he reached her she was already apparently calm and composed. He carried a young fawn which he offered to her.

'Dear Annette,' he said, 'this young chamois gave me much trouble to catch for you, but you said you would like to have one, and I am amply paid if you love what came from my hand.'

'I thank you,' she replied, 'but Pierre, I cannot take it, nor can I take any other earthly thing from your hands—we must part.' She had thought she could master her feelings through the dreaded scene, but the last idea choked the utterance of the words. Pierre stood for many minutes, speechless and pale as the foam of the torrent—at last, he dropped from his hands the young fawn, which leaped from rock to rock, and in a moment was lost in the departing rays of the sun, which still shone on the verge of the chestnut hills.

'Annette,' said he impetuously, 'are you playing cruelly on my feelings, or have I heard you rightly?'

'I am *not* playing on your feelings, but you heard indeed what can never be altered—I must see you no more.'

'What enemy, what fiend has come between us? Annette you shall tell me his name, that I may—'

'No man or woman has led me to say so to you—I have formed the resolution, I repeat it—it is immovable.'

'And do you think that I can believe there is not one whose arts have won you, and for whom you sacrifice *me*.'

Annette, whose strength till then was scarcely sufficient to support her, now, for a moment at least, had the full command of her faculties. The timid flower of the bower was transformed into the uplifted cedar. She rose, and turning to the downward path, drew up her truly classic figure.

'Pierre,' she said, in a voice of revived power, 'If that be true which you suspect, I am indeed unworthy of you; if false, *you* have ceased to be worthy of Annette—we are then sundered forever—farewell'—and she hastily began to descend the precipitous path; but that strength which just now animated her whole frame, was suddenly and completely exhausted, her eyes darkened, and she sank at once towards that side of the path which overhung a precipice of several hundred feet. Her fall seemed to be inevitable, but the eagle eye of Pierre had already surveyed the danger and the only chance of safety; and with that intrepidity which mountaineers alone can admit as credible, at one leap, overcame the whole distance, interposing his body between the giddy chasm below and the lifeless Annette, received her in his arms. But the danger was still imminent, for to gain that situation he had

alighted on the slender stem of a cedar, which stole a subsistence from a crevice of the rock, and nodded over the noisy torrent below. Thus, one foot resting on that weak support, he struggled in vain to grasp some projection with the hand which was free, but the weight of Annette's body with that of his own, far from yielding to his desperate efforts, was slowly gaining upon him. The tree under him gradually bending down, he felt that his foot in a moment must slide, and they both must be dashed over the beetling rocks of the mountain side. But a kind Providence was watching over that interesting pair. His protracted struggle had lasted several minutes, and Annette was recovering her senses—her head was inclined on his shoulder over the precipice, and when she opened her eyes, she at once comprehended the danger in which he had thrown himself to save her. Her gratitude restored to her her strength and her presence of mind—one of her arms was fortunately resting on the very branch which he now was endeavoring to grasp; in a moment, by a well managed effort, she relieved him of all her weight, and her other arm, which encircled his neck, enabled him to reach another tree. The next minute they were both safely kneeling upon the path.

After lifting up most fervently their hearts in gratitude, they rose—her hand was clasped in his—her expressive eye was fixed upon him with a tenderness which dispelled, for that moment from his mind, the memory of her apparent harshness, and for the first time, their lips met. But she presently drew herself back, and broke the silence which had followed their perilous situation.

'Pierre,' she said, 'I know you would not let me descend the steep path alone now, even if I should once more take unkind leave of you. Retain my hand in yours and let us walk together till we reach the village. I'll try in the meanwhile to hush this throbbing heart that rises so against me.'

And they began to wind down the giddy path in silence! Pierre, whose penetration was acute, saw but too well that her purpose was firm, but he had read in her impassioned glance that her heart was still his; and he tortured his mind to account for that resolution which blasted his fondest hopes. They had almost reached the hamlet, and the evening smoke was seen curling among the lofty heads of the chestnut trees. They had not yet opened their lips, and those portals of their souls, though convulsed by the inward storm, seemed to be sealed for ever—on a sudden Annette sprang aside—

'Pierre,' she suddenly exclaimed, 'I can bear this no longer—Pierre, you are dearer to me than—farewell—do not take my hand again—look on me no more—believe me, we

never, never can unite—come no more to the cliff, and—forget me.’

As she uttered these last words, she leapt from the rock on which she stood, and vanished in an instant from the sight of her petrified lover. Cold, trembling and breathless, he made no attempt to follow her, so commanding and so convincing were the countenance, gesture, and voice of Annette as she left him. He threw himself upon the stone which her feet had just pressed, and the anguish, the agony of his mind for some hours deprived him of the right use of his senses. Darkness had set around him, and the icy breeze of the mountain was playing on his burning temples when he awoke from his trance. The moon guided his steps to the village, to which he slowly returned by a mechanical impulse of which he was not himself conscious. Stretched on his pallet, his eyes fixed on the confused shadows of midnight, his mind could find no composure nor consolation.

All at once his senses were affected by such sounds as never had echoed in his solitary hamlet, and which broke upon his ear with increasing loudness. At such an hour, harassed by the events of the night, he began to doubt whether his reason was sound, and to fear that the illusions of a delirious brain were thronging around him. The blast of trumpets, the tramping of cavalry, the vociferations of hundreds, were heard in confusion far and near. He was startled from his bed, when suddenly the door of his room was burst open, and there stood before him an officer of high rank, gold and burnished steel glittering about him. Two soldiers holding torches awaited him. Pierre had sprung to his carabine and leveled it towards the intruders, but one of the soldiers anticipating his motion, with a flourish of his sabre averted the unerring aim of the chamois hunter, and Pierre’s carabine was discharged above the head of the officer, not however without carrying off the plume which decorated his hat. In the next instant, the two soldiers, athletic men, had secured his hands, and he stood overcome before the officer, who unmoved, and without showing the slightest contraction of the muscles of his face, asked him quietly—‘Is your name Pierre Duval?’

‘I may err in this, too,’ said Pierre, with a voice which betrayed the state of his mind, ‘but I believe it was so they called me before this came upon me.’

‘Come, come, my boy,’ said the officer with a goodhumored laugh, ‘you have not lost your reason for this—we waked you up too early; but the cold breeze of the mountain will soon settle your understanding. You must follow me instantly where I go and without a struggle. As I see by your coun-

tenance however that you are an honest fellow, though a little too quick in your motions, if you promise on the word of a Savoyard to walk straight before us, and without giving us the trouble to run after you, I will order these two men to free your arms.'

'I hate shackles,' said Pierre in a firmer tone, 'and as I am in your power and *must* go where you will, I prefer giving my word to follow. But what do you want of me.'

'I am not at liberty to tell you, but you shall soon be before the man who needs you—start forward—I'll follow.'

Pierre, as he issued between his captors, found himself surrounded by a body of troops, which were filing up towards the great mount St. Bernard. He marched in silence; and though he felt that this was reality, he was as much as ever at a loss to comprehend the situation in which he was placed. He knew that he was among soldiers of the army of the French republic, and he gathered from several expressions made near him, that the very grenadiers who were leading him as a prisoner, knew not themselves on what expedition they were sent. The light of day had just dawned when he and his leaders reached a plateau, where he had pursued many a chamois in his youth, and from which the eye may see on one side the scanty plains of Savoy, and on the other the frozen St. Bernard. There was a group of generals and officers in glittering array, and in the midst a slender man in the plainest military dress, but mounted on a noble white horse. To him all eyes were turned with awe; and Pierre, when he met the glance of his piercing grey eye, felt what he had never yet experienced, awe and embarrassment before a man. And yet, as he looked within for the cause of his respect, he could assign none for the sensation. The man before him was under the common size and thinly formed—his countenance was pale, and though his features were commanding and expressive, a smile was upon his lips, that to Pierre seemed to contradict the sentiment of dread which he felt rising within, and which was already combined with a sense of submission and attachment.

'This is the young man,' said the tall, commanding officer who had brought Pierre, and whose attitude of deep reverence before the slender man produced a striking instance of the superiority of the mind over the body. 'He is represented as being acquainted with every path in the mountain.'

The eye of him, who, in spite of his humble grey coat and plain three-cornered hat, Pierre had already fixed upon as the chief of the expedition, was once more cast upon the young chamois hunter. Bonaparte—for this was the humbler of kings and the destroyer of sceptres—Bonaparte had that astonishing

faculty of penetrating through men at one glance, and in a moment to discover in them the faculties which might subserve his purposes. Perhaps that remarkable power with his truly wonderful memory was the first cause of his greatness. It appears he was satisfied with the scrutiny he had taken of the young man.

‘Hast ever been as far as the convent of the Chartreux?’ demanded Bonaparte, his eyes closely fixed upon Pierre.

‘I have, many a time, and tasted of their good wine.’

‘Ever gone farther?’

‘I have killed many a chamois beyond that.’

‘Hast been as far as Aosta?’

‘I went there once.’

‘Lately?’

‘Some two or three years since.’

‘And couldst thou now find the way?’

‘I never in my life traveled over a path which I do not now remember.’

‘Well, my boy, follow that officer and lead him. But,’ pointing to a Savoyard who stood apparently as a guide by the side of his horse, and whom Pierre had already recognised, ‘see that thou speak not to this man or approach him for any pretext.’

The caution of Bonaparte to avoid treachery, showed that the greatest physiognomist does not after all derive certainty from his knowledge. Presently the troops which were pouring towards the mountain began to scale the icy barrier between Savoy and Piedmont, and Pierre, as he performed the duty which had been forced upon him, learnt, for the first time, the nature of the expedition to which he was lending his aid. The first consul, in order to surprise the Austrian general Melas, had formed the bold design to cross the Alps at a place supposed to be inaccessible, and thus place himself in the rear of the enemy, while general Massena approached them in the front.

To one who has not crossed a mountain covered with perpetual snow, it is difficult to comprehend the immense difficulties attending Bonaparte’s daring undertaking. The attempt was nothing less than conveying over Mount St. Bernard a large army with ammunitions, provisions and heavy artillery. To accomplish this the consul and his intrepid troops had to scale slippery paths made on treacherous snow, which on giving way buries the traveler in its deep and never-heaving bosom. Immense glaciers lay in their way, and tremendous avalanches at every step threatened to overwhelm them. In those gloomy regions a blast of wind may at any moment waft

terrible snow storms, which blind the rash intruder of the solitude, benumb his limbs, and become his undecaying shroud. All those dangers did not intimidate the soldiers of the French republic, who already felt that enthusiastic admiration for the young hero, which, twelve years later, on the eve of his downfall, caused them, as they died in thousands, famished and chilled on the snows of Scythia, still to utter *vive l'empereur* with the latest breath which they heaved. Pierre, whose despair had prepared his mind for any rash enterprise, was excited to admiration by the imposing sight displayed on the pale background that interminably rose before him. A single cannon required the efforts of hundreds of men to drag it on the snow. Carriages, ammunition, and provisions were borne eagerly by the soldiers over a road where many a mountaineer found it difficult to proceed with no other encumbrance than his carabine and his knife. Such is the influence of the man of great conceptions over the multitude. The glittering forest of bayonets, the martial music startling the echoes of the icy cliffs, the alacrity of men unused to tread the mountain paths, fired him with a desire to begin a life that seemed to be the only refuge and antidote to his sorrow.

At last the army reached the convent, where the monks administered such relief as their storehouse allowed them to bestow, and the troops began to defile down the precipitous paths that led to the valley of Aosta. The same spirit of emulation that had sustained them in the ascent, supported them in the difficulties still before them. They gradually emerged from the region of frost and icicles, and the green world once more opened before them. The town of Aosta was in view, and guides were no longer needed. Pierre, who had alternately been called to the front and to the rear, was once more summoned before the first consul. The great warrior was now standing on a rock overlooking the valley. He had no attendant save the soldier, who at some distance held the reins of his spirited horse, that seemed by his prancing to rejoice at once more breathing the air of a living land. Bonaparte's arms were folded over his breast, a spyglass was in his hand, and his eye was still resting on the valley which opened to him the way to the whole of Italy. A gloom rested upon his brow, and at the moment when nature herself had been conquered by the man whose food was conquest, his restless spirit was already fathoming an ocean of untried obstacles. The moment he perceived Pierre, his countenance became animated.

'Is that point fort Bard?' said he, pointing towards a blue ridge beyond Aosta, his eye still fixed on Pierre's countenance.

‘It is, general.’

‘And that mountain then above it, is the Albaredo?’

‘It is.’

‘Dost thou know of any path, or of the possibility of making a path over it to avoid the fortress?’

‘The chamois know a path of that kind, and a few bold hunters have sought them there, but though some of your brave soldiers might venture so far, your cannon could not.’

‘Answer my questions, young man, and dare not add conjectures,’ said the consul, with one of those flashes from his eye which abashed the stoutest warrior. Then in a milder tone—‘Is the path thou speakest of in any part commanded by the fort?’

‘I know there is a path somewhere on the Albaredo, but I never climbed it,’ said Pierre, with a far more firm voice than before.

‘Well, well, my boy, thou hast done thy duty. Thou mayst now return to the chamois and the avalanches. Take this,’ he said, offering to him two pieces of gold.

‘I take no pay for my services on my mountains,’ said Pierre, as he drew up his fine form: ‘I have done no more than your bold grenadiers there,’ added he with a more modest tone.

‘And wouldst thou not join their ranks, then?’

‘I would, most willingly.’

‘Follow me, then,’ said the man whose magic wand called out heroes from the multitude.’

Bonaparte leapt on his horse, and in a moment was surrounded by his glittering staff. Pierre overheard him saying to one of the officers—

‘Captain, take care of that young Savoyard; make him a corporal, and if he does well promote him.’

The army poured down into the valley and took up their quarters near Aosta, and Pierre was already a soldier. The next day ushered in slaughter and struggle. One obstacle remained in the way of Bonaparte—the town and fortress of Bard must be taken to issue from the valley, and general Lannes was repulsed in his attack of the fortress, which commanded the street in such a way that a well managed fire from the ramparts could sweep whole armies from that narrow passage. Bonaparte determined to reconnoitre the Albaredo himself, being attended by only one aid, a guide and five soldiers; among these was Pierre, proud of his small command, and still more proud on that day to be so near the person of the consul. From that elevation which commanded not only the town of Bard, but the fortress, Bonaparte conceived the plan of extrication which was forthwith executed. The main part

of the army was to slide along a path cut on the side of the Albaredo, and the artillery was to be secretly dragged in the obscurity of night through the street which was to be covered with soft mould, to prevent the garrison's hearing the noise. Whilst making his plan and while the aid was writing an order dictated by Bonaparte, the small group upon the rock were discovered by the besieged, and a gun was directed towards them. The very first discharge threw the secretary lifeless at the feet of the consul, who calmly turned round and inquired whether any of his attendants could write. The heart of Pierre swelled within him as he stepped forward and offered his services; and he was at once transformed into a secretary of the builder of kingdoms. Whilst writing, a musket ball glanced on his left hand and carried off the inkhorn which he held; but, undisturbed, the apprentice hero continued to indite the order, and dipping his pen in the drops of blood that issued from his wound, he merely observed, in a low voice, 'This ink is still at the service of the general.' Bonaparte had noticed the whole, but without saying a word, he took the paper from the hands of Pierre, pencilled a few words at the bottom, and folding it said, 'Lieutenant Duval, carry this in all haste to your colonel.' Pierre astounded and scarcely crediting his senses, paused and seemed to hesitate; but a mere wave of the hand and a glance of the great chief roused him from his astonishment, and he bounded on the rugged way. He could scarcely believe it possible, that Bonaparte, amidst the infinite number of names crowding upon his memory, and at such a busy hour, could retain his humble cognomen, which he was not even conscious the consul had heard. And that he should give him the title of lieutenant too was a mystery. But before night he discovered that no error was committed, for he learnt that the very paper, partly written with his own blood, also contained an order from the hand of the general to have him commissioned lieutenant of his guards. Indeed he soon became convinced that the grandeur of Bonaparte's conceptions was equalled only by his vast memory and presence of mind.

And shall we pursue the conqueror of Italy and Pierre in his rapid fortunes as a soldier? We could not describe the scenes of slaughter and bravery which follow, without being diverted from our simple tale. Have our readers lost sight of poor, devoted Annette, in the blaze of the glory of the conqueror? And can they believe that Pierre has forgotten her? No—her image was before him at the battle of Monte Bello, and on the bloody field of Marengo, amidst the thunders of artillery, and the din of death, her dulcet voice was still whispering in

his ear. Nay, the love of glory never could have enticed him from the mountains where she breathed, had not her self-sacrificing spirit withheld from him the reason which caused her to reject him from her—and when some months later, Pierre Duval, now a colonel and aid to the general, was ordered to repair to Germany, what led him to pass through the mountains of Savoy? It was not to visit his father, whose ashes though lately consigned to the earth, was scarcely colder than his living heart. No—it was to see her whom, in spite of imagined inconstancy and wrong, he still passionately loved.

It was near sunset, when he reached the little village at the foot of Mount St. Bernard. The alpine scenery around him shone in all the sublimity of God's great works; but it was not the natal air so fragrant to the mountaineer, nor the sight of the cliffs and the vines and the hoary mount that swelled his heart. It was one deep, thrilling thought, the image of his mountain maiden, the beloved Annette. The evening bell was ringing, but he knew by the sound that they chimed not for the rest of the living, but for the repose of the dead. His heart, unused to fear, throbbed as one who awaits his sentence; and the two rough soldiers, his attendants, could plainly discern the agitation of his mind. One of them suspecting the cause of his colonel's anxiety, spurred his horse, and obtaining information which he deemed consolatory, returned with goodnatured animation to tell his comrades that the 'bell was ringing only for the funeral of an old man and his wife, who were to be buried together.' The colonel's inquietude was indeed relieved, and he thanked the soldier with an accent which must have been eloquent, for it brought a tear to the eye of the old veteran, who also was a true Savoyard. As they approached the humble church of the village, they met a procession chanting slowly the service of the dead; a coffin containing the aged couple was borne by four young men, and immediately behind walked a female covered with a veil which completely concealed her form. The moment Pierre cast his eye on her, he felt a secret and unaccountable impression that Annette was the mourner, but her eye seemed to be fixed to the ground, and while the attention of every individual in the simple procession was fixed upon the unwonted sight of a military man in glittering attire and his attendants, the female continued absorbed in her grief and unconscious of the presence of strangers. But as the procession turned to ascend the steps of the church, she came so near the prancing horse that bore her lover, that she was compelled to look on him, and a faint scream revealed to him that he beheld Annette in the orphan mourner. He dismounted at one leap,

but she was already unconscious of the presence of the living and the dead.

When she recovered her senses, the committing of her parents to their last abode was already accomplished, the bells chimed no more, and the venerable priest in his white robes was standing over her pillow. Pierre with looks of profound anxiety watched the return of animation on her pale features. He was the first object whom she recognized; her eye glistened, and a faint smile glimmered on her lips for one instant, then melted away in tears. Meanwhile Pierre with rapid accent told the devoted Annette, that he had learnt all from the priest, that he knew it was his father's cruelty which led her to cast him off in order to save her parents from ruin—that it was his barbarity that deprived her of a house and hastened them to their graves; but that he would repair what could be repaired, and live to make her happy.

The eye of Annette opened once more, and it was a glance of deep gratitude that she cast on him whom she had never ceased to love. But her smile, though eloquent, beamed there a briefer moment yet, and her countenance became apparently inanimate. Pierre felt the chill of death rising to his heart. Her soul, however, was still glowing in the earthy tabernacle. Her lips moved once more; it was plain she was reciting the Lord's prayer, but no word was heard, till she uttered with a mere breath,

—Sicut in cælo.

Her eye opened then, turned itself to heaven, and her voice rose in all the melody of gratitude and hope. Annette was rewarded for her virtue, and she lived the ornament of a higher sphere.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

A DAY AT MADAME RECAMIER'S DURING THE CONSULATE.

ON arriving, I found in the drawing room of Madame Recamier, Messrs. de Narbonne and Canille Jordan, generals Junot and Bernadotte. Soon after, Talma and M. Longchamps entered, the author of a piece called the 'Seducteur Amoureux,' which he proposed reading for the benefit of the criticism of Laharpe, before he delivered it over into the hands of the reading committee of the French theatre. Soon after, Messrs. de Lamoignon, and Adrien, and Mathieu de Mont-

morency arrived, whose illustrious names had ceased to be for them a sentence of death; and who, risen as it were from the midst of the ruins of the revolution, brought into the new *regime* that elegance of manners, which distinguished so eminently their ancestors. Then came general Moreau, a few moments after, Mr. Fox, lord and lady Holland, Messrs. Erskine and Adair. Fox and Moreau attracted the most attention. You would have thought them two friends meeting after a long absence.

The first joined to great amiability an ardor in conversation, and a gaiety and frankness of manner, which rendered him irresistible. The other, simple and modest, gave his opinion with much reserve, and listened with so much condescension, that it did not require his brilliant reputation to make friends of all who approached him. He observed, with charming simplicity, to Mr. Erskine, who was giving us an eloquent summary of the case of Thomas Paine, whose cause he had defended without success: 'I should have been a lawyer, it was the wish of my family; as a military man, I must follow my party in duty and in inclination; but one is so little master of the part he plays in this world, that it is not till the close of his career, that one can really regret or applaud the choice he has made. Mr. Laharpe was sitting near Erskine: they questioned and replied one to another often, entertaining us by their sallies of wit, which seemed inexhaustible. When Mr. de Narbonne had succeeded in rendering the conversation general, each of the guests, endeavored to fix on some point in the history of the others. Thus, each in turn, was the subject of discourse. They analyzed and applauded the wise retreat of Moreau, the speeches of Fox to the king, on forcing Pitt into peace, the literary course of Laharpe, the political and private life of Montmorency, the bravery of Junot, the poetry of Dupaty, &c. Coffee was being served, when we heard the tramping of horses, and an instant after, Eugene Beauharnais and his friend Philip de Segur, were announced. Young and gay, brilliant in his own acquired reputation, and of that reflected from his father-in-law, Eugene was not in the least intoxicated by his elevated position. It was easy to recognize, under the elegant uniform of colonel of the guards, the same young man, who some years before, was apprenticed a joiner, in the hope of one day being able to support his mother and sister by his labor; and who in a short space of time, transported to the plains of Italy—a conqueror to the foot of the Pyramids—became the adopted son of the man, who had drawn upon him the eyes of all Europe. Advancing to Madame Recamier, Eugene begged her to per-

mit him to express his regret at arriving so late at an entertainment to which he felt himself honored by receiving an invitation. Then approaching Mr. Fox, he said, 'I flatter myself, that I shall be able to make amends to you, for I am directed, by my mother, to accompany you to Malmaison, and I am but a few minutes in advance of the carriages, which will conduct you and your friends there, as soon as you can withdraw yourself from the spell that arrests you here. It will give me much pleasure, to become your guide.' He then presented Mr. Segur to the strangers, and touching the hand of those of his acquaintance, he sat down to the table, like a soldier accustomed to the hasty repasts of the first consul. Shortly after we rose from table, the guests dispersing, each choosing his companion according to his taste, to take a short walk in the park. The greatest number, were attracted round Mr. Fox and Madame Recamier, but in returning to the chateau, Moreau took entire possession of Mr. Fox. After we were seated in the drawing room, Madame Recamier proposed giving her illustrious visitors, an opportunity of hearing Talma. She politely gave the preference to scenes from Shakspeare. Talma commenced by a scene from Othello; and as it was justly remarked by Madame de Stael, it was only necessary for him to pass his hand through his hair, and to knit his brows, to be the Moor of Venice. The effect was as great, as if he had been surrounded by all the illusions of the stage. At the desire of Madame Recamier, he gave a recitation from Macbeth. His low, mysterious voice, in pronouncing those beautiful verses of Ducis—his look, when changed to express the shrinking from a remembrance that was humble, combined to produce an effect, of which tradition cannot give an idea.

Talma, after having so delightfully entertained those present, left to attend a rehearsal at which he was expected. The English, at least, could not weary in hearing the beauties of their great tragic writer rendered doubly beautiful by the representations of Talma.

After the departure of the great tragedian, we were enlivened by music. Nadumann and Fudrie performed a duet; Madame Recamier was requested to sing; she placed herself at the harp, and sang a delightful romance from Plantade. It is hardly necessary for me to say, that we were charmed by the voice of Madame Recamier. 'In such agreeable company, time flies,' was remarked by Mr. Segur, who added, that 'the carriages of the first consul, had been waiting more than an hour, in the avenue. Mr. Fox and his friends then took leave of their amiable hostess. Eugene and Mr. Segur followed.

We were remarking on our English friends, when the duchess of Gordon and her daughter Georgiana, now duchess of Bedford, were announced. The duchess possessed great affability of manner, but the charming naiveté with which she blundered her French, contributed to her reputation, as much as her rank. Who has not heard of the beauty of her daughter? The maidenly air of that beautiful English girl, the sweet expression of her eyes, the beauty of her form and features, commanded universal homage. Those ladies entered at the moment that Mr. Longchamps was preparing to read his piece. They begged permission to sit among the judges, and the author commenced. We were charmed with that beautiful comedy; and Laharpe himself, generally so severe a judge, complimented the author. We were commenting on some part of the play, when poetry was compelled to make place for another muse.

This was no less a personage than Vestris. He came to perform for Madame Recamier a gavot, which he had composed the preceding winter, for her and Mademoiselle de Coigny, since Madame Sebastiani, who died at Constantinople during the embassy of her husband. Madame Recamier and lady Georgiana, were persuaded to perform this gavot for us; it was danced to the music of the harp and horn.

Surely the eyes of mortals never rested on forms more fair. Madame Recamier, with the tamborine in her hand, charmed at each step with some new grace, while the lady Georgiana, who, instead of the castanets, had taken a shawl, seemed more timid, and made it serve the purpose of a veil. There was in her attitudes, that union of repose and modesty, that adds charms to the fairest forms: those charms but half seen through the undulations of the veil: those lovely eyes either cast down or thrown up in timid glances, rendered her an object of admiration to all eyes; but the varied movements and graceful attitudes of Madame Recamier, prevented our being entirely occupied with the lady Georgiana, and there was a charm in her smile, which added much weight in her favor. We could not but remark, in the midst of the general enthusiasm, the ecstasy of Vestris, who seemed to attribute all the poetry of motion, attitudes, and steps, to the inspiration of his genius. After the ballet, the duchess of Gordon, Madame Recamier, and I, set out for the Forest of Boulogne.

In the evening, we found a large party at the chateau, among others Mde. de Stael; Madame Viotte, general Marmont and his wife, with the marquis and marchioness of Luchesini. The last, was a man of talent; and a diplomatist who enjoyed

the confidence of his sovereign, the king of Prussia; a great reputation had preceded him to Paris.

After the usual forms, it was proposed to finish the evening by acting proverbs. It would be the means of drawing out the talent of several of the company. Madame de Stael could display her talent at improvisation, which rendered her conversation so attractive; Madame Viotte could find occasion to prove, that she merited the title of the tenth muse, which Laharpe had given her; and the count of Cobenzal esteemed one of the best actors of the 'Théâtre de l'Ermitage,' at the court of the empress Catharine, would give us an opportunity of judging of that talent which was declared inimitable by M. de Segur and all the Russians of our acquaintance. We commenced with some dramatic scenes. The first was Hagar in the Desert; Madame de Stael played Hagar; her son, since killed in a duel at Stockholm, played the part of Ishmael, and Madame Recamier, represented the angel. It would be difficult to describe the effect produced by Mde. de Stael in that eminently dramatic part. Although performed in a drawing room, the dramatic illusion was perfect. With her long hair disheveled, Madame de Stael completely identified herself with the character, while Madame Recamier with her modest and celestial beauty, was the very personification of a messenger from heaven. After the proverbs, we amused ourselves in acting charades, in which all the company took part. Some performed their parts well, some badly; the most ridiculous, were the most amusing. Eleven o'clock struck, and supper was announced. Supper is always the most agreeable act of the day. The marquis of Luchesi observed on that subject: 'That breakfast was for friendship, dinner for etiquette, luncheon for children, but supper, for love and confidence.' One o'clock arrived before we could believe it was so late. It is of life, as of riches; we are prodigal of them when we have abundance before us, and we know not their value, till we come to their close.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS IN OHIO, KENTUCKY, AND INDIANA.

GEOLOGY is the science of the structure of the earth, indicating the existence of minerals, and pointing out with much accuracy their respective localities. This is now so generally admitted, that in England the demand for practical geologists, or those who study the metaliferous rocks, is so great that the

profession of *mineral surveyor* has grown out of it. 'Then,' says an able geologist,* 'estimating the value of an estate, the capacity of the agricultural surface is not alone considered, but a great importance is given to the probable perpendicular value of every acre as it can be computed on geological principles. Then, not only the metals, but every rock, every stone, every bed of sand or clay, has its value. A quarry of stone, of whatever quality, produces an income, and canals and rail roads are the facilities which carry them cheaply to their destination.'

The same writer gives the following incident as illustrative of the value of this science, and similar proofs might be multiplied.

'As an evidence of the confidence which may be placed in geological indications, I consider it important to mention, in a brief manner, a coalmining operation now conducting in England, upon the sole ground of an entire confidence placed in geological principles, and without any indication whatever of coal creeping out on the surface. A shaft was sunk at Mouthwearmouth, near Sunderland, in the county of Durham, through a group of calcareous rocks, which were supposed, from the immutability which rocks are believed to preserve as to the order of superposition to each other, to overlie certain coal veins existing in contiguous parts of the country. The shaft was sunk 344 feet beneath the surface before any coal was found: they then reached a small seam of one and a half inches in thickness. This occurred in 1831, after encountering incredible difficulties in stopping an influx of water that had frequently almost overpowered them. They proceeded to a depth of one thousand feet; when it became necessary to invest more capital in pumps of greater capacity, and this without meeting more coal. But the proprietors had confidence in their operations; and, amid the loudly expressed doubts of many of their friends, persevered, until at a depth of 1478 feet below the level of high-water mark, they reached a very valuable seam of fine coal, and are actually now carrying their shaft to a depth of 1800, in order to reach a vein of coal long worked in other situations, and which they are confident will be found within that depth. This vein when reached will repay all the outlay of capital, and become a source of great wealth.'

The states of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, geographically considered, form an oblong square, extending from the shore of lakes Erie and Michigan on the north, to the Cumberland

* G. W. Featherstonhaugh.

river on the south; and from the western limits of Pennsylvania and Virginia on the east to the Wabash and Mississippi rivers on the west. This extensive, fertile, and healthful region is intersected by numerous navigable streams, abounds in beds of rich mineral ores, supports already 2,000,000 of inhabitants, and has the capacity of sustaining, with all the comforts of life, at least five times that number. Throughout this region the mineral treasures are only partially known, but that they are abundant, would seem to be the fact from the discoveries already made. It is the province of geology to direct these discoveries, by indicating, from analogy, the localities of mineral ores, and saving the expenditure of much time and money in the search for iron, lead, coal and the more precious metals, in districts of country where they are not likely to be found.

Did no other reason than this exist in favor of an early geological survey of these three states, the work should not be postponed. But then there are other considerations which demand immediate attention. Public sentiment in each of these three states is now rife in favor of internal improvement. The public mind is turned with considerable intensity upon the development of the physical resources of this region, so far at least, as that result can be brought about by the construction of roads and canals. In the incipient stages of such works, it is of the first importance that there should be a right beginning. Every thing depends upon this. Unless properly located, neither turnpikes, rail-roads, nor canals will be profitable to the stockholders or beneficial to the community. To locate them judiciously there should be concert in action in the different states, and a thorough examination of those causes, both physical and moral, which may exert an influence upon these artificial channels of communication. To confer the greatest benefits, they should connect such points and bisect such regions of country as possess the most valuable commercial, agricultural, and mineral resources. In regard to the commercial and agricultural points, there is less difficulty than in reference to the minerals that lie beneath the soil. These are hid from observation, and but few persons have even a theoretical, much less a practical knowledge of their localities. Hence the great necessity of calling in the aid of geology before any more great works of internal improvement are commenced. In the construction of the many canals, turnpikes, and rail-roads now projected, the various localities of the beds of iron, coal, salt, gypsum, marble, saltpetre, &c. should be ascertained. A connected geological map of these three states, by some eminent and experienced geologist, ought to be made

as early as practicable. Such a map would probably be more perfect and of more value than separate surveys of each state. The subject is one entitled to executive notice at the approaching sessions of the legislatures of these states: and it is respectfully suggested whether the governors of Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, should not be respectively authorized by legislative enactment, to confer together and select some competent individual to execute this important work. Such a delegation of authority to the executive departments, would be better than the direct action of the different legislatures in making an appointment, inasmuch as considerable correspondence may be necessary in obtaining the services of an able practical geologist.

These geological surveys are not without a precedent in other states. For instance, in Tennessee, Professor Troost, under legislative authority, is now engaged in making a geological reconnoissance of that state; and, provision has been made in Virginia, for a similar examination. The example should be followed, simultaneously, by the states of Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio. The expense would be inconsiderable, compared with the lasting benefits which it would confer. B. D.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

GEOGRAPHY EPITOMIZED; or, A Tour round the World: Being a short and comprehensive Description of the Terraqueous Globe: attempted in Verse, (for the sake of the memory;) and principally designed for the use of schools. By an American. Philadelphia: Joseph Cruikshank. 1784.

IN looking around for some old book, whose title or contents might awaken pleasant reminiscences in the mind of the scholar, we lighted upon this little elementary treatise on geography—‘attempted in verse, for the sake of the memory.’ It is certainly one of the curiosities of literature, and is among the ten thousand experiments which have been made throughout all time upon the ‘tender thought.’ How early the ‘delightful task’ of training the young intellect began to be practised as a calling, we have no means of deciding. Scripture has immortalized the name of the first navigator, and preserved faithful memorials of those who distinguished themselves in war and hunting, in the early ages of the world: we know who was a cunning workman in brass and iron, but we are not informed of the precise period, when the little urchin began to creep ‘unwillingly to school,’ and the craft of the peda-

gogue was numbered among the means of gaining an honest livelihood. Solomon, indeed, speaks of the rod, in terms which smack ominously of the schoolhouse, and which lead strongly to the belief that that great and good man was an encourager of education.

In profane history, early mention is made of those who addicted themselves to the honorable office of teaching the young idea how to shoot. Some of the most distinguished of the heathen philosophers were instructors of youth; and the lawgivers considered this one of the most important branches of national polity. Perhaps this is one reason why a large majority of those who are engaged in teaching, are such sticklers for the dead languages. No man can give a good reason why an obsolete dialect should be attempted to be taught, and an imperfect smattering given of that which would be perfectly useless if well understood. But it is natural that men should love that which is consoling to their own pride, and should honor the languages in which are embalmed the memories of the most illustrious of pedagogues.

The art of teaching, then, is old—but it hath not acquired wisdom by age. If we judge from the experiments which are even yet going on, one would think it was in its infancy. It has been a fruitful subject of discussion for ages, and is even now the theme of countless volumes. *Thoughts on education* have been written, printed, spouted, sermonized, and versified—by men and women of all degrees, from the Greek philosopher to the modern novelist, and from the powerful autocrat to the pennyless spinster. They have been promulgated by all manners of means. The hypochondriac poet lolled upon his sofa, and sentimentalized delectably upon the ‘delightful task, to rear the tender thought!’—the lady author, who is not blessed with offspring, mingles her theories on education with the love scenes of a novel—the clergy make it the standing material of their dullest and most orthodox sermons—the lawyer occasionally finds it a convenient condiment with which to season a pathetic speech—the physician touches on it while counting the throbs of a patient’s pulse—the politician finds it an agreeable hobby—the bookpedler prates of it to show his liberal spirit while shoving off a catchpenny book—and the whole of the *risen* generation find in it a rich mine of commonplaces, on which to expend the loquacity of an idle hour.

Then, how numerous the theories! How remarkable the diversity of opinion! Look at the countenance of a child. Can any doubt exist as to the character indicated by those innocent, ingenuous, smiling features? Rather ask, do any two

agree? One will tell you, that the infant mind is a blank page, on which you may write what you please; another, that it is a rich mine of latent thought. One insists that every intellect is originally the same, and another that the diversities of the natural mind are infinite. 'It is depraved,' says one; 'it is pure,' says another. 'It is stubborn, and hard to be moulded,' argues one; 'it is flexible, and easily governed,' cries another. 'Children are vicious,' exclaims one moralist; 'children have virtuous dispositions,' says another moralist. The poet declares that they are innocent and unsuspecting—the schoolmaster pronounces them shrewd and mischievous—the nurse reports them illnatured and overbearing—the keeper of the orphan asylum finds them artful—the parent discovers in them the germs of every virtue—while the phrenologist repudiates all these wholesale dogmas, and proves demonstratively that they are just as heaven made them, and are good or evil according to the bumps with which they have been endowed.

Poor little fellows! how little do they know or care about all the pother that is made over them. Yet there is no animal in creation who is made the subject of so many experiments—no, not even the elephant, the monkey, the learned pig, or the industrious fleas. 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' says Solomon; 'just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' echoes Pope—but the theorists, while they do not differ vastly as to the object to be attained, can never agree as to the means to be employed. One preaches up flogging, another coaxing, and a third starvation. One is for invigorating the body, another for sharpening the intellect, a third for cultivating the affections, a fourth for training the morals, a fifth for mortifying the appetites, a sixth for subduing vice, a seventh for humbling pride—and the other ninety-three of any hundred advisers who should be called into consultation, would present ninety-three other favorite hypotheses. One would tell you to reward merit, another to punish demerit. One thinks that the principle of emulation is ruinous to the morals, and another that punishment would break the generous spirit of youth. So they go: but the little boys and girls, whether their spring-time of life be nourished by the sunshine of joy, or moistened with the tears of sorrow—grow on like the lilies of the field, which neither toil nor spin, until they arrive in due time at the dignity of manhood, and succeed to the power and the propensity of rewarding and punishing other generations.

How few feel for the objects of all these experiments! Could a moral microscope be applied to 'the tender thought,'

how much unnecessary pain would be discovered—what petty vexations, minute agonies, and Lilliputian struggles! There are those who will wail by the hour, over the wretchedness of the slave, who can own no property, and must come and go at the bidding of a master, while their own children are enduring a thralldom not less unreasonable. How often is the property of the child snatched from him, his wishes thwarted, his inclinations forced, his sensibilities rudely assailed, and his affection insulted, by mere caprice. A man cannot be punished without the solemnity of a trial; a boy whose sense of injustice is just as strong, and whose pride is much more sensitive, suffers the infliction of arbitrary and summary punishment, without evidence—and who feels for him? We feel quite shocked when we read of the cruelties of the naturalist, and shudder at the coolness with which he speaks of poisoning a kitten, or witnessing the struggles of a puppy in an exhausted receiver, or of an insect on a pin; but who revolts at the atrocities practised upon unoffending children, by insane or reckless experimenters in education?

But we are forgetting our book—which should not be forgotten, because it is one of the innocent experiments of a good man. The author was a venerable and learned divine of the olden day, when the clergy wore wigs and gowns, and the laity honored them—those good old days when men were content to believe the bible and respect the church, and the public peace was not disturbed by sacred wars and sacerdotal frivolities. He was a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and there are some yet living who remember him as one of the best of men, and best of Latinists. We remember him only in his name and his works—for he was gathered to his fathers before our time. We know not to what extent he practised his talent and propensity for versification. The only work of his, of this kind, besides the one before us, which we recollect, was a Latin grammar, which was much in vogue when we were little folks, and which stands recorded in our mind as one of the landmarks of time, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*. In that volume the rules of Latin grammar were laid down after this fashion:

‘Nouns of the first declension end in *a*,
And pass for feminine, as *hæc musa*.’

and thus:

‘Months, rivers, winds, and mountains pass for *hæc*
Trees, countries, cities, isles, and herbs are *shes*.’

It was a very good grammar, by-the-by, and was extensively used for many years.

In the work before us, the same kind of measure is employed in communicating the rules and the facts of geography; but far less successfully, we think, than in the case of the grammar. The author's reason for adopting the metrical form of instruction, is thus set forth in the preface:

‘If the following attempt to smooth one of the paths of science, and render it inviting to the sons and daughters of America, shall be found, on a fair trial, to answer this important end, the author will be highly gratified, and account those leisure hours that have been employed in it, as well spent.

‘Every one knows, that instructions conveyed in any tolerable kind of verse, are much more easily remembered, than when delivered in the most elegant and harmonious prose.’

The following extracts will show the manner in which the learned author treated the subject:

‘Round the globe now to rove, and its surface survey,
Oh youth of America hasten away.
Bid adieu for awhile to the toys you desire,
Earth's beauties to view, and her wonders admire.
Refuse not instruction, improve well your time,
They're happy in age, who are wise in their prime.’—p. 1.

‘This globe that's the grave and the birth-place of man,
Exhibits vast tracts both of water and land.
The water, attracted, incessantly rolls,
And seems to extend to the far-distant poles:
The oceans, or three immense parts of the same,
Th' Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian, we name,
O'er more than one-half of earth's surface they glide
And land into three distinct portions divide.’—p. 8

One more extract is all we can afford. It is that which contains the names of the thirteen states.

The States, independent, united, and free,
In order as follows arranged we may see:
Massachusetts to south of New-Hampshire we view,
Rhode-Island, more south, and Connecticut too.
These states for themselves the New-Englanders won,
Who fled to these climes persecution to shun.
New-York next appears, as westward we go,
Where Hudson's famed waters far southerly flow.
To sons of New-Jersey let praises be given,
Who saw the proud foe from the Delaware driven.
To wise Pennsylvanians praise too we'll give,
Who west of the far-flowing Delaware live.
This state runs far westward Ohio to view,
And counties thirteen can now claim as her due.
Her lands were by purchase obtained from rude men,
And her name still imports that her founder was Penn.
The Delaware state lies to south of the same
And takes from the river to eastward its name.
The land that from Mary is called, as they say,
Extends on both sides of the Chesapeake Bay.

On the south of Potomac Virginia lies,
And boasts of her Washington, valiant and wise.
The two Carolinas more south still are seen,
And Georgia's last of the happy *thirteen*.—p. 56.

SKETCHES OF A TOUR TO THE WESTERN COUNTRY, THROUGH THE STATES OF OHIO AND KENTUCKY; A Voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and a Trip through the Mississippi Territory, and part of West Florida. Commenced at Philadelphia in the winter of 1807, and concluded in 1809. By F. CUMING. Pittsburgh: Cramer, Spear and Eichbaum. 1810.

By the plan that we have adopted, we shall from time to time collect the titles, at least, of books which relate to the history of the western country, and present them to our readers with such remarks as occur to us, so that our series will eventually comprise the materials for a catalogue of such publications. We hope by these and other means, to render our work useful, and to enlist in its support the pride of the people of the west, for whose interest and character we have always felt a deep concern, and whose approbation we prize as the highest reward of our labors.

Such books as the one before us are now becoming very rare. It is rather a singular circumstance, that new as our country is, the earliest accounts of it are so scarce, as rarely to be met with; yet the reasons of their disappearance are sufficiently obvious. The editions of American works are very small, seldom exceeding from one to two thousand copies, which scattered over so wide a country as ours, are soon buried under a mass of succeeding volumes. Nor is there any country in the world, where literature is cultivated, whose people manifest so little attention to the preservation of books. Books are bought and used for present gratification; they are seldom accumulated with care, or kept together under any systematic arrangement. Our public libraries are few, and extremely meagre. Private libraries, there can scarcely be said to be any. If a gentleman of fortune devotes his attention to the accumulation of a valuable collection, during his life, it is sold, or divided among his children at his death, and the books are scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The travels of Mr. Cuming are written in a plain style, and are full of minute details. Some curious facts are given relative to the state of the country, at the time when he saw it—curious in consequence of the changes which have since occurred.

His account of the residence of Blennerhasset, which he visited in 1807, not many months after it had been abandoned by its owner, and before it had suffered much from dilapidation or violence, will be read with interest now, the more especially as one of our most favorite writers has recently founded a very beautiful tale, upon the adventures of 'the lady of Blennerhassett.' We copy it entire:

'Leaving Browning's tavern on Friday, 24th July, at six o'clock, without our passengers, in twenty minutes after, we had advanced a mile and three quarters, and landed on the north side of Blennerhasset's island, a quarter of a mile below the eastern end.

'On ascending the bank from the landing, we entered at a handsome double gate, with hewn stone pilasters, a gravel walk, which led us about one hundred and fifty paces, to Mr. Blennerhasset's house, with a meadow on the left, and a shrubbery on the right, separated from the avenue by a low hedge of privy, through which innumerable columbines, and various other hardy flowers were displaying themselves to the sun, at present their only observer.'—The present company always excepted.

'We were received with politeness by Mrs. Cushing, whose husband, Col. Cushing, has a lease of this extensive and well cultivated farm, where he and his family now reside, in preference to his own farm at Bellepre.

'The house occupied a square of about fifty-four feet each side, is two stories high, and in just proportion. On the ground floor, is a dining room of twenty-seven feet by twenty, with a door at each end communicating with two small parlors, in the rear of each of which is another room, one of which was appropriated by Mr. B. for holding a chemical apparatus, and as a dispensary for drugs and medicines.

'The staircase is spacious and easy, and leads to a very handsome drawing room, over the dining room, of the same dimensions. It is half arched round the cornices, and the ceiling is finished in stucco. The hangings above the chair-rail are green with gilt border, and below a reddish grey. The other four rooms on the same floor correspond exactly with those below, and are intended either for bedchambers, or to form a suite with the drawing room.

'The body of the house is connected with two wings, by a semicircular portico, or corridor, running from each front corner. In one wing is the kitchen and scullery, and in the other was the library, now used as a lumber room.

'It is to be regretted that so tasty and handsome a house had not been constructed of more durable materials than wood.

‘The shrubbery was well stocked with flowery shrubs and all the varieties of evergreens natural to this climate, as well as several exotics, surrounds the garden, and has gravel walks, labyrinth fashion, winding through it.

‘The garden is not large, but seems to have had every delicacy of fruit, vegetable, and flower, which this fine climate and luxuriant soil produces. In short, Blennerhasset’s island is a most charming retreat for any man of fortune, fond of retirement, and it is a situation perhaps not exceeded for beauty in the western world. It wants, however, the variety of mountain—precipice—cataract—distant prospect, etc., which constitute the grand and sublime.

‘The house was finished in a suitable style, but all the furniture and moveables were attached by the creditors, to whom Mr. B. had made himself liable, by endorsing Colonel B.’s bills; and they were lately sold at public auction at Wood county courthouse, for perhaps less than one-twentieth of their first cost.

‘Mrs. Cushing described Mrs. B. as beautiful and highly accomplished, about thirty years of age, and mother of two infant sons, now with her at Natchez.’ p. 110.

It appears from the remarks of this traveler, that even twenty-five years ago, the neighborhood of Lexington in Kentucky, had attained that superiority in point of cultivation and improvement, which it still possesses, and which renders it so delightfully attractive to the eye of the tourist.

‘The country had insensibly assumed the appearance of an approach to a city—the roads very fine and wide, with grazing parks, meadows, and every spot in sight cultivated.

‘Soon after we were gratified with a view of Lexington, about half a mile distant, from an eminence on the road. On entering the town, we were struck with the fine roomy scale on which every thing appeared to be planned. Spacious streets, and large houses, chiefly of brick, which since the year 1795, have been rapidly taking the place of the original wooden ones, several of which, however, yet remain.’ p. 160.

Our readers are probably acquainted with the fact that previous to the introduction of steamboats, a number of sea vessels were built at Pittsburgh and Marietta, and descended the river in safety. The attempt, however, to render them available in this long and uncertain navigation, proved unsuccessful, and the application of steam rendered it useless. The following record made by our author, on approaching the mouth of the Ohio, will amuse our readers.

‘A ship at anchor close to the right shore, three miles lower down, enlivened the view, which was closed below by Col-

onel Bird's flourishing settlement on the south bank of the Mississippi.

'We soon passed and spoke the ship, which was the *Rufus King*, Captain Clarke, receiving a cargo of tobacco, etc., by boats, down the river from Kentucky, and intended to proceed in about a week, on a voyage to Baltimore. It was now a year since she was built at Marietta, and she had got no further yet.' p. 254.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

WE have before us two French newspapers containing letters, written by a French gentleman, who visited this city during last winter. His initials will be recognized by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. We have made copious extracts from these letters, as it will be interesting to our readers to see what is said of us by an intelligent foreigner, who visited our country for the express purpose of inspecting its manufactures, and other public and private improvements. It will be seen that he has made some mistakes; but his views are liberal and impartial.

MEMPHIS, TENN. JANUARY 1st, 1835.

Cincinnati has been rendered celebrated by Mrs. Trollope, whose aristocratic senses revolted against the commerce of salted meats, which is here carried on upon a grand scale. From her accounts, many have believed that the inhabitants of Cincinnati were all pork merchants, and their city a slaughterhouse. The fact is, Cincinnati is a large and beautiful town, admirably situated in one of those bends which the Ohio describes in her course. The mountains which bound this noble river, throughout its course, seem in that place to have receded, in order to leave an elevated and unbroken plain, for which they serve as a wall on all sides, where the Ohio does not serve as a ditch; so that a spacious city might be built secure from the terrible inundations of the river.* The geologists, who do not believe in the mythological fables of the *Orcades*, say, with much simplicity, that this plateau is the result of the wearing away, in the diluvial times, of the body of the mountains by the current of the waters of what is now a very unpretending river called *Licking*, which debouches into the Ohio opposite Cincinnati. However this

* The freshets of the Ohio are prodigious. In February, 1832, they rose sixty-eight feet above low-water mark. During several days, steamboats sailed through several of the streets of Cincinnati.

may be, there is not in the whole course of the river a single point which offers so many advantages to the founders of a city.

The architectural physiognomy of Cincinnati resembles that of the new quarters of English towns. The houses are generally of brick, most frequently of two stories high, with glass windows of shining cleanliness, each arranged for but one family, in regular lines along streets very well paved, and sixty feet wide. Here and there the uniformity is interrupted by structures of a more monumental character. There are, for example, large houses of stone, in excellent taste, real palaces in miniature, with foreshortened porticos, which are inhabited by the aristocracy of the pork merchants of Mrs. Trollope; and sometimes smaller houses surrounded by gardens and terraces. In addition to these there are the public schools where girls and boys learn together reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic, under the simultaneous direction of a master and mistress.* At another point you will see a church, small, narrow, simple, destitute of sculpture or paintings, without stained glass or gothic arches, but tightly built, furnished with thick carpets and excellent furnaces which secure those who attend from the cold, during the long and monotonous services of the Sunday. There are in Cincinnati, as in all other towns of the United States, numerous churches, and for all sects; from the episcopal, which has under its banner the wealth of the country, down to those of the baptists and methodists.† In another place there is a vast hotel, which at first view you would take for a royal residence; but where, I can assure you, you will not find a princely hospitality. There is also a museum, which like all the American museums, is a private speculation, and composed, as usual, of some crystalizations, of mammoth bones, which are very abundant in the United States, an Egyptian mummy, of costumes and armour such as is used

* These schools are supported by means of a tax analogous to our *additional centimes*. Simultaneous instruction is preferred here to mutual instruction. They are held in large square buildings, bearing in gold letters the name of the districts. According to the official report of the administrators and visitors dated July 30, 1833, there were then in Cincinnati 6000 children from six to seven years old, without including 230 children of color, for whom there was a separate school. Nearly 2300 children attend the common schools, and 1700 the private schools. The number of common schools is eighteen. There are twelve male teachers and five assistants,—and six female teachers, with seven assistants. The male teachers receive \$400 per annum, the assistants 250; the female principals have \$216, the assistants, \$168. These salaries are said to be insufficient.

† There is also a large number of catholics in Cincinnati. They consist of emigrants from Ireland and Germany, and are, for the most part, poor people. I learn from the bishop of Cincinnati, that there are about 20,000 catholics in the state of Ohio, of which the population is 1,200,000 souls.

by the Indians, half a dozen statues in wax representing, for example, Washington, Gen. Jackson, and the Indian chiefs Black Hawk and Tecumseh, and a figure of Napoleon on foot or on horseback; of a French cuirass from Waterloo; of a collection of portraits of distinguished Americans, which comprises that of Lafayette, and those of the city; impaled birds, serpents preserved in spirits of wine, and especially a monstrous living serpent, a boa or anaconda. One of the museums of Cincinnati is distinguished for its remarkable Indian antiquities drawn from the vast caverns of Kentucky, or from the numerous tumuli on the banks of the Ohio, and of which several once existed upon the ground now occupied by Cincinnati.*

The bankinghouses have nothing about them worthy of particular observation, but they are now discussing in Cincinnati, the plan of erecting a sumptuous edifice, proportioned to their wealth, and capable of containing all the banks of the city. The founderies which are put in operation by steam engines, the shipyards where the steamboats are built, the shops which are noisy, unhealthy, or inconvenient, are either without the town or in the suburb of Fulton, or in the villages of Covington or Newport on the opposite bank of the river in Kentucky, and even in the country. As for the immense butchery of hogs, about 150,000 per annum, and the manufacture of lard, which is the consequence, the city is neither polluted nor infected by it. All this is done out of town, on the banks of a rivulet called Deer-creek—the waters of which are reddened by this vast massacre, and which has acquired the name of Bloody run. On the borders of this stream are the basins of a canal which extends from Cincinnati to Dayton in the interior of the state which it is proposed to extend to lake Erie, a hundred leagues further. Cincinnati has neither squares planted after the English mode, nor *places*, nor avenues, nor spouting fountains, although it would be very easy to construct them. They may be expected to execute embellishments properly so called, when the inhabitants acquire a taste

* This museum contains a curiosity which I have never met with elsewhere. It is a representation of hell, where the young girls of Cincinnati go in pursuit of emotions that are denied them in their ordinary mode of life, which, though comfortable and tranquil, is cold and monotonous. They there have the contortions and cries of the damned, and the fury of an impaled bear, which howls, and gnashes his teeth with rage. They exhibit besides, a gigantic serpent, made of paper, which coils and uncoils itself, now with a majestic slowness, then with a menacing impetuosity. This strange spectacle, mingled with alternations of light and darkness, of certain effects of little phantasmagoria, and strokes of a gong, together with the shocks communicated to the spectators by an electrical machine, concealed behind the scenes, appears delightfully to excite the nerves of the younger portion of the Cincinnatians, and especially the ladies. It is the principal source of revenue to the museum.

for them; at present they only think of what is useful. It must be considered also, that every improvement requires an additional tax, and that in the United States, it is not easy to induce the people to submit to it. The citizens of Cincinnati require enlightenment upon the subject of public improvements: it is this resistance to taxation which is the cause of their deficiency.

It is about twenty years since Cincinnati has been in possession of a system for the distribution of water (water-works). By the payment of an annual rent of from eight to twelve dollars, each family has a little fountain, more than sufficient for its consumption. A steam engine, placed on the bank of the river, conveys the water to a height of three hundred feet into a reservoir situated upon one of the hills which surround the town. From thence by means of pipes of cast iron, it descends in every direction. The elevation of the reservoir is such, that the water rises of itself in every house even to the top. Cisterns placed along the pavement from place to place, are intended to furnish the engines and hose in cases of fires, and are only used upon those melancholy occasions. The new towns of the United States are generally provided with hydraulic establishments. Among the old cities, Philadelphia has one on a magnificent scale,* which has cost very dear (at least 15 millions). One is talked of at Boston, which will cost millions also, as the water must be brought from a distance. New York, which is absolutely deficient, is about to construct one, which for the same reason is estimated at 25 millions.† That of Cincinnati, although it has three times been renewed, has cost scarcely 800,000 fr. It is generally thought in the United States that waterworks ought to be public property. At Cincinnati they belong to a company, and for this reason water is dearer than at Pittsburg or Philadelphia.‡ The city has been three times in treaty with the company, and three times has refused to purchase at an advantageous price. The first time the establishment was offered at 175,000 fr. the second 400,000, the third time 670,000

* The water used in Philadelphia is brought from the Schuylkill, which bounds the city on the southwest. The pumps which fill the reservoir are put in motion by a fall of water taken from the river. This establishment of Fairmount, including the wheels, pumps, and reservoirs, has been decorated with much taste and very little expense, for the decoration strictly so called, consists of grass, balustrades in wood, and two bad statues. The effect is nevertheless elegantly grand.

† France.

‡ The tax upon water at Philadelphia and Pittsburg is from five to six dollars for an ordinary family. At six dollars per annum it is only nine centimes a day.

were demanded. She will finish by paying 1,500,000 fr. or 2,000,000. In this affair, as in that of the enlightenment, the refusal of the city is caused principally by the difficulty of imposing new taxes.

The approach to Cincinnati is imposing to one who arrives by water. It is yet more so when it is viewed from the summit of one of the hills which border it. The eye embraces the meanders of the Ohio and the Licking which throws itself into it at right angles, the steamboats with which the port is filled, the basins of the canal and the warehouses that surround them, and the ten locks by which they communicate with the river, the factories of cotton thread of Newport and Covington, with their great chimneys, the federal depot of arms where the star-spangled banner waves from the extremity of a flagstaff, and the arrow-shaped vanes upon the wooden steeples—on all sides, the view is terminated by a range of mountains and hills, and the amphitheatre is yet covered with the strong vegetation of the primitive forest. This rich verdure is broken here and there by countryhouses surrounded by colonnades, of which the forest has furnished the materials. It is delightful to know that the population which moves in this panorama, lives in the midst of abundance, that they are industrious, sober, economical, greedy of knowledge; that if, with a very few exceptions they are strangers to the delicate pleasures and elegant manners of the refined civilization of our European capitals, they are also ignorant of our vices, our dissipation, our follies.

In place of continuing to discourse of Cincinnati, permit me to recount to you an incident. I had remarked at the hotel a man of middle stature, of a temperament hardy and robust, about sixty years of age, who yet retained the quick elastic step of youth. I had been struck with his cheerful and open countenance, the amenity of his manners, and a certain commanding air which was conspicuous through his dress of linsey.* ‘It is,’ said one, ‘general Harrison, clerk of the court of common pleas of Cincinnati.’ ‘Is this the gen. Harrison of Tippecanoe and the Thames?’ ‘It is himself, the ex general in chief, the conqueror of the Indian Tecumseh and the English general Proctor; it is the avenger of the disasters of Detroit and the river Raisin; it is the ex governor of the territory of Indiana, the ex senator of the United States congress, the ex minister to one of the southern republics. He has grown old in the service of his country; he has passed years of his

* Linsey is a stuff fabricated during the winter in the farm houses, by mingling factory cotton with wool spun in the house. One of these threads serves for filling and the other for chain.

life in those rude wars with the Indians, in which less glory could be gained than at Rivoli or Austerlitz, but where there were many more dangers. He is now poor, charged with a numerous family, forsaken by the federal government, although still full of vigor, because he had an independent mind.' 'His friends in the eastern states talk of making him President of the United States. In the meantime, we have made him clerk of a court.' After a pause, my informant added: 'you can see at this poor table another candidate for the presidency who appears to have a better chance than Gen. Harrison, it is Mr. McLean, judge of the supreme court of the United States.'

Instances of this desertion of men, whose career has been the most honorable are not uncommon in the United States. I had already seen at New York the illustrious Mr. Gallatin, who after having grown gray in the service of the republic—after being legislator during many years, a minister at home, a diplomatist abroad, after having taken an active part in all good and wise measures of the federal government, finds himself in his old age dismissed without any reserve or condition, and thus would his arduous career probably have terminated, if his friends had not offered him the place of president of one of the banks of New York. The distress of president Jefferson in his old age is well known, and how he was reduced to the necessity of soliciting the legislature of Virginia for the permission of disposing of his lands by lottery; whilst president Monroe, still more indigent, after having spent his patrimony in the service of the state, was obliged to implore the compassion of congress. These are the men to whom their country owes the invaluable acquisitions of Louisiana and the Floridas.

The system of pensions is unknown in the United States. There is no social provision for the old age of eminent men who accept superior offices, although it is impossible for them to practise economy with their comparatively small incomes, and many of them have seen their health and fortune wasted in the exercise of their duties. This is one effect of the disrepute in which the principle of authority is held here. Public officers are treated like the humblest servants. Servitude is so constituted in the United States, that every American has in private life more regard for the least white domestic, than the majority of the people show for the public life of the most elevated rank of officers. These are warned continually and in a thousand ways that they are but dust, and that a frown from the people can sink them immediately into nothingness.

This conduct of Americans towards officers is a logical effect, a mathematical principle of the sovereignty of the people. I

do not hesitate however to think that it is conformable neither to reason nor justice. If it is true that the people have an undeniable right to regulate the rule of conduct of the guardians of power by their interests; it is equally true that really superior men have a natural and sacred right to be invested with high social functions. If it is wrong to sport with the wants of the multitude, it is not less so to trample upon the claims of men of talent and goodness. And if those whose ability and devotion to their country entitle them to offices, are lost to view through ingratitude or neglect, to whose care shall the public good be confided? What will then become of the sovereign right of the people? In the example of a nation who, impatient of all superiority, rewards only with ingratitude the services of distinguished men, and who from caprice casts them off like vile subjects, there is no less despotism than in the conduct of an Asiatic prince who reduces all indiscriminately to the same level of slavery, treats all alike insolently and brutally, and thinks that genius and virtue are only too much honored in kneeling on the steps of his throne.

CINCINNATI COLLEGE.

THOSE who have been familiar with our city, have observed throughout a number of years past, an old dilapidated building, large in size, but whose broken windows, and mouldering walls, exhibited the melancholy evidences of neglect and decay. Every stranger, who was curious in noting whatever was worthy of attention, remarked the singular contrast, which this ruined edifice presented, to the general symptoms of prosperity exhibited in our fair city. While great exertions were in operation for the promotion of literature and science, while beautiful buildings were erected for our common schools, while wealth and refinement were sufficiently evident in the numerous public improvements which were going forward,—this neglected structure stood in bold and solitary relief, the single monument of public apathy towards a liberal institution.

Cincinnati college was chartered in 1819, with ample powers. The stock was divided into five thousand shares of twenty-five dollars each, making the whole endowment authorized to be subscribed, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and the annual income was limited to eleven thousand dollars.

The corporations have power to elect a board of trustees, which board have an unlimited authority to appoint 'such professors and tutors as they shall think necessary,' and the charter does not prescribe any art, science, or branch of knowledge, which shall be taught, but leaves it discretionary with the trustees to direct the whole course of instruction. The only limitation of their powers in this respect, is in the clause which provides, that 'they may cause the principles of morality and of the christian religion to be included, but the religious tenets that may be peculiar to any particular sect or denomination shall never be taught or enforced in the college.' The teaching of theology therefore is virtually excluded. But this is the only limitation contained in the charter.

So cautiously was this act drawn up, and so evident is the intention to leave the trustees unfettered, and to enable them to give the widest extent of usefulness to this institution, that no branch of learning is named or alluded to, except denominational theology, and the whole wide field of learning and science, classical and professional, is left open to their discretion; and that no misconstruction should cramp them in the practical exercise of these extensive powers, it is explicitly provided in the sixth section, 'that the board of trustees of said college, may grant and confer on any candidate, in such form as they may direct, *all or any of the degrees* that are usually conferred *in any college or university* within the United States.

Under this charter a large edifice was erected many years ago, in a central and convenient part of the city, and a real property accumulated, worth not less than fifty or sixty thousand dollars; and it is singular that with such a beginning, and such ample means and powers, the institution was suffered to languish, and its operations at last to become suspended. The building fell into ruin, and became an eyesore to the inhabitants. Thus it has remained for years, and until the recent effort for the revival of the college.

Within the present year a few individuals have exerted themselves to attract the public attention to this neglected edifice. The appeal was not made in vain. Our citizens are not deficient in public spirit or discernment; and the obvious discredit and disadvantage of permitting so valuable a property to lie idle, required only to be mentioned, in order to be fully understood. A proposition to revive the institution, and to give effect to the intentions of the founders and of the legislature, by filling it with all the departments, except the one only which was excluded, and enabling it to grant *all or any* of the degrees usually conferred in any college or university in the United States, was well received by the public, and responded

to by a liberal contribution. The edifice is now undergoing a thorough repair, and its renovated appearance is already a subject of congratulation. Its gloomy exterior has been so far transformed, as to render the building highly ornamental to the city; and other improvements are in progress.

The trustees have already organized a medical and a law department, in both of which the courses of lectures for the winter have been commenced. Of the medical department we do not propose to speak, as there is a rival institution in this city—and we have no disposition to get ourselves into the hands of the doctors, who would doubtless resent any interference between their rival claims to public favor, by examining our head phrenologically, and exposing to publicity any deficient bump, which might be found. But of the law department we may speak without the danger of giving offence; and of this we have, professionally, a right to give our opinion. The professors are John C. Wright, Joseph H. Benham, and Timothy Walker. Judge Wright is an eminent and experienced lawyer. He has been a member of congress, a judge of the supreme court of this state, and a practitioner at the bar; and in all these stations has earned a high reputation for talent, acquirement, and assiduity. The other gentlemen are lawyers in extensive practice. Mr. Benham has stood among the foremost at the bar both in this city and at Louisville, and is well known, and Mr. Walker has a high reputation for industry, and scholarship.

We have heretofore spoken in terms of commendation of the law school at Lexington, with regard to the excellence of which our opinion remains unchanged; and we hope that the establishment of another, not inferior, in this city, will conduce to the honor and advantage of the legal profession. The result of much experience enables us to say that there has been a want of ripe attainment at the western bar, and that, with a vast deal of talent and enterprise, there has been too little labor and study expended in the preparation of the mind for the duties of this responsible profession. We are glad therefore to see the facilities for the study of the noble science of law, increased; and we hope that our city will become the resort, as Lexington has been, and will doubtless continue to be, of many young gentlemen, who design to follow the law,—not as many follow it—at a respectful distance—but with the ardor of a generous and highminded ambition, to achieve its highest honors.

An academical department will also, it is understood, be added to the Cincinnati College, and its several departments will then be complete. We shall witness with pleasure the

full organization of this institution. Every city should have its own college. In our republican country, education is designed for all, and its facilities should be so distributed that the whole talent of the land should equally share its benefits. The wealthy can afford to send their sons to be educated at distant colleges; but persons in moderate circumstances must see their offspring deprived of this advantage, unless the means of education be brought to their doors. Talent belongs to no rank, it is found in the humble dwelling of the industrious man, as well as in the palace of the aristocrat; and wherever it be found, it should be cultivated, and rendered useful to the possessor, as well as to the public. There are individuals in our city, to whom the expense of sending a son to a distant college would be oppressive, if not impossible; while there are others, who, from prudential considerations, prefer to educate their children at home. Indeed, we can scarcely imagine a reason strong enough to induce a parent to send a youth from the parental roof, to deprive him of the comforts, the restraints, and the wholesome example of the family circle, and to throw him into the temptations of the world, at this careless and impulsive season of life—unless it be that of necessity.

Every city and large town should have its college, at which those youth could be educated, whose parents cannot afford to send them abroad, or prefer to keep them at home. We hope to have such an institution here—one that shall be established upon broad and liberal principles—which shall adopt a practical and useful system of education—and which shall be a popular and favorite seminary. A city like Cincinnati should have an institution which shall embrace the whole round of liberal studies—so that a boy who enters at one end with a Latin dictionary under his arm, may come out a thoroughbred lawyer or doctor at the other.

We have already a system of common schools, that furnish the rudiments of an education to the whole population. We have a Mechanics' Institute, at which boys may acquire the elements of the useful sciences. How important that the system should be completed by the addition of a college, which may confer on all who desire it, a complete classical, scientific, and professional education.

While on this subject we may notice a popular error which has prevailed to some extent in this city. It has been suggested that Cincinnati College could not have law and medical departments, because it is not an *university*. A distinction has been supposed between a *college* and an *university*, which does not exist, in the United States. There is no such

distinction in law, nor in common usage. The various institutions of the highest class in the United States, are termed colleges or universities indiscriminately, whether they have the professional departments or not. Yale *College* has a theological, a law, and a medical department; Harvard *University* has no more. Bowdoin *College* has a medical department; the *University* of Pennsylvania has a medical—but no law, nor theological department; the *College* of New Jersey has a theological, and law, but not a medical department. Throughout the United States, the *names* college and university are used synonymously; they are mere names, indicating no difference. In our own state, Miami University, has no greater powers under her charter than Cincinnati College.

The word university, however, is improperly used in the United States. We have no institution which can be properly so termed. A college properly may comprise the various branches of classical and professional learning; a plurality of colleges connected together, forms a university. The University of Oxford in England, has *twenty-four* colleges. But there is no such thing there as a law, a medical, or a theological college. The *college* there, has its classical, its medical, its law, and its theology professors, and the whole number of colleges, thus complete in themselves, unitedly make up the *university*. In America, we have no institution which is *more* than simply a college. A complete college comprises the classical, law, theological, and medical faculties, and may grant all the diplomas known to the arts and sciences; but if a plurality of these colleges be united under one government, the confederated institution becomes an university, which, however, can confer no other diploma, than either of its colleges could confer, if such union did not exist.

RAIL ROAD FROM CINCINNATI TO CHARLESTON, S. C.

SOME of our enterprising citizens have lately projected a most magnificent undertaking—one which, we hesitate not to say, has seldom been surpassed in grandeur or utility. A rail road from Cincinnati, an important manufacturing city, and the depot for the produce of the rich valley of the Miami, passing through the most fertile counties of Kentucky, thence through a hilly but highly productive region of Tennessee, into South Carolina; and traversing the whole breadth of that state, would be a noble work. It would open a communication between parts

of the union, which have heretofore been wholly disconnected, and would add another tie to the many which already bind our family of republics together. It would give a new impulse to industry and commerce. To the interior of Kentucky, it would afford an easy mode of access both to the Ohio, and the ocean, and afford new facilities for carrying her beef and hemp to market. It would pass over a valuable mineral region of Tennessee, well populated, and possessing much wealth, but lying far from the ocean on the one hand, and far from the great rivers of the west on the other; and would probably touch at Knoxville. At this place, to which merchandize is now brought at an expense of six cents per pound, it would probably be received for two cents. To the city of Charleston it would give eminent advantages; and it would bring the wealth of South Carolina into active employment.

This however is but a limited view of the advantages of the proposed communication. We must take into view the numerous navigable rivers, that pour their rich streams of commerce into the Ohio; and the various canals, rail roads, and turnpikes, that connect the rich valleys of the west with the same river. To all the commerce thus concentrated upon the bosom of the Ohio, a new highway to the ocean would be afforded.

‘The middle of this main trunk’—we quote from a pamphlet published at Cincinnati—‘would be intersected by this projected rail road from Richmond, Virginia, via Lynchburg, to Knoxville in East Tennessee, by which the Old Dominion would acquire a new channel of intercourse with her daughter Kentucky; and also with several of the states formed out of the Northwestern Territory, which was once her property—traveling from the west to southern Virginia, being thus restored to the route which it took in the infancy of our settlements.’

From the same pamphlet we extract the following facts: !

‘The distance between Cincinnati and Charleston, is stated to be 500 miles, which on the estimation of the committee would require 700 miles; 135 miles from Charleston to Augusta, however, have already been completed, which is nearly in the direction of Cincinnati. The contemplated road to Paris, will have a length of 90 miles, leaving but 475 miles to complete. It is urged as a reason why this project should be carried into execution, that it would form a trunk, out of which other or lateral branches would spring, connecting it with ‘ten states and a vast expanse of uninhabited territory, in the northern interior of the Union.’ We have not the time or space to designate all the channels of connection which

will be established. A few, however, of the most important we will mention, viz: 'The intersection of the projected rail road from Richmond, Va. via Lynchburg, to Knoxville, in E. Tennessee.' The Ohio river, which would connect it with western Virginia and western Pennsylvania. The Ohio and Erie canal, from Portsmouth to Cleaveland, already finished. The Maumee and Miami canal, in progress from Cincinnati to lake Erie, uniting with the Erie and Wabash canal of Indiana. The Ohio river from Cincinnati to Mississippi. 'The proposed main trunk (say the committee) would resemble an immense horizontal tree, extending its roots through, or into, ten states, and a vast expanse of uninhabited territory, in the northern interior of the Union, while its branches would wind through half as many populous states on the southern seaboard.' The committee entertain no doubt of the physical practicability of constructing the work. The estimated expense is \$8,000,000. A sum not greater than that about to be expended in the construction of the Erie and Hudson rail road in New York. The concluding part of the report sets forth in strong and glowing terms, the advantages that would grow out of this work, in the facilities it would give to trade and traveling; in the augmentation of population in the region through which it would pass; the impulse to agriculture which it would impart; the manufacturing establishments it would set up; and the lateral works of internal communication which it would suggest. Its contribution to our national defence, and its consequences upon our social and political relations, by the increase of personal intercourse which it would bring about, between people of different sections of the country, who at present, from their distance apart, and obstacles to intercourse, are comparatively ignorant of each other. The gentlemen composing the committee were Dr. Daniel Drake, T. W. Bakewell, and John S. Williams.'

In addition to the above remarks, we shall only now add the following from the Missouri Republican, a paper which always is found ably advocating the cause of liberal improvement:

'While the south and the west are moving in these great and important works, a mighty struggle is making in the Atlantic states to secure to their favorite cities the immense trade of the valley of the Mississippi. New York has made, and is still making giant attempts, by the construction of vast inland works, the diffusion of her capital into all the states, *and her unwearied efforts to obtain the control of the currency,* to add to the vast amount of the trade which she has already grasped. In all their views in this respect, the capitalists of New York have proved themselves infinitely more clear-sight-

ed than their neighbors of Philadelphia. But the enterprising men of this latter city, and of Baltimore, have not been inactive in their exertions to draw the western trade to their respective cities; and we observe that Boston is again alive to the necessity of putting in her claims to a portion, at least, of this commerce. A project which was started some years since in the legislature of Massachusetts, and was then abandoned because the state was unwilling to undertake the work itself, has received, it would seem, a new impetus from the efforts of other states; and it is now proposed, that the capitalists of Boston should at once engage in the work. To the wealthy, enterprising, and public-spirited men of the bay state, nothing is impossible when once they have seriously set themselves to the task. Meetings of gentlemen favorable to the project in question have already been held; and it is suggested, that a public meeting will soon be called in Boston, to concert measures for its final success.'

Our next extract is from the Boston Patriot, and refers to the lastmentioned project:

The Daily Advertiser and Patriot thus states it:

'First. It will open a communication with the western counties of our state, and bring to our city a great amount of trade that now goes to New York. The rail road completed, and Berkshire will be nearer to Boston than New York, and the merchants of the whole valley of the Connecticut will resume their trade with our city, which has for several years been diverted from us.

'Secondly. It will unite us with Albany, the capital of the empire state, and bring us within ten hour's ride of that large and increasing place of business.

'Thirdly. It will open to us by the rail road which is now building from Albany to the west, an easy and rapid intercourse with the central part of the most populous and wealthy section of the state of New York, and bring us within 20 hours ride of Utica, and into the midst of a population as large as that of the whole state of Massachusetts.

'Fourthly. It will connect us with Buffalo, the great commercial emporium on lake Erie. If, as there is no doubt, the rail road should be extended from Utica to Buffalo, we shall then be within forty-eight hours distance of the latter place. If that rail road should not be made, we shall still have that channel of inland navigation, the Erie canal, by which to transport our merchandize to the west.

'Fifthly. Having thus opened a direct and rapid communication with Buffalo, we have secured to ourselves admission

on as favorable terms as our great rival city, to all the states on the north side of the Ohio river, viz:

To Ohio, with an area of 44,000 square miles.

Indiana,	"	36,000	"	"
Illinois,	"	60,000	"	"
Michigan,	"	34,000	"	"

Containing in the whole, 174,000 square miles of the most fertile soil on the Globe, and upwards of two millions of population more nearly resembling the people of New England in habits and sympathies than any other part of the Union.

‘Sixthly. From Buffalo, we have fine steamboat navigation to Cleveland, Ohio. Here we meet the Ohio canal, which traverses that state and conveys our products to Portsmouth on the Ohio river; and now,

‘Seventhly. Having embarked on this noble stream, we may easily visit Cincinnati and all the other towns on both sides of the river, either in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, or Kentucky, or ascending the large rivers that discharge themselves into the Ohio, we may transport ourselves or our merchandize many hundred miles into the interior of those different states—or,

‘Eighthly. Leaving Buffalo we traverse lake Erie to Detroit, and thence through lake Huron and the straits of Michillimacinac, we enter lake Michigan and find a harbor at the new and wonderful town of Chicago—here we meet the proposed ship canal to the Mississippi river! When this canal is completed—and there is no question that it will soon be, as grants have been made for the purpose—the trade and travel of St Louis, Mo., the great capital of the upper Mississippi, will come direct by this route to the New England metropolis! And,

‘Lastly. To sum up all the advantages in a few words, it will place Boston on a fair and equal footing with New York, and Philadelphia and Baltimore, in regard to the trade of the west; it will unite her with that boundless region from which she is in a great measure cut off by her geographical position, and enable her to compete fairly and advantageously for a trade which has been such an abundant source of wealth and prosperity to her sister cities; and will bind her by a strong and enduring tie to that interesting section of the Union, with whose welfare and happiness she is most naturally and indissolubly connected, and with whose political fortunes she is destined to rise or fall.’

Since writing the above, we have received a pamphlet,

containing a 'report of the special committee of the Charleston chamber of commerce on the contemplated rail road, from Charleston in South Carolina, to Newport or Covington, opposite Cincinnati, in Ohio.' After making liberal extracts from the report of the Cincinnati committee, the Charleston document, proceeds thus:

'The question then arises: what response are we, as a commercial community, to make to these overtures? What is due to our character, as traders and merchants, who aim at the distinction of a great commercial community? How far will we, by fostering this project, advance our personal interest, and elevate the standing of the commercial emporium of our state? What additional security will we gain by accepting the proffered alliance, and identifying our social, political and commercial interests with theirs? These are considerations of grave and solemn import, involving in their decision, the welfare and destinies of millions yet unborn, demanding the serious deliberation of the statesman and the philanthropist, as well as the merchant. But our purpose and duty are with the *commercial bearing* of the subject; in which character we proceed.

'The maritime advantages of Charleston, as regards her geographical location, accessibility at all seasons of the year, contrasting so favorably with the frost-bound harbors of more northern latitudes, contiguity to the West-India trade, and healthiness of climate, scarcely require comment. They are known to ourselves, and duly appreciated by those gentlemen of the interior, whose views we now have under consideration. Based in bold relief on the coast; without competition on a line of seaboard nearly 2500 miles in extent; so near to the brink of the Atlantic, that in one hour after a vessel unmoors from our wharves, she is on the broad bosom of the open ocean, and may lay her course to any port in the world. Possessing natural advantages, which no human power by rivalry or jealousy can weaken or impair—which nothing short of a convulsion of nature, shaking the foundations of the continent, can deprive her of, or transfer to another—she very naturally has attracted the attention of the far Northwest, and the inhabitants of that region simply *ask* us to join them in the expense of opening a door and pathway of communication, in order, that *our* factors may *sell* their produce; *our* shippers export *their* commodities; and *our* merchants supply *their* wants.

'This offer should not pass unheeded, unless it is believed that our business men are content, and that our city has reached its maximum point of prosperity.

* The distance, in a direct line, from Cincinnati to Charleston, is about 550 miles. The distance by the common traveling roads, or the journey of a traveler going from one place to the other, is 597. It is assumed, making due allowance for touching at Lexington, (Ky.) Knoxville, (Ten.) and other prominent towns adjacent to the main route, that the whole distance cannot exceed 700 miles.* And this would appear liberal, when it is recollected, that Augusta was reached by a line of rail road from this city, of nine miles less extent, than the stage road, which was the shortest traveled by horses.

* The next question is, practicability of the scheme. This inquiry is rather out of date, and it might be sufficient to reply in general terms, that a rail road can be constructed over any surface where a horse can obtain foothold—through marshes and swamps, where horses would sink and drown, or suffocate; and that by the aid of machinery in common and daily practice on rail roads, acclivities and precipices, which a horse could not climb, even disencumbered of trappings and burden, are overcome and passed with safety and celerity! In all situations and under all circumstances that a common or turnpike road, or canal, could be constructed, a rail road can be also constructed; and, in many situations and under many circumstances, when no other mode of communication or transit could be effected, merchandize, produce, and passengers, can be transmitted by stationary power and inclined planes, with greater speed and safety, than by the best stages in the Union, on the best turnpike roads.'

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

ALLOW me to offer a few remarks on instinct. I mean that faculty in *brute animals*, which *influences* them in the *choice of time and place*. According to Dr. Reid, instinct is a blind impulse to particular actions, without deliberation and without conception of what we do. Equally unphilosophical is the mechanism of Des Cartes, who thought animal machines devoid of life and sentiment; but so constructed that external agents on

* It is proper to remark that, in assuming 700 miles as the entire distance, there is to be deducted 136 miles, viz: our present road already constructed, and the road from Cincinnati to Paris, Kentucky, 90 miles, now under survey—leaving but 474 to construct—and should the juncture be formed at Columbia, apparently the most favorable point, it will reduce the entire distance to about 450 miles.

their organs, caused them to exert various operations, which before had been ascribed to a principle of life and self moving power. M. Buffon, less ridiculous, grants to brute animals the faculty of distinguishing between pleasure and pain. And shall we not discard, as unphilosophical, the pre-established harmony of Leibnitz, the divine energy of Addison, and the mechanical instinct of Reimar?

A blind impulse, or instinctive actions, belong no more to brutes than to man. The infant, the pig, and the puppy, sucks so soon as the tit is applied. Quadrupeds make their beds, birds their nests, and the young of each become familiar with the mechanism, before leaving the same. The few ideas they have, favor the strength of memory, and they do what they have seen, as readily as a horse finds the way home upon the back track from recollections of every tree he had passed. 'What can we call the principle which directs birds to observe a particular plan in the structure of their nests, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model?' Says Addison, 'It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same to the laying of the sticks with all the other nests of the same species.' If Addison was now living we would inquire of him how he came into possession of this information. The assertion is gratuitous; and we deny his knowledge of any such a fact. If a tame crow ever made a nest after the fashion of the birds of her kind, we shall also require proof of her never having seen a nest of her species. Addison seems to have forgotten that birds fly, and that they have more opportunities than we have of noticing the notions and customs of each other.

It is for practical and theoretical men to rescue from degradation the mental powers of the brute creation; and among the first objects of inquiry, I hope to see collected all the facts relative to the character of the horse. It is believed that a horse may travel ever so far, and turned loose he can return home; and this faculty is called *instinct*. I know a horse, brought from Lexington, Ky., and used as a saddle horse in this neighborhood for ten years; after which time the owner and myself traveled together, and when we had reached Nashville, we took the road for Knoxville, but the horse discovered a disposition to take that for Lexington, and at every left-hand road he wished to bear that way. A few miles beyond Knoxville he made his escape, and without regard to roads steered his course for Lexington across mountains and precipices until we overtook him. Now, should this ability in the horse be called instinct or memory? I have in two in-

stances entered the Mississippi swamp, and was unable to find my way back. In such a dilemma I was constrained to give the horse the bridle and suffer him to go his own way. In both instances he acted alike, in taking the back track, and seeming to notice the trees, which caused me to suspect that his ability to return grew out of his recollections of the route. Mr. Dial says that in fire hunting he has been lost, and upon giving his horse the rein, he always observed that he was greatly perplexed in recovering himself, and effecting his return. The embarrassment of the horse must have proceeded from the light which communicated a different appearance to the trees to that afforded without it. He further remarks that when lost in the day, if near home, his horse would take a direct course, but if at a distance he always returned on his track. No doubt can exist of the very retentive memory of animals. Some horses notice less than others; I have known them to be perfectly lost, and at other times they have made mistakes in supposing such a course would take them home, when near the contrary would be correct. I have known an ox to be removed to a distance and after an absence of five years to return. Mr. Thomas Lewis informed me that a man who settled near the mouth of Red river had his hogs to run wild, and five years after their departure an inundation of the river took place, when the same hogs with a vast increase returned home, and got on the gallery floor of his house to avoid the water. If a sow is taken from her pigs of a few weeks old, and carried half a mile, the pigs will in a few hours follow. In this case they travel upon the scent of the person whom they know to have the mother. Take the pigs in like manner in the absence of the mother, and she will follow upon your track. When a pig returns to the bed after being removed in a bag, he follows the track of the person who removed him. If we are asked, how comes the pig of three weeks old to know that he could find the bed by the scent of the man's track? we answer by putting another question, how should a child know that there is milk in the teat which is put into its mouth? The squirrel will travel a distance on snow two feet deep, and without the least hesitation, remove a chesnut from the ground which he had deposited a month before; but it should be remembered that they sometimes make mistakes. If these circumstances do not discover a more minute observation and memory than is found in man, I am greatly deceived.

BLUES.

With learning's magic spell,
 Shall gentle maids alarm you,
 When ignorance can tell
 A simple rule to charm you?

What nymph, endowed with senses,
 Employs scholastic art,—
 With nouns, and moods, and tenses—
 To conjugate—the heart?

Your sophistry illusive,
 Unlettered belles o'erreach,
 And arguments conclusive,
 From lips of ruby teach.

How nominatives do govern,
 They may not clearly ken,
 But well they know, that women
 Can always govern men.

They know the rules of grammar,
 By instinct and perspective;
 When wealthy, they possessive are,
 When courted, not objective.

Old maids they know are singular,
 As any dunce may find;
 And wedlock is a clever thing,
 That may be not declined.

They know that men are substantives,
 That may be touched and seen;
 And women are the adjectives,
 That qualify the men.

QU.

 THE REASON WHY.

Ask why a blush o'erspreads the rose,
 Its velvet leaves with crimson dyed;
 And why as busy zephyr blows
 The flower waves in stately pride?

Ask why the lilies drooping shed,
 The dew-drop from each pallid leaf;
 Why each reclines its beauteous head,
 As weighed to earth with bitter grief?

Emma vouchsafed the rose a kiss—
 The modest lily she disdained!
 Who would not weep such joy to miss?
 Who would not blush, such joy obtained?

AIG.

THE FEMALE MIND.

How much has been written on the genius of women—yet how little has been conclusively settled on this much vexed question by any theory or argument. Intellect is denied or conceded to woman—instances are given and hypotheses framed, yet the lovely subjects of all this discussion continue to be the same—the companions of man, the ornaments of human nature, the cement of society.

Mrs. Hannah More holds ‘that women have more imagination than men;’ and straightway one who combats her opinion inquires, where is the female poet who has rivalled the genius of our greatest bards? Who can point out a *Mrs.* Milton or a *Miss* Shakspeare, or a female Dunciad, or Hudibras? It is true that none of these things are to be found in *rerum natura*; but then this is no more an argument against the intellectuality of the sex, than the nonexistence of a male treatise on needlework, or clearstarching, would be against the ingenuity of ours. Men make capital stitchers, when they suffer their genius to ooze out at the finger ends, and women achieve noble performances whenever they bring themselves to the culture of the inside of the head, instead of the decoration of the exterior. To inquire for a female statesman, or general, and to suffer judgment to go by default, for want of an answer, is just as absurd, as it would be to deny gracefulness to man, because there is no male Venus de Medicis. The former query no more proves that women are comparatively inferior in nobility of mind, than the latter proposition, that men are comparatively inferior in beauty of person, though perhaps the assertion in both cases is equally incontrovertible.

Observation affords a better guide on this subject, than argument, or theory. From woman’s form we may infer her destination, and from her destination presume her faculties. Her form is delicate and weak, her destination is therefore domestic and peaceful; the duties and engagements of domestic life, require not vigor, spirit, energy, audacity—in one power of mind—and can there be greatness of imagination, without all these? Such qualities would lead and excite to action, which only becomes the hardy frame of man. A woman of powerful imagination would be placed in the same unphilosophical predicament, as a dove with the heart of an eagle.

Whoever examines the writings or conversations of women will find, that, except in some few instances, they shun those subjects in which the imagination is most powerfully excited, and displayed—such as scenes of terror, like that of the murder

in De Montfort, or the Dream in Sardanapalus—representations of the play of the deadly passions, hatred, revenge, despair,—delineations of the fierce and gloomy, and descriptions of the terrible in nature. Women, from a natural delicacy and gentleness of mind, regard such things with something beyond mere dislike—they deprecate and avoid all approach to them. But these are the very scenes in which imagination revels and disports itself, wherein its powers come forth in all their majesty, and its ambition mounts on the wings of the wind.

It will scarcely be believed, that those who possess superior powers of imagination, always prefer exerting it in a less degree, when it might be exerted in a greater; for the pleasure derived from the exertion of this faculty, is always in proportion to the intensity of that exertion. If women possessed the gift of supreme imagination, they would admire and cultivate those subjects of thought and discourse which afford scope for the exercise of imagination in its supreme degree. But they do not admire and cultivate those subjects: therefore they do not possess supreme imagination.

The mistake has probably arisen in blending with imagination some of the minor faculties, which are ordinarily its adjuncts. Fancy, feeling, and sensibility, belong to women. They have a delicate appreciation of the beautiful, and are easily touched with the pathetic. All forms of moral purity and loveliness, are keenly felt by the female mind. But even here, it might be respectfully inquired, which of them has drawn anything so beautiful, as the sylphs of Pope, the romantic scenes of the *Lady of the Lake*, or the touching pathos and moral elevation of many of the scenes in Scott's novels? Indeed, we look almost in vain among female writers for examples of rich fancy, or glowing imagination.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, or may be said, or sung, on both sides of this question, the world, I am afraid, will continue to hold its ancient opinion—that in powers of imagination and judgment, woman must be content to take the *second* place in the creation—and that the writers of the Bible, who knew something of human nature, will be found to be on this, as on all other subjects, in the right. To this venerable and well-concocted opinion, I cannot help subscribing myself an unworthy assentient. Had I entered the lists, as a professed defender of the sex I should have chosen different ground on which to elevate them, than that usually taken. Conceding to the adverse sex, the faculties of judgment and imagination, I would have boldly challenged them on the score of feeling and delicacy of thought. It is on this that the palm of superiority might be claimed, and won.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MATHIAS AND HIS IMPOSTURES; or the Progress of Fanaticism. Illustrated in the extraordinary case of Robert Mathews; and some of his forerunners and disciples. By WILLIAM L. STONE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1835.

ONE of the most instructive books that we have read lately, is this history of Mathias. Not that there is anything remarkable in the character of the principal person, or any ingenuity displayed in his plans. A duller rogne has seldom imposed upon the credulity of the weak and confiding; nor did ever dishonesty assume a thinner disguise to cover its depravity. It is the grossness of the deception which surprises us, and we marvel as we read, that a vulgar rogue, destitute of talent and ingenuity, without religion, and with scarcely a semblance of morality, should be able to induce respectable persons, not only to follow him as a leader, but to believe him to be possessed of supernatural gifts. It is one of the effects which we see daily in operation, of the powerful influence of fanaticism, and of the readiness with which religion, the most dignified and rational principle of the human mind, may be perverted to the basest purposes.

There are few sober-minded persons who have not been startled, at beholding the extent to which fanaticism has been permitted to mingle with the religious operations of the last few years. The day has been when the Bible was considered as the rule of our faith—when the standards of churches were respected—when the pastor was the teacher and guide of his flock—when people went soberly to church on Sunday, and attended to their business during the rest of the week. But we have fallen upon times, in which the Bible is not considered as holding out a sufficiently exalted standard of morality, and when numberless devices have been invented to render the path of christian duty more complicated and difficult, than it was made by the founder of our religion. The multitude of societies which have been established to relieve the ministry of its appropriate duties, and to tax the industrious part of the community with the support of the idle, have introduced a flood of fanaticism, which has swept over the land like a pestilence. In estimating the character of a christian, the question has ceased to be, among that class, whether that man leads a sober, honest, and righteous life, but how many societies he patronizes. Truth, temperance, and charity, were once christian virtues; but now the abstaining from a particular liquid, or giving to a certain charity, are the cardinal points in the compass of faith.

The practice of these errors is not so bad as the intolerance to which they lead. A false standard is unfurled, and men are denounced who fail to follow it. We are gravely told that new lights have been shed upon the path of duty, and that he who fails to enlist himself for the whole round of newly invented schemes, is behind the age, and in danger of perishing in heathen obduracy.

A late writer in the *New York Evangelist*, has hit upon some important truths. He remarks—‘I am fully convinced that the church is altogether in

the back ground, and that we have several other societies besides the temperance societies, that are perfect "anomalies"—mere "monstrocities"—"reformation societies on the church." They are taking the work of the church out of our own hands. It has come to pass that the church has contrived to evade every responsibility. The duty of going out, as our primitive christians did, to preach the gospel, has been shouldered off upon the missionary societies. The duty of going round from house to house to preach the word of God, has been laid upon the tract society. The duty of training up her own sons for the work of the ministry, has been cast off upon the education society—a mere step-mother. The duty of circulating the Bible, is devolved on the Bible society, and so on; until finally it would seem that the church had nothing to do but fold her arms, and sit down to watch this great machinery, which has been manufactured and set in motion—machinery which all the wisdom and invention of Jesus Christ and his inspired apostles never discovered, and which I believe never would have been discovered, had the church continued in succeeding generations to discharge her duties and appropriate functions, as she did during the middle of the first century.

The same writer adds, 'there is *vastly too much clock-work* about preaching the gospel. *It is constantly getting out of order, and it takes the church almost all the time to keep it in repair.* For my part, when I look round among our fifty societies, and try to do a little for one, and a little for another, *I get perfectly distracted.*'

The editor of 'the Churchman,' a most admirable religious periodical published at New York, remarks very sensibly, 'there is a time in most men's life, when vanity, selfconfidence, and disregard for wholesome authority, are too strong to be resisted. This is matter of common observation, and we ordinarily say of such persons, that they "are sowing their wild oats." After a while, however, their projects fail, and their ardor cools; and as if awakening from a reverie, they acknowledge their delusion and folly, and repair to their seniors for example and counsel. The same thing happens with bodies of men, as with individuals. In the religious world especially, there is always a large class who are shooting off from the "old paths," to test the efficacy of "new measures," and when they have tried them to their heart's content, they are fain to retrace their steps, and come back to the very point from which they started, and which, had they been blessed with a little more maturity of wisdom, they would never have abandoned.'

Such are the sentiments which are beginning to be expressed openly by intelligent christians, who have witnessed the operation of what are termed 'new measures'—by which are understood that vast and complicated machinery of missionaries, agents, and moneyed institutions, which for some years past have occupied the attention, and confounded the principles, of the religious world. Nor were the consequences of these measures unforeseen by some of those who have since, to some extent, given them their sanction.

In a letter to the editor of the Christian Spectator, dated Boston, December 18, 1827, the Rev. Dr. Beecher remarks:—"I do know as incident to these new measures, there is a spirit of the most marvellous duplicity and doubledealing and lying, surpassing anything which has come up in my day. I call no names. I cast no implications of *designed* falsehood. I leave all this for God

to decide. But, that the system is maintained by a most active and inveterate circulation of falsehood I am sure. I do not say this without long and careful observation and ample evidence. I do not intend by the remark to express my belief, that wilful and deliberate lying is resorted to by any. But the effect is, as if it were so; and if it is not the result of a state of perverted apprehension, which in terms of strong feeling on a given subject is, no doubt, a "*dementia*," it can only be ascribed to a worse cause. And I am also certain, (for I have tried it for more than one whole year, thoroughly, as my correspondence will show, if ever called for,) that no kindness and magnanimity on our part will be appreciated, but as it ceases to oppose the new measures and falls in. And nothing will reclaim but OPEN and DECIDED RESISTANCE.

The proneness of men to run into extravagance upon the subject of religion, affords matter for the most serious reflection. The subject is one of vital importance—one upon which all men should think, and which should influence the actions of all—at least all except the editors of literary and political papers, who, according to a neighbor of ours, are to submit their consciences to the keeping of others. There is no subject which requires to be kept so free from extraneous influences—none which imperiously demands such sober-minded, single-hearted, and rational thought. Religion, to be of any value, must be honest and practical, steadfast and systematic.

It might be a curious matter of speculation, for some one who is accustomed to remark the signs of the times, to look back upon the operations of the great mass of mind, in our country, for some years past, and endeavor to account, upon philosophical principles, for the violence, the extravagance, and the extraordinary aberrations from rectitude, which have marked that period. Taking in the whole round of intellectual and moral action, what a scene would be presented to the eye of him who could look abroad in soberness upon the vast tumult of passion and prejudice. How many wild and impracticable schemes—how much of mere unblushing *humbug*—what idle and extravagant vagaries, has been boldly imposed upon the unsuspecting credulity of the public.

The 'march of intellect' is answerable for much of this. We confess that we were among those who were, for a little while, cajoled by this specious collocation of words—who believed that the march of intellect was a wonderful great affair—that the human mind was becoming every day more gigantic in its proportions, more active in its energies, more nice in its perceptions, and more vigorous in its grasp of thought—that virtue and religion would advance in the same ratio in which the light of knowledge should be increased and disseminated—and that the world would grow better just as fast as it grew wiser. We do not deny that there is some truth mixed up with the error of these propositions; knowledge is the great auxiliary of religion and law.

But the march of intellect has been misunderstood, and misapplied. That which should have been a soberminded, and gradual operation, has been bloated into specious and inordinate proportions, by imprudent zeal, degenerated into mere partyism, and finally become prostituted to dishonest or mercenary purposes. The error has consisted in proceeding upon revolutionary principles, instead of advancing to improvement by slow and careful steps, which should alarm none by violence, nor impose the necessity of retracing the ground passed over, to correct the faults of negligence, or heal the wounds inflicted in the reckless impulsiveness of inconsiderate action.

A distinguished statesman announced, not long ago, that we were in the midst of a revolution. If he was correct in his position, there is no difficulty in accounting for many acts of violence which have lately disgraced our country; and if we do not admit his proposition to its fullest extent, still, the announcement of it shows the tendency of the public mind at that period.

In the religious world the same kind of scenes were taking place at the same time. They too were in the midst of a revolution, and were attempting by clamor, and by inflammatory appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people, to produce results which should have been the fruit of sober thought and clear argument.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and of all conscientious and honest action. No principle is acted upon with consistency and steadfastness, unless it be firmly believed to be true. Whenever doubt is suggested and entertained, consistent action ceases. Hence arises the necessity of standards and creeds. The human mind requires some fixed point upon which it can repose—some intrenchment into which it can retire, and find itself secure from the assaults of doubt and infidelity. It may be active and inquisitive in its search after truth; but its resting place by the way, and its eventual stopping place, is faith. Thought, observation, and inquiry may afford much knowledge—but after all, much more, in almost any branch of human attainment, must be matter of faith—a generous, confiding, implicit, but liberal belief in a system, or a creed, as adopted and understood by others. Without such confidence and concession, the social edifice must be continually exposed to destruction by the disintegration of its parts: and the peace of society jeopardized by the selfishness, ambition, or fanaticism, of every theorist who may choose to elect himself the leader of a party.

It is a fact, too, that in all revolutions, political or religious, those who are the first to assail existing institutions, and to advocate what are called liberal opinions, embracing the widest latitude of discussion, are apt to become the most intolerant towards those who differ from them in sentiment.

The system of new measures, by which the peace of the churches has been disturbed, and a flood of fanaticism poured out upon the land, had its origin, no doubt, in the vague notion entertained by some good men, of the perfectibility of human reason, and the vast superiority of the present over preceding generations. They believed the world to be a great deal wiser than it used to be; and inferred that the learned men of this favored century, were far more competent to devise systems, than the uninspired founders of the existing institutions. Creeds and institutions were denounced, *because* they were old, and had not the gloss and finish of modern refinement. Metaphysics, the most subtle and deceptive branch of human learning, was made to occupy a high place in religious teaching—and the most trashy notions, the very sweepings of the schools of theology, were substituted for the stern and manly language of the old standards, and the clear precepts of the apostles.

The effect of such operations upon the many who do not think for themselves, is obvious. They have believed affectionately and implicitly in institutions planned in wisdom, and consecrated by age. They now see those whose studies and habits have rendered them expert in the handling of nice questions, not only differing widely in opinion, but urging a fierce warfare upon each other. They are indoctrinated into the novel theory that questions long set-

tled, are to be thrown open for discussion; and the consequence is, that the weakest and most impulsive among them rush madly into the vortex of moral radicalism, and become fanatics, while the most rational sit quietly down as neutrals. The influence of both is lost, for all the purposes of practical piety.

Such has been the effect produced in one of the most numerous denominations in the United States, by a system of revolutionary measures which were allowed to creep in. The standards of the church were assailed with a libertine boldness which astonished those who had been accustomed to consider them with veneration, but which at last shook them to the centre. It happens unfortunately that revolutionists are always more zealous than those who are content to tread the beaten paths of piety. Measures were adopted to multiply the number of laborers—or as some were uncharitable enough to think,—to increase their own party, and funds were accordingly raised for the gratuitous education of young men for the ministry. They were educated by societies independent of the church, and wholly unconnected with it, and which of course wanted every conservative principle necessary to the perpetuation of a consistent and permanent form of belief. They were manufactured in haste, and by the cheapest methods—educated they were not. That long, severe, and laborious course of study, which is requisite to give extensive and accurate knowledge, to produce solidity of thought, and render a minister respectable, they did not receive. They were persons who required this sort of discipline more than others, for they were inferior in point of talent. In a country like ours, blessed with such abundance, and where the means of education are so cheap—few young men of talent will accept a gratuitous professional education, unless their talents be united with a groveling disposition, which is not often the companion of true genius.

We venture to say that no one other cause has contributed so much to lower the standard of religion and of education, as that which we have last named. It has introduced a raw, undisciplined band into the ministry. A denomination which a few years ago was famed for the sound erudition of its clergy, and which, wherever its standard was planted, gave at once a high tone and a forward impulse to the cause of education, is now as distinguished for the ignorance and want of capacity among the younger portion of its ministers, as it was once for talent and learning. Another result has naturally followed. When an unfortunate youth, who, if the plain indications of nature had been pursued, would have made a respectable tailor, or an useful ploughman, is converted by a forcing process into a clergyman, and decently clad in professional black,—he must be maintained. There is no going back. If the man turn out to be what the Scotch term a 'sticket minister,' and cannot be made to answer any useful purpose in the church—he is not permitted to go back to the needle, the ax, or the sledge hammer. The church must support him; he is made an agent; and societies are multiplied to make offices for such men.

We could point out other kindred causes, but these are enough to account for the rapid spread of fanaticism in our country. Ambition, in its eagerness to create votes, has introduced ignorance and imbecility into the holy office, and the waters of piety have been poisoned at the fountain head. Conservative principles have been abandoned—those principles which produce unity of action, which lead men to 'walk by the *same rule*,' and 'mind the *same thing*,

have been exchanged for wild theories, and nice metaphysical distinctions. Fanaticism has of course crept in; and many things have been substituted for religion, which are not religion. The temperance reformation, admirable in its original design, has been pushed to a degree of intolerance which has rendered it odious. Instead of a voluntary sumptuary regulation, which should be left to recommend itself by its rationality and good effects, some have attempted to make it a religious test, while others have extended the list of prohibited things to many wholesome and innocent, but in their opinion, unnecessary articles of diet, and some have sacrilegiously ventured upon a denunciation of the use of wine in the communion. We saw a curious anecdote lately in a religious newspaper. A member of a church said to another, who was an elder, 'suppose our Savior should appear at your prayermeeting, and announce that he had just left a social assemblage to which he had furnished an additional supply of wine, after they had already 'well drunken'—would you ask him to pray with you?' The reply was 'No: I would not.' Was this the ardor of piety, the mania of fanaticism, or the excited passion of party feeling?

Another of the points of an unnatural and unwise excitement, has been the intemperate scheme of immediate abolition, the gross absurdity of which is only exceeded by its stupendous wickedness. We touch it lightly, for withering as it is under the blight of its own atrocity, it needs no further exposition of its demerits, to secure its extinction.

Then there is the much-vexed catholic question. Had the denunciations of the pulpit and the press been confined to the theological opinions, and the moral influence of those who profess that form of faith, and the discussions been conducted with dignity and calmness, there would have been no cause of complaint. But the attempt to awaken the prejudices of the American people against a whole class of citizens, because some of them are foreigners, and on account of their supposed political predilections, is as ungenerous as it is dishonest. Appeals to popular prejudice are always wrong, and when they are founded upon misrepresentation, there is hardly any epithet too strong to express the vileness of their character. The political tenets and moral character of the great mass of the intelligent catholics in the United States, have been grossly perverted by the calumnious tongue and mercenary pen of the partizan. It is as unjust to charge the political opinions of European catholics upon those of America, as it would be to saddle the impostures of Mathias, Garrison, and Tappan, upon the protestants.

These remarks are very naturally prefixed to a notice of the work before us, which is a very instructive account of one of the modes in which fanaticism has developed itself in the United States. It appears that Mathias was not the founder of the delusion, in which he became the chief actor, but found it ready made, and simply practised upon the confidence of others, whose minds were already perverted by fanaticism. The author remarks, in his preface:

'In a conversation with a distinguished clerical friend, upon the subject of Mathias and his impostures, particularly in regard to the respectability of the people whom he had succeeded in leading so widely astray, the writer mentioned the fact, that after all, the pretended prophet was but a circumstance as it were, in a series of delusions originating in fanaticism twelve or thirteen years since, which in their progress had been marked at different periods, by

transactions and absurdities scarcely less censurable or extraordinary, than the gross impieties of the arch impostor himself. With a great number of facts in relation to the matters referred to, the writer had become acquainted as they transpired; and in the belief that he could possess himself of all others essential to a continued history of one of the most singular and extraordinary delusions that have ever appeared and flourished for so great a length of time among an intelligent christian people, he suggested the idea of collecting the particulars, and publishing them in a volume. 'Do it, by all means, if you can obtain the facts,' was in substance the reply.

The details of this volume are sufficiently curious. It seems that several years ago, some individuals in New York—persons who were wealthy, intelligent, and accustomed to society; some of them men of business, practised in the ways of the world,—became so infatuated by an excess of religious zeal, that their intellects became bewildered. They began by establishing societies for doing good—planning clock-work, such as is alluded to in the beginning of this article, and adding wheel after wheel, in the fond hope of completing at last a kind of selfmoving machine, by which the whole world would be regenerated. One of these projects was 'the speedy conversion of the whole city by a system of female visitation;' in the execution of which, every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for their conversion, whether the inmates would hear or not. 'They were encouraged in this wild scheme of religious knighterrantry by the appearance among us, just at that time, of an itinerant clergyman by the name T-u-r, a gentleman of great zeal, who maintained no inconsiderable degree of popularity among the ultra religionists of New York for some eighteen months or two years.' This singular work was actually commenced; houses were visited indiscriminately, not excepting the public hotels—even an eminent clergyman received a call, 'and before he could recover from his surprise, these missionaries were praying for his own conversion, in his own house.'

A society for social prayer was organized, the members of which began to prophecy, and have dreams, and finally ran off into all kinds of extravagance. 'They did not believe in the institution of marriage, but maintained that a single life was essential to piety and holiness, and that married people could not really serve the Lord. Some of them went so far as to maintain that all marriage bonds were dissolved. One very respectable lady, whose husband belonged to the association, and who had herself become partially infected by the mania, was restored to her right mind in rather a singular manner. Two or three of the unmarried sisterhood paid her a visit one day, and almost broke her heart, by informing her that her husband was not her husband—at least that he would not be her husband any longer. This bold invasion of her conjugal rights dissipated the delusion which had begun to steal over her.'

Another set of persons established a retrenchment society—rejecting all articles of apparel beyond the requirements of decency, and banishing all luxuries from the table. One day in every week was observed as a fast, and sometimes the term was extended to three days, or changed to a week of rigid diet on bread and water. The author gives the following anecdote: 'A religious friend informs the writer, that he recollects seeing one of them—a very wealthy citizen, living in a splendid mansion worth at least twenty thousand dollars—

at supper in his spacious parlor one evening, with nothing on the table but a decanter of cold water, a loaf of brown, and a few pieces of ginger-bread, with three or four raw apples. This was the homely fare of an opulent member of the retrenchment society, who doubtless thought he was doing God service—forgetting that consistency would have required him to change his palace for a cottage, and distribute all his goods, saving only enough for the purchase of his stinted fare, among the poor, or in aid of the kingdom of that Master, whom he was no doubt sincerely desirous to serve. The delusion of the gentleman referred to, has since taken a different and less inoffensive turn. Wonder if he means Arthur Tappan.

Such were the persons to whom Mathias, an illiterate mechanic, and a man without talents, announced himself as a prophet. Their reception of him, and implicit confidence in him, is the more extraordinary, as his habits and opinions differed entirely from those which they professed. He was not strict in any of the observances of religion; was extravagant in his habits, and voluptuous in his living. He was vicious and immoral in his conduct, and most blasphemous in his language—yet he announced himself as God the Father; and found well educated persons in the city of New York—persons who had made the bible their study, and had the reputation of being sincere christians,—who believed him! The house of Mr. Peirson, who had accumulated a fortune in mercantile business, was thrown open to him; thousands were expended on his dress, and sensual indulgences; Peirson and his friends waited on him, washed his feet, and performed the most humiliating offices, for month after month—all in the good city of New York! Yet Mathias was a low, vulgar, ignorant, vicious man; without talents, eloquence, morality, or even the garb of piety.

Every religious person should read this book. It is full of instruction. It shows how easily those may slide into the mire, who imagine their feet are placed upon a rock, whenever they suffer themselves to be inveigled into the wild schemes and new-fangled notions of enthusiasts. It affords also some data, which taken in connection with other facts to which we have alluded, may account for the moral epidemic that has swept over the land within the last year. A republic is a government of opinion. Without a standing army, it has no physical vigor by which it can coerce obedience to the laws. The people govern the people; they govern themselves and each other. Public sentiment is that which gives energy to the laws. Obedience is the result of the consent of the governed—of a conventional understanding of all to respect that which is established for the protection of all.

But it is obvious that although all are considered as consenting to the supremacy of the laws, there are some whose actions and opinions are looked up to as exemplary, and in whom any dereliction from duty, or mischievous error in sentiment, occasions widespread evil, in consequence of the respect which others consider due them. The industrious, the moral, the intelligent, and the religious, stand pledged to the support of law and order. The idle, the dissolute, and the improvident, look up to them, and when the latter plunge into thoughtless violence, the former may exert a quiet but important restraining influence by which harmony is preserved. The religious part of the community, especially, occupying the high ground of principle,

and holding a grave and imposing character, form the balance wheel, which should preserve an uniform regularity in the great moral machinery of public sentiment. If in addition to this, the action of the law be pure and energetic, the state is safe.

If these propositions be correct, it is not difficult to account for the dangerous disorders which have recently pervaded the United States. Among politicians and legislators, there has been an unusual boldness of inquiry into constitutional powers; and with much valuable and wellmeant discussion, there has been a vast deal of pernicious and inflammatory disputation. We speak not of one party, or the other, but of both, when we say that too much has been ventured for mere party ascendancy. Eminent men have allowed themselves, in the heat of political warfare, to give their names to opinions, and their sanction to acts, which in a cooler moment they would have disapproved. The law has not been respected as it ought, by persons in high places, nor has the will of the majority been obeyed with the cheerfulness, which in good faith it deserved. The consequence has been, that a revolutionary spirit has been produced, and a laxity of morals generated in the public mind. When those who have strength of intellect, show a disposition to overstep the bounds of propriety, they who have physical strength will be sure to follow the example; and they will do it with tenfold energy, because with less power to do right, they have more power to do wrong.

Among the religious, the scene has been similar. There has been boldness of inquiry, contempt of established standards and usages, new theories, high-handed measures, and intolerant crimination. Whenever an unnatural excitement exists in the public mind; when the law, or the ordinary rules of decorum, are trampled under foot, a momentary despotism ensues. In this country, it is a moral despotism—the yielding into the hands of the leader of a party, the moral power which belongs to the whole community, or to the law. Instead of thinking, men obey; they obey not the law, nor a principle of action, but the leader of their party. They become the tools of ambition, avarice, or fanaticism, as the case may be. Real democracy can only exist, where men are cool and collected, where they think for themselves, obey the law, and spurn dictation.

One of the earliest of the late series of mobs, had its foundation in the rancor of a religious persecution. A convent was torn down; the law neglected to punish the aggressors, the legislature refused to indemnify the sufferers, and a portion of the religious community gave countenance to the act, by publishing and actively circulating a mischievous book, which was intended to afford an apology for the act. Thus sanctioned, the contagion spread; the licentious took courage from the example of the moral, and the practice of setting the law at defiance became general. Such is the contagious effect of enthusiasm.

DICK'S WORKS. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle, 1835.

AMONG the valuable works furnished by Messrs. Key & Biddle, are the four admirable treatises of Thomas Dick: 'The Philosophy of a Future State,' 'The Christian Philosopher,' 'The Philosophy of Religion,' 'The Improve-

ment of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge.' These works are too well known to need any commendation from us, and it is with great pleasure that we see them presented to the public in an uniform edition, handsomely got up. They comprise a connected train of evidence and thought, on the great system of Providence, in the creation and government of the world. The phenomena of nature, the rules of science, and the capacities of man, are considered as parts of one great plan, their connection and harmonious operation pointed out, and the whole traced up to the great fountain of intelligence and benevolence. Religion can derive no additional dignity from science; but it may be explained, illustrated, and rendered more clear to many minds, by a clear exposition of the beneficence of the Creator, in the adaptation of mind and matter to each other, of the beautiful harmony of the universe, and of the manner in which the whole is arranged to promote the happiness of man. Mr. Dick has done this with great ability; and his works may be recommended, as well to the christian who desires to know the *reason* of the faith that is in him, as to the student of science who would learn how the rules of scientific and moral truth are blended together.

INTRODUCTION TO THE CRITICISM AND INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE, designed for the use of Theological Students, Bible Classes and High Schools. By C. E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Literature, Lane Seminary, Cincinnati. Cincinnati: Corey, Fairbank & Webster. 1835.

As a specimen of the mechanical arts, this work is highly creditable to the publishers and to our city. The paper, printing, and binding, are excellent, and not inferior to the best productions of the eastern cities.

We heard a few of the lectures which compose this volume, when they were delivered, with much pleasure and instruction; and have given the book a hasty perusal—we say *hasty*, because it is a work which must be carefully studied, to be fully understood. The subject is one which has engaged the labors of some of the most able English commentators; and we are not satisfied that the author has, in his preface, done full justice to his predecessors. The topics embraced by him in his plan, have certainly been investigated by the learned writers of Great Britain with great vigor of intellect, and powers of analysis, and little has been left to be discovered or explained in this wide and very interesting field of inquiry. We do not say this to undervalue the work of Mr. Stowe, which is useful and well executed. It is true, as he remarks, 'that the previous works have been 'too voluminous and expensive for common use; and there was need for a more brief and comprehensive treatise.'

The work contains twelve chapters, in which are treated, respectively, the Revelation, and the language in which it is given—Peculiarities of the Bible, in respect to interpretation—Proof that Moses was the writer of the five books usually ascribed to him—Hypotheses of those who reject the authorship of Moses—Their objections stated and answered—Origin of Alphabetic writing—Authenticity of the four gospels—Character of the gospels—Genuineness

of the Apocalypse—Interpretation of the Apocalypse—Hebrew and Pagan prophets contrasted—Doctrine of Inspiration—Scriptural idea and proof of inspiration—Miracles.

As these various topics are discussed within the compass of 276 pages, it is obvious that the analysis of them must be brief. It is not however superficial. The facts and references are numerous, and show the results of a wide and laborious range of investigation. All the material points necessary to direct the student to the proper topics comprised within the argument are stated, and sources of the information carefully noted. The writer's style is plain and clear; and his remarks such as show an inquisitive and reflecting mind. He is a calm and temperate reasoner, who assumes his propositions with caution, and states them with frankness.

The readers of the Bible will find this work an useful auxiliary, and all who study ancient history may find assistance in its numerous references and elucidations. So far as we are competent to judge, it is a faithful and scholastic performance; equally valuable as an aid to pious research, or classic investigation.

THE GIFT.

THIS beautiful Annual has been, in our opinion, unreasonably undervalued by some of our critics, who perhaps judged *prima facie*—rather from the latitude in which it was produced, than the ability evinced in its production. Miss Leslie is one of our best writers, and deserves more courtesy than has been shown to this volume. The sketch entitled 'The Lady of Blennerhasset,' is far superior to most of the articles prepared for such works, and Miss Sedgwick's story is excellent. The poetic pieces of Wm. B. Tappan, are among the best of their kind. Tappan deservedly stands among the first of our native poets. His morality is pure and elevated, his piety fervid and generous, and his language chaste, elegant, and harmonious. If the volume before us contained nothing but the articles which we have named, it would deserve a kind reception from the public; but graced as it is by many literary gems, and adorned by a beautiful exterior, it richly merits the applause of the public.

THE BUCKEYE, AND CINCINNATI MIRROR.

THE late editors of the Cincinnati Mirror have made their bow, and retired from office—'simply because of the delinquency of those who have subscribed for the paper.' In their valedictory, they acknowledge many obligations to their 'brethren of the quill'—to which we take the earliest opportunity of responding, that the departed are fully entitled and perfectly welcome to all the notice which we have bestowed upon them.

With a slight change of title, the work continues to be issued under the

editorial charge of Mr. James B. Marshall, a gentleman who is a native of Kentucky, and graduated a few years since, with honor, at Miami University. We have no doubt that under his care, the work will be edited with talent and fidelity; and that it will, as the new title is intended to indicate, be devoted to the interests and literature of the West.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON; a tale of the Tory Ascendancy. By the author of Swallow Barn. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

THOSE persons who have read 'Swallow Barn,'—a series of graphic and amusing pictures of life and manners in Virginia,—will require no prompting to the perusal of 'Horse-shoe Robinson,' a tale of the revolution, from the same pen. The first of these works came before the public, unheralded, about three years since, and has been steadily winning a name for its author as it floated along the stream of time: the second made its appearance within the past summer, and well sustains the anticipations of the admirers of Swallow Barn. In his first effort, Mr. Kennedy was in the peaceful shades and domestic scenes of the planter's life, in the Old Dominion; in the second, he plunges at once into the stirring and bloody partizan frays of the revolution, and terminates his interesting story with the battle of King's Mountain. In either situation he is equally at home, and equally felicitous in the style in which he writes. In the story of Horse-Shoe Robinson,—who, it may be remarked, is a real character, and with his own lips, imparted the incidents of his life to Mr. Kennedy,—there is much of fact and historical accuracy. It evinces that the revolutionary war presents a rich and ample field for the novelist; that it is replete with characters and incidents of the deepest interest, the faithful delineation of which will finely illustrate the character of our countrymen in their struggle for independence. It has been objected to this work that it goes into too much detail, and that the author is in his style of writing an imitator of Washington Irving. We do not propose to answer these objections. For ourselves, the very minuteness with which some of the pictures are finished, constitute their excellence. Take, for instance, the death and funeral of David Ramsay—which is portrayed with great particularity—and where, in the pages of the novelist, is there a picture of more touching pathos and beauty? We recollect none. As regards the style, much as we admire its graceful ease, the close resemblance to that of the elegant biographer of Columbus, did not strike us, when reading Mr. Kennedy's works. But admit the imitation, who will find fault with Horse-Shoe Robinson, because of a resemblance in manner to the style of one of the purest living writers of the English language? We wish Mr. Kennedy no worse fate than that of success—fully rivalling the author of the Sketch Book, in the classical beauty and freshness of his glowing and attractive pages.

THE HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW, a Tradition of Pennsylvania; by the author of 'Calavar,' and the 'Infidel.' 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

THE scenes of Dr. Bird's *Calavar* and *Infidel*, his two first novels, were laid in a foreign land, in the sunny regions of the south, the birthplace of Guatemozin, and the spot where Cortez won for himself imperishable infamy. The actors were warriors and kings, armies and nations. The *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*, is a legend of the banks of the Delaware, within our own land and among our own people; it is the story of a bandit with which is interwoven an intricate plot, embracing no great number of individuals, and they unknown to fame. An author could scarcely make a greater transition in imagery, characters, and circumstances than may be found in the two first, compared with the last of these works. The former exhibit more power and imagination—a wider range of thought, and a more extended knowledge of history, than is to be found in the latter. It by no means follows, however, that *The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow* is a failure. On the contrary, it is a work of decided merit, sustaining, by the ingenuity of the plot and the fidelity with which the characters are drawn, an interest which is unflagging throughout both volumes. We are not prepared to say, indeed, that a majority of readers will not prefer the *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow* to either of the former. Be this as it may, they are all works, as has been correctly remarked, from the mint of genius, and highly creditable to American literature. It is understood that Dr. Bird is making literature his profession. He comes up to the work with ripe scholarship, an elevated style of composition and habits of industry as great as his ambition is intense. His career is destined to be as brilliant as his renown will be enduring.

CLINTON BRADSHAW; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A LAWYER. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard: 1835.

BEFORE we say a word about this book, we must be permitted to pause at the dedication—'To my sister, Frances Ann.' Dedications are out of fashion; but if all were like this, we should be pleased to see them again in favor. What an agreeable introduction to an unknown book! What pleasant associations are awakened in the mind by these few words! How favorably we are impressed with regard to the wholesome state of the affections of the writer, who instead of indulging a not unusual vanity, by placing the name of some great man, in connection with his own, on his titlepage, lays the first fruits of his genius upon the sacred altar of domestic love. It is the tribute of a generous nature.

We are sorry that Clinton Bradshaw reached our city on the last day of the month, when we had only a half a page to spare, and that it must therefore be despatched briefly.

It is a novel, written by a gentleman of this city, from whom much was expected. We shall only say that our anticipations have been fully realized. Clinton Bradshaw is creditable to its author, and to our city. The writer's style is pure and easy; and his matter full and interesting. He depicts scenes of American

life, and evidently draws from nature. We most cordially and cheerfully recommend these volumes to our friends, and offer to the author our congratulations upon his well-merited success.

The work has been well received in our city, and is popular in our reading circles. We find the following highly commendatory remarks, in regard to it, in the *National Gazette*, which is excellent authority in literary matters--though we do not think much of the editor's political sagacity in depreciating as he does the character of our western candidate for the presidency:

'The work is evidently the production of a ready and observing mind. there is very little literary pretension about either the design or execution of the tale. It consists of successive scenes very graphically delineated, and occasionally vivified with flights of humor and fancy. Many of the descriptions, and the dialogues, in particular, have a good degree of spirit and nature which renders them amusing if not instructive. The adventures of the hero present no very extravagant picture of the trials and fortunes of not a few of his profession. Our legal friends, whose progress at the bar has been graduated according to the ordinary standard in these days of earnest competition, will, we imagine, find not a little entertainment, in turning over the record of the life of one of their fraternity. The manner of the author of these volumes is conversational, and his forte seems to lie in the vigorous portraying of comparatively common scenes. There is something almost unique in this production, since it relates to persons and places within the scope of our immediate knowledge; and altogether, it is quite an amusing contribution to our stock of light reading.'

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE citizens of Cincinnati have lately been regaled with a series of discussions, on interesting and instructive subjects. The College of Professional Teachers, held its annual session at the usual time, and its public sittings were attended by a large number of those who feel interested in the advancement of education. As this valuable institution has now sustained itself for several years, and has gained for its efforts the decided approbation of the public, we hope we do not err in anticipating for it a permanent and honorable career of usefulness.

The introductory lectures in the Ohio Medical College, and in the Medical and Law departments of Cincinnati College, occupied the mornings and evenings of a whole week, and were well attended. The average ability exhibited in both of the medical schools, was highly respectable, and afforded to the students, in attendance, ample testimony that the professors would be able to deliver spirited and instructive courses. The aggregate number of pupils, already matriculated in the two institutions, amounts to about two hundred, and accessions continue to be daily made to the classes. It is supposed, that something like two hundred and fifty will be

in attendance, before the 20th of November. The competition between these schools, will elicit the best exertion of the talent and knowledge comprised in each; and the profession will gain by the collision. In common with all the friends of science, we hope that the emulation will not be allowed to degenerate into undignified and unprofitable asperity; and especially, that the students whose sole care should be the cultivation of their own intellects, and the acquisition of valuable information, will not permit their feelings to be so much enlisted in the controversy, as to interfere with their studies. That they should feel a warm interest in the success of the institution to which they may be attached, is natural; they could not avoid this, and retain the generous impulse of youthful manhood; and they will study better, and learn more, under the influence of such emulation. But it should not be allowed to embitter their intercourse with each other, or to make them partizans. The reflecting and influential part of our citizens should encourage the rivalry which by drawing many students to our city, is making it an important seat of learning, while they should discourage any intemperate discussion, which would alike injure both institutions, and be disadvantageous to the public good.

The sittings of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal church, in this city, have also afforded much intellectual gratification. A highly respectable amount of talent was comprised within that body. Among the gentlemen present, were the bishops of Ohio and Kentucky—both men of eminent ability, piety, and learning. The question of separating the office of bishop of Ohio, from that of president of Kenyon college—the two having heretofore been exercised by the same individual—was freely discussed. The decision, we understand, was in favor of the separation. The nominal superintendence of the institution will remain in the bishop; but a responsible officer will be appointed to take the immediate charge, on whom the labors of its government, and the details of business will devolve. The institution will thus have the sanction of the bishop, and be subject to his visitation; and it will retain the influence of the high name of the present accomplished diocesan; while the latter will be relieved from the duties which would confine him to Gambier, and interfere with his higher functions. In the able report of the bishop, the reasons for this change are fully set forth; and if we have not stated them, or the arrangement made on his recommendation, accurately, the publication of that report and the proceedings of the convention, will afford the proper correction.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,
For the Month of SEPTEMBER, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. SEPT. 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m. tem.						
1	43.5	74.0	56.8	29.443	NE-NE	str. wd.		clear.	
2	47.0	77.0	61.7	29.493	E-SE	lt. wd.		fair.	foggy morning.
3	55.0	81.0	67.7	29.533	SE-S	lt. wd.		fair.	
4	58.0	85.0	70.7	29.540	S-S	lt. wd.		clear.	
5	60.0	86.5	72.2	29.483	S-S	lt. wd.		clear.	
6	61.0	72.0	67.0	29.417	SW-NW	str. wd.	.24	cloudy.	showery.
7	49.0	72.0	58.7	29.443	NE-NE	lt. wd.		clear.	
8	49.0	76.5	61.8	29.400	NE-NW	lt. wd.		clear.	
9	53.0	83.2	66.5	29.401	NW-NW	lt. wd.		fair.	
10	59.0	81.2	68.0	29.357	W-W	lt. bre.		vari.	
11	63.0	85.0	72.0	29.287	W-W	lt. bre.		fair.	
12	59.0	79.2	66.1	29.203	W-W	lt. wd.	.84	vari.	rain P. M.
13	52.0	72.5	61.2	29.313	NW-NW	lt. wd.		cloudy.	
14	48.0	71.0	56.7	29.573	NW-NW	str. wd.		vari.	
15	41.0	72.2	55.7	29.593	NE-NE	lt. wd.		vari.	
16	51.0	81.0	66.3	29.467	E-SE	lt. wd.		vari.	
17	59.0	82.2	69.7	29.407	SE-SE	lt. wd.		vari.	
18	62.0	79.2	68.3	29.009	SE-SE	hg. wd.	1.35	cloudy.	rain com. 2 P. M.
19	53.3	68.2	59.3	28.971	SW-SW	hg. wd.	.09	vari.	showery.
20	48.0	59.0	51.2	28.827	SW-SW	hg. wd.	.44	cloudy.	do.
21	46.0	54.0	48.3	28.953	SW-W	str. wd.	.04	cloudy.	do.
22	41.5	61.0	47.8	29.343	W-SW	str. wd.	.05	vari.	do.
23	35.1	63.2	50.7	29.597	W-W	lt. wd.		vari.	
24	39.0	65.0	54.0	29.611	W-W	lt. wd.		cloudy.	
25	37.2	71.5	50.6	29.647	NW-N	lt. wd.		vari.	
26	39.0	63.0	49.8	29.529	N-N	lt. wd.		clear.	fine day.
27	43.0	56.1	49.7	29.371	NW-NW	lt. wd.	.18	cloudy.	rain 11½ A. M.
28	43.0	68.5	52.6	29.293	NW-NW	lt. wd.		vari.	
29	39.0	55.5	46.3	29.287	NW-NW	str. wd.		cloudy.	
30	33.0	59.0	43.7	29.325	NW-W	lt. wd.		vari.	heavy frost.

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 59° 07

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - 86° 5

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - 33° 0

Range of thermometer, - - - - 53° 5

Warmest day, September 5th.

Coldest day, September 30th.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - 29.3712

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - 29.66

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - 28.79

Range of barometer, - - - - .87

Perpendicular depth of rain (English inches) - - - - 3.23

Direction of Wind: N. 1½ days—NE. 3½ days—E. 1 day—SE. 3½ days—S. 2½ days—SW. 3½ days—W. 6½ days—NW. 8 days.

Weather: Clear and fair 10 days—variable 12 days—cloudy 8 days.

THE
WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1835.

SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE ON ELOCUTION,

BY DONALD MACLEOD, A. M.

Delivered before the Western Literary Institute and College of Professional Teachers, at their Fifth Annual Meeting, held in Cincinnati, October, 1835.

THE low state of elocution amongst us is universally admitted. It is agreed, on all hands, that the style of speaking prevalent in our legislative and popular assemblies, at the bar, in the pulpit, the chair of professorship, and among the students of all our seminaries of learning, is, so far as respects delivery, faulty in the extreme. In the humbler branch of reading, there are deficiencies quite as flagrant, and much more numerous. The English language is greatly impaired—almost destroyed by the majority of those who employ it; and very few of the rest are accustomed to give to it all the perspicuity, energy, and elegance of which it is susceptible.

Where shall we look for the causes of this corruption? Not, surely, in any insensibility on the part of the mass of our fellow-citizens to the value of good reading and speaking. Delivery is, by no means, a matter of indifference to them. It is the very reverse. It is held in the highest estimation. Let any one, who would satisfy himself of this, listen to the remarks of his friends and neighbors in regard to some distinguished pleader, or preacher, or political orator, who had just before moved or delighted them with his eloquence. For one remark, which would lead an observing man to suppose that their attention had been engaged by the subject-matter—the large

or correct views of the speaker—the soundness of his reasoning—or the rhetorical beauties of the composition, he will hear a dozen observations which show that they were chiefly interested by his appearance and manner—by looks, tones, and gestures. This is the case, whether the speaker be a man of genius, or very moderate abilities. Nothing is more unquestionable, than that a speech quite faultless in point of composition—combining with excellence of matter, the purest graces, and utmost energy of style—will produce little immediate impression on the audience without a corresponding delivery. On the other hand, persons of the truest taste and most solid erudition, will listen for hours with fixed attention, admiration, and delight, and not unfrequently with conviction, to men possessing an earnest, unaffected, and harmonious elocution, although they have no great recommendation besides. In fact, so much are people in general governed by the externals of oratory, and so essential, therefore, is this branch, that no powers of mind, and no other rhetorical accomplishments, whatever, can fully supply a deficiency in it. The most splendid and powerful passage in the records of ancient or modern eloquence—the most impassioned and beautiful productions of the poets—the masculine vigor of Dryden—the wit of Congreve—the pathos of Otway—the glowing inspiration of Shakspeare himself, unless illustrated and enforced by a suitable elocution, will fall upon the ear spiritless and unsuccessful.

And yet, notwithstanding the high consideration in which this branch appears to be held by the public, so seldom do we meet with excellence or any great proficiency in it, that it may be said with entire truth, a good delivery is the rarest of all accomplishments. Among the causes of this deficiency, we may justly designate as by far the most productive, the narrow and unphilosophical plans of rhetorical education which have been adopted in our colleges and other seminaries. In some of these no attention whatever is given to delivery—the persons under whose charge the students are placed, thinking it of no value—and being influenced to that opinion by qualifications similar to those which prompted Scaliger to pronounce his absurd diatribe against the usefulness of mathematics, and Dr. Johnson to underrate the importance of the natural sciences, namely, an overweening vanity in their own pursuits, and shallowness in those which they decry.* In others, some time and attention are given to the subject, but unfortunately a beginning is made at the wrong end. The

* Vide Inaugural Discourse of Thomas Campbell, author of ‘Pleasures of Hope.’ Glasgow, 1827.

student is required to exercise himself occasionally in reciting poetry, or declaiming passages from the orators; but before he has spent an hour in studying the principles of the art, either as to voice or action. And even in this careless and untutored practice, he is left principally to his own guidance; all that is usually insisted, upon being the pronunciation of some passage in some manner or other, once or twice during the term. In other institutions, again, the place of a rational and comprehensive scheme of instruction is supplied by a most pernicious system, which can only produce habits of speaking in no way adapted to the character of earnest debate and oratory, and altogether inconsistent with natural effect. The bad effects of these systems may be clearly distinguished in all the succeeding rhetorical pursuits of students who pass through college, and on every occasion when in the discharge of professional, academical, or political duties, they are called upon to speak or read in public. The majority of them either labor under the most painful constraint and embarrassment, from not having been accustomed to face an audience, or hear the sound of their own voices; or else they have confirmed the habits of incorrect, pompous, and noisy declamation, acquired at school and college, by practice after the manner of their old academical exercises: by attending debating societies and spouting clubs, and there attempting to declaim the glorious eloquence of Chatham and Burke, or to enact Hamlet and Macbeth. Alas! they 'imitate humanity abominably!'—in daring to give utterance to the written spells of genius, before they have bestowed any pains on the mechanical, or intellectual part of elocution—before they have learned to perform on that most potent and expressive of all instruments, the human voice, or even subjected the compositions selected for this idle display, to the close and searching analysis, without which no man ought to presume to read aloud the highly wrought passages of a great orator or poet. Others there are, possessing a partial and imperfect knowledge of rules, and some of the mechanical resources of the elocutionist—powers of voice and gesture—who deform their reading and speaking, by what they, no doubt, consider highly ornamental action and intonation, but which are such affected and meaningless ornaments, as could only be tolerated by persons of the most sophisticated tastes. You will find this class of persons continually straining after effect. All is done merely for the purpose of displaying their powers: and their looks and attitudes seem to keep up a running commentary on the whole performance, thus—'Was not that a spirit-stirring note?' 'Did I not make a most harmonious cadence there?'

‘What think you of that majestic sweep of the arm?’—or serve the purpose of a prologue—‘Now I’ll rouse your passions—now I’ll melt you to tears—and now I’ll give you peal after peal of lofty and swelling declamation!’ Finally, we not unfrequently find all these faults combined in the same individuals. How many there are who have taken no pains about delivery, and yet are accustomed to employ tones and gestures, which it would be impossible for the most unwearied perverse industry, to make more completely the opposite of what nature would suggest, either in her rude or civilized state.

Such being the present condition of this subject, it becomes a very serious question, one worthy of the profound consideration of this most respectable meeting, and of every reflecting man in the community—‘Can any system be devised, which will furnish correctives for the prevailing faults in reading and speaking, and enable the student to discharge his duties in the higher walks of oratory with satisfaction and success?’ I answer this question in the affirmative; and it gives me great pleasure to have an opportunity of presenting to the college of professional teachers, and to the liberal and enlightened community among whom I hope to spend the remainder of my life, some outlines of what I consider a rational system of instruction in elocution, and of illustrating them by a reference to the method of tuition, I have been accustomed to pursue in my own lecture-room. In doing this, I am perfectly aware I shall meet with some very strong objections. There are two classes of persons, more particularly, from whom little favor is expected. The first comprises all those, to whom every species of elementary discipline is an intolerable hardship. They must have a more easy and familiar method, than is consistent with the philosophy of elocution. The present, therefore, will not serve their purpose. They tell you that in conversation men always speak with spirit and energy, just emphasis and expression; and, therefore, that the surest and shortest road to the attainment of a good delivery, is to assume, on every occasion, the conversational manner. ‘When you read, talk—when you speak, talk!’ is their maxim; and they think, they may safely venture on their task of reading and speaking in public, if they can only throw diffidence and hesitancy to the winds, and utter the spontaneous suggestions of their own minds, or deliver the thoughts and sentiments contained in the book or manuscript before them, with the ease and earnestness that characterize their manner in the social circle. Now it is admitted, that the tones, and looks, and gestures, which accompany spirited colloquial discourse,

do approach the desired excellence more nearly, than the public speaking we generally hear, or the early efforts of the pupil in reading or recitation. But still the colloquial style is deformed by the faults we have hinted at, and for which we are now in search of a corrective. How often is the utterance of the most fluent and animated conversationist, in a great degree, spoiled by indistinct articulation—discordant and inexpressive intonation—a constantly recurring monotony—and such violent perversions of the vocal elements, as not only destroy all grace and beauty, but hazard even the perspicuity of the expression. The subjects and occasions of familiar discourse, indeed, from their very nature, are apt to give habits of hasty, insipid, and meagre enunciation, which cling to us when we go up to act a part in the great scenes of public business; and constitute some of the worst and most dangerous faults a speaker can possess. A man may display most of the characteristic qualities of earnest conversation, and yet be a poor reader or orator after all.

It is undoubtedly true, that persons of very strong and delicate feelings will occasionally exhibit the highest beauties of elocution, merely by giving themselves up to the impulse of sentiment and emotion. But this only proves that genuine feeling, by itself, can accomplish much: and by no means shows that they would produce less effect, if they possessed the skill and resources, which art can bestow. On the other hand, it is equally true and important, that were they able to call in the aid of artificial culture, they might do that always, and with infallible certainty, which nature, to be sure, prompts occasionally, but only in her 'rare moments of enthusiasm.' Rare, indeed, have been the instances of perfect elocution, which have not been the results of patient, constant, and animated previous exertions. Years of even careless practice may greatly improve the capabilities of the voice, and impart habitual ease and freedom to the attitudes and movements. A man of little aptitude for rhetorical pursuits, may, in this way, become a fluent, unembarrassed speaker; for fluency and self-possession are matters almost entirely mechanical, and have little to do with high intellectual or moral endowments. But never can a man be made truly eloquent, by such a process. Attend to the performances of the most of those, who contend for this, as they call it, NATURAL MANNER, and point out, if you can, a single felicity of vocal expression or gesture. The powerful arguments, the apposite reflections, the striking and original imagery may frequently command your admiration, and impress your hearts, in spite of the tones and motions which accompany them. But though the speaker is able to

stand before you without constraint or embarrassment, and though his language flows in one continued stream, yet the poor and meagre qualities of his voice, his inability to employ the signs of many varieties of thought and emotion, and his absolute incompetency to give to any of them the clearest, most forcible, and agreeable expression, will deprive him of all claim to the attribute of eloquent. As well might he attempt to take a high rank among painters and sculptors, by mere practice, without possessing any knowledge of the great principles exemplified in all the immortal productions of the chisel and pencil, as to become eminent in elocution, without studying the established principles and rules of this art. But we have been long enough engaged in combating this idea. They are only the idle and vainly ambitious, who can bring forward such an argument. It is a cloak for their own indolence. They think theirs the easier method; and with great reason; for so far from being difficult is the *talking style* referred to, that any man who chooses to try, and can look an audience in the face without being discomposed, may acquire it with as much rapidity, and as little demand on his intellect, as any other merely mechanical habit.

The other class to whom allusion has been made, comprises persons worthy of the highest respect,—although among them, likewise, it is an error no less common, to turn away from all artificial culture in elocution. They know that nothing great in any branch of human knowledge or improvement was ever done without labor; and they are willing to pay the tax of labor imposed on every important acquisition. But they have found the means offered by teachers of elocution entirely inadequate to accomplish their object. They have reason to believe, that the majority of persons, who have applied themselves to the systematic study of delivery, have failed; or, (worse still,) acquired a formal, unnatural style, infinitely more objectionable, than their former faulty manner. They have consequently come to the conclusion, that elocution cannot be taught—that all rules and systems are at the best useless. They have resolved to go on as before—acknowledging their delivery to be extremely defective, but yet holding that with all its faults, it is the best attainable by them, and that the superiority of others is either a gift of nature, or the accidental acquirement of practice.* Nor is there any necessity or room for surprise at this prejudice, when we look at the qualifications of the men, who have come amongst us professing to teach elocution. They have been generally persons of feeble intellect, and unregulated fancy, or at least

* Whately's Rhetoric, part 4th, chap. 1, sec. 1.

entirely ignorant of the great principles of the art. The most popular of our instructors, if we may judge by systems and their results, appear to have no idea of delivery but as an exhibition of merely mechanical power, addressed to the eyes and ears of the audience. What ought to be the real design and purpose of the reader and speaker—to address the mind—is altogether forgotten, or made a subordinate subject of assiduity.

It would be hard, however, if the incompetency of the professors of an art, should be allowed to bring the art itself into discredit. And notwithstanding the failure of other systems, I come here to day to maintain that ELOCUTION CAN BE TAUGHT; that by a more philosophical, close, and vigorous method of tuition than has hitherto found a place in our seminaries, some degree of excellence in this branch may be attained. When I introduce to your notice the system which has been pursued in my lecture room, I am very far from presuming that it is the best that can be devised. Many alterations and additions may undoubtedly be made with advantage; but however imperfect it may appear, it has been found by experience to serve some of the most valuable purposes of a course of instruction in rhetorical delivery, namely, the correcting of existing faults, and furnishing means, whereby the student of vigorous faculties and generous ambition, may approach perfection in this art. It is believed, gentlemen, that those who have knocked at the doors of your schools and colleges, seeking the means of improvement in this branch, and have sought in vain, may find what they desiderate in this system—A system, which while it requires the student to confine himself, in the first place, to the study of principles and rules—to acquire a mastery over them, before he enters upon the more genial and inviting business of reading and recitation, is yet opposed altogether to quenching the ardor of youthful emulation—A system which, so far from discouraging, actually urges the daring aspirant to oratorical distinction to use his own powers—follow the suggestions of imagination and emotion—and thus, with nature for his ‘law and impulse,’

‘Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,’

whilst at the same time it impresses upon his mind, that, in spite of occasional exceptions, the great things in elocution have been achieved through intense preparatory labor. Let me say to the youthful and ambitious students present—to the boy-orators—Deplore no longer the absence of means of improvement.—If you have the marks of improveable dispositions, mentioned by Quintilian, ‘Puer mihi ille detur, quem

laus excitat, quem gloria juvat, qui victus fleat,'—then only be faithful to yourselves,—

'Shun delights and live laborious days,—

and the facilities which have been supplied by the close observation and indefatigable industry of Walker, Sheridan, and particularly RUSH, will render the acquisition of a good delivery a comparatively easy task.

These facilities, it is believed, are embodied in the art of elocution of which an outline is now to be offered. Observe, it is *the* art of elocution, not *an* art which is proposed. Dr. Whately has, in his valuable works on logic and rhetoric, referred to a just and important distinction between 'the art,' and 'an art.' I use the former of these terms as he has explained it, and, when it is applied to elocution, I mean not 'a system of principles and rules by the observance of which a man may speak and read well,'—but 'such rules and principles as every good reader and speaker must conform to, whether he has them in his mind or not.*' The system aims to point out not how clearness, grace, and energy of expression may be produced, but how they must be produced. It is, in fact, founded upon an analysis, if the expression may be allowed, of the management of the voice, countenance and gesture, by those who succeed in reading and speaking with elegance and effect. Now, if the analysis be correct and philosophical, it is sheer nonsense to talk of the system of practical discipline established upon it, as having a tendency to impart habits of formal and artificial elocution. And to confound this with other systems of a wholly different character, for the purpose of bringing, to bear against it, evidence of failure and imperfection, is so low and contemptible a species of sophistry, as scarcely deserves to be noticed.

The requisites of perfect elocution, which are set before my pupils as the objects of their labors, are the following.

I. The elocutionist ought to possess powers of voice and action, capable of expressing every mode, and modification of thought, and emotion, clearly, forcibly, and agreeably.

II. He must fully understand, and thoroughly feel the thoughts, sentiments, and emotions, to which it is his business to give utterance.

III. He must be entirely and exclusively occupied with them at the moment of utterance.

IV. He must have taste to guard against impropriety and extravagance in the use of his powers of expression, so that,

* Whately's Rhetoric. Introduction, sec. 1.

in the language of Campbell, the graces may lend their zone to every passion of his breast—

‘Taste, like the silent dial’s power,
Which, when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration’s hour,
And tell its height in heaven!’

A little reflection will satisfy us, that the prevailing faults are merely deviations, in a greater or less degree, from these requisites. Thus, many persons do not readily apprehend the exact amount and kind of meaning contained in a given passage; and are far from having a proper sensibility to the nature and depth of the emotions of the author. Many others, perhaps the majority of people, find it extremely difficult to give their attention, to the degree required, to the subject matter; even when the composition is their own; and consequently can experience, at the time of utterance, none of the fervor and earnestness with which they wrote. Their minds are constantly wandering away from the business in hand. They are occupied with speculating as to the opinions their audience is forming of their performance—the sounds of their voices—and too frequently, with mortifying reflections upon their own incompetency to command attention, or elicit applause. And then, so far is the uncultivated voice, which is also frequently unpractised, from being capable of expressing the varieties of thought and emotion with force and beauty, or even the perspicuity necessary, that if we were to select twenty of the most accomplished and erudite men in the community, and ask them to read aloud a piece of animated and diversified composition, of their own—which they might be presumed therefore to understand—we would scarcely find one among them, who could make such transitions in pitch, and employ such inflections, and forms of emphasis, and cadences, as the character of the passage required. Finally, it is not uncommon for those, who possess, by the munificence of nature, or have acquired by practice, considerable powers of voice and gesture, to outrage the taste and understanding of the sensible portion of the audience, by the misapplication or extravagant use of them—or by conceited and affected spouting—for I can give no more dignified name to that species of declamation, which is a mere display of the speaker’s powers, however admirable they may be.

The course of instruction, which is proposed as a corrective for these faults, and as the means of acquiring the before-mentioned requisites, is founded on the following principles.

I. That the powers of expression by voice and gesture cannot be improved, nor their improved manifestation rendered habitual, but by frequent and regular exercise.

II. That the subjects about which they are exercised ought to be selected with reference to these powers, accommodated to their condition and progress, and such as are qualified to interest the minds, and encourage the exertions of the students.

III. That the lectures and illustrations of the professor be so composed and adjusted, as to furnish proper materials for exercises in extemporaneous speaking.

IV. That the exercises ought to proceed in a regular series—at the opening of the class, beginning with the merely mechanical practice of the elements of vocal expression and gesture, and proceeding in due time, to the display of these, in the delivery of interesting passages from the works of the poets and orators, and in the expression of the student's own thoughts, on the topics discussed in the lectures.

It will not be expected that I should on this occasion go into details. Were I to do so, I could not, in the limited time allotted to this discourse, occupy more than a very small portion of a field, that is wide enough to afford ample materials for an entire course of lectures. All I can hope to give you is a general conception of the system. The means of culture are first applied to the voice; and the mode of practical discipline I have adopted, is founded on that recommended by Dr. Rush. While I have availed myself freely of the improvements, which a comparison of other systems in England and this country, and of their diversified results, has suggested, yet I gladly express to Dr. Rush my acknowledgements of obligations, greater than have been conferred upon teachers of elocution, by all other writers on the subject ancient and modern. His well-directed powers of observation and analysis—his patient ingenuity—his great and unwearied industry have greatly enlarged the boundaries of the science of speech. Or rather, it may be said, in his hands, elocution has assumed, for the first time, the dignity and importance of a science. There is little left to wish for, beyond a scheme of instruction, in which the principles he has established shall be condensed and simplified, and thus rendered more fit for practical use, than they are in his voluminous record. An attempt has been made at this object in the present system. The first stage in the process, is to lay the foundation of a good delivery in habits of clear and correct articulation. This can be done most effectually by practice on the alphabetic elements. After this is accomplished, let the student then

proceed to learn successively the five great modifications of the voice, **FORCE, PITCH, TIME, QUALITY, and ABRUPTNESS**, to which all the varieties of speech may be referred. For the purpose of calling out these powers, and improving them, I know of no method so good as that of practice on the alphabetic elements. Let the student then take these, and exercise himself in exhibiting on them, all the varieties of voice which come under the five heads just mentioned. This practice performed regularly, and persevered in, cannot fail to strengthen the general capabilities of the voice, and engraft upon it a facility of acting in every required mode.

In a similar manner the cultivation of gesture ought to be conducted. The simple elements should be first explained and illustrated; and the student should be gradually led on to exercise himself in the display of them, singly, and in their most difficult combinations. Let it not be imagined, that this elementary practice has any tendency to produce formality or constraint. In proportion to the accuracy, with which these elementary steps are taken, will the pupil's progress be facilitated, and his final attainments be valuable. It is usual, to speak of practice of this sort having a tendency to cramp and fetter the natural powers. But this is not necessarily the case. 'Non obstant,' says Quintilian, 'hæ disciplinæ per illas euntibus, sea circa illis hærentibus. 'Such discipline impedes not those who pass through it as an avenue, but only those who linger around it as a resting place.' What Sir William Jones said of languages,* I would apply, with a slight modification, to these expressive signs by voice and gesture. They are the mere instruments of elocution, and should not be confounded with elocution itself. But, at the same time, let me press upon you the importance of diligence and accuracy in this stage—making these elements the subjects of strict unwavering attention, and regular animated exercise, if you wish to accomplish any thing great in delivery.

After having thus developed and improved, in some measure, his powers of expression, the student is prepared to enter upon the second branch of the business of the course—reading and declamation. In selecting the exercises in these, constant reference should be had to their fitness to interest his mind, and give him a ready command over those resources, which the previous elementary practice has opened up. They should consist, in the first place, of sentences to which the simplest modes of intonation are appropriate; and proceed gradually

* 'Languages are the mere instruments of learning, and should not be confounded with learning itself.' *Discourse to the Asiatic Society.*

to passages calling for a more bold and lively expression, and finally to those which demand the highest and most diversified coloring, of which language is susceptible. In this part of the course, the importance of making a close analysis of every passage, that is to be read or recited, with a view to a proper understanding of the character and force of it, must be pointed out, and illustrated. This practice of analysing composition cannot be too strongly recommended, and insisted upon. It affords an excellent exercise to the faculties of the mind; inasmuch as it requires continual and close reflection and thought, and a vivid state of the imagination and feelings. It is a just remark of a distinguished American writer*—and his testimony is more valuable, because his own genius places him far above the imputation of mortified vanity—that ‘a man may possess genius without being a perfect reader, but he cannot be a perfect reader without genius.’

In this division of the course, also, another most important principle, what has been stated, must be born in mind. It cannot be too often repeated—I would hazard the danger of wearying the student with line upon line—precept upon precept—for the purpose of impressing upon him, the importance of fixing his attention, at the moment of utterance, closely and exclusively on the subject matter. Those who are unaccustomed to read in the presence of others, will at first find it difficult to do this. But it must be done. And every exercise in the class ought to have reference to it; for by practice, all that is desirable in this respect may be attained. No other qualification will serve the purpose of the elocutionist, if this be wanting. And therefore it becomes so highly important to adopt the system of previous elementary discipline, that has been recommended. No direct attention must be given to rules at the moment of utterance—for just in proportion as the elocutionist does this, he necessarily withdraws his mind from the business in hand, and must therefore fail in real earnestness. It is the more necessary, consequently that we should labor to acquire the power of expression, and make the ready employment of it habitual, for the reason that the manifestation of the power must be spontaneous. The slightest appearance of taking pains about our voice or gesture, would be sure to spoil every thing. No tasteful or sensible audience would tolerate a man, who appeared to be thinking of what tones or motions he should make. To be impressive, he must be IN EARNEST. But this precept is far from implying that he need take no pains at all, as is usual with the sticklers

* Rev. Orville Dewey, author of the admirable article on Elocution, in the 64th number of the North American Review.

for the NATURAL MANNER. The present system requires the greatest pains to be taken, in order to bring his powers of expression to the highest state of cultivation—because it is only when they have been brought to this condition, that the precept ‘be in earnest’ can be of any use. He may then be as proudly disdainful, as he pleases, of giving any direct attention to rules and principles; for he will spontaneously conform to those which are important—And he will be natural, too; not as those understand the term on whose lips it is frequently found—but truly natural and truly eloquent.

If our only object were to turn out good readers and declaimers of the compositions of others, we might stop here. But it should be a principal object of a comprehensive scheme of instruction, to impart grace and energy to the manner, in which the pupil expresses his own thoughts and feelings. This cannot, however, be accomplished with perfect success, by the teacher of elocution alone. He must have the co-operation of the professor of rhetoric; for it is to this department, that extemporaneous speaking properly belongs. Still, something may be done towards making the student’s own style of expression, conform to the principles of elocution; and with this view, it is recommended, that the lectures and illustrations of the professor be so composed and adjusted, as to furnish materials for exercises in extemporaneous speaking. And then, instead of the usual mode of examination, let each student be called upon to give an account, in plain and perspicuous language, of the topics discussed in the lectures. Let the professor take the subject of PITCH, for instance, and require the members of the class to rise successively in their places, and state their ideas on all the various topics, which have been lectured upon, under this head. This sort of discipline would tend to make their knowledge of the philosophy of elocution sound and accurate—and habituate them to exemplify, in their own speaking, the most important principles.

In devising this system of instruction, I have had reference, chiefly, to our higher seminaries of learning. But it might be adopted, with a few slight modifications, in all our schools. The experience of several years has convinced me, that children cannot be taught to read by any method of tuition, that does not conform to the principles which have been laid down. There is little difficulty in communicating to a boy of the tenderest years all that is necessary to be learned by rule; and every teacher knows, it is infinitely easier to develope and improve the voice and gesticulation of a young person, than of one who has reached maturity of years or intellect. One of the best writers on this branch, who was also a most suc-

cessful teacher, remarks—that ‘An infant, just beginning to articulate, uses the inflections most correctly—and has an exact proportion in its cadences, and a speaking expression in its tones. Where are these in mature years? They have never been put into the hands of the artist, that he might turn them to their proper use. They have been laid aside, spoiled, abused—and, ten to one, they will never be good for any thing.’* I question whether we shall ever succeed in greatly improving the elocution of our country, unless this branch is taught, as it ought to be, in all our primary schools. The attention of parents and guardians ought to be directed to the subject, and they should take the greatest pains to see that their children read all their lessons, and utter every word they have to say, with distinct enunciation, and in a graceful and forcible manner.



Such are the means of acquiring a correct and energetic delivery, which I have been accustomed to offer to my pupils. And if we now turn to consider the purposes, to which the acquisition may be made subservient, we cannot fail to be struck with its great importance. It is not necessary to pronounce a declamatory enlogium, in order to remind you of the immense utility of eloquence in a country blessed with such free institutions as ours. Lord Brougham recited only its ordinary praises, when he spoke of eloquence as the means whereby justice and innocence might be best defended—useful truths most successfully promulgated from the pulpit—the march of tyranny most effectually resisted—defiance the most terrible hurled at the oppressor’s head; and again as the ‘protector of liberty—patron of improvement—guardian of all the blessings that have been showered upon our race.’† Nor, as I trust, is it any professional vainglory—any foolish desire to extol and magnify our art—that makes me claim for elocution, the distinction of being the most valuable ally of eloquence. The orator must stand or fall by his delivery! This is a truth equally proclaimed by the collective voice of antiquity, and of modern times. Let us look back, for a moment, to the illustrious masters of the art of persuasion in ancient Greece. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the comparative excellence, in general literature, of the ancients and moderns, it is almost universally acknowledged, that the Greeks were the most successful cultivators of orato-

* Mr. Sheridan Knowles, author of ‘*Virgilius*,’ ‘*William Tell*,’ &c. &c.

† ‘*Inaugural Discourse, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.*’

ry the world has ever seen. It is, therefore, important to know how surely, among them, the art of delivery was held in the highest estimation. It was a popular art: and there can be no doubt, that the prevailing nice and critical taste for this branch, had a most powerful influence, in bringing their language to its unrivaled excellence in point of structure, and exciting the emulation of their public speakers, to aim at those rhetorical beauties, which are confessedly superior to any that are embodied in language. Their attention was early directed to a careful and scientific cultivation of the melody of speech. Heaven, indeed, seems particularly to have fitted Greece for the spot, where men should first

‘——— Hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers. ——’

The fine bodily organization of the people—their delicious climate—and the peculiar associations of their beautiful and romantic country, conspired to make them exquisitely sensible to the power of Euphony. ‘In the land of the cicada and nightingale, each sound was melody; and the softest combinations of articulate expression, were but echoes of the notes, which every zephyr woke along the cliffs of Parnes, or wafted from the bowers of Colonus.’ It has been well said by a learned and accomplished writer, that, in the language of Greece, sacrifices which no other tongue could afford to make, and which none but Grecian ears would have demanded, are made to this principle of euphony at every turn. ‘In the formation of the alphabet; in the adjustment of the syllables; in the declension of nouns; the comparison of adjectives; the conjugation of verbs; the origin of dialects; and the arrangement of particles, its prevalence is equally perceptible. Substantives are left irregular; verbs are made anomalous; syntax itself is forced to bend to the demands of a *balanced and musical enunciation*.’* And if they gave this minute and anxious attention to the harmony of speech, they had a no less exquisite discrimination and enjoyment of the other qualities of good elocution. To us, the reports of the taste for rhetorical excellence, displayed by an Athenian assembly, appear exaggerated and incredible. Yet no facts are more strongly attested. On occasions even when the greatest interests were at stake, they united the capacities of a board of critics, with the character of a meeting of practical men. At such times, while matters of the most momentous concern were under discussion, every instance of a melodious period, or of striking and significant gesture, in the highly wrought

* Sir Daniel Sandford—Lecture on Greek Literature.

passages of their orators, excited the most lively enthusiasm and applause. On the other hand, no one could hope to gain a hearing—far less to produce conviction, or procure reputation as a speaker—who did not possess a chaste and effective delivery. Demosthenes himself was not listened to, when he first appeared in the tribunal, on account of his deficiency in this respect. And when, after toils which our modern orators would shrink from the thought of undertaking, he succeeded in overcoming his defects—was not his delivery pronounced by Æschines to be a principal part of his eloquence? This is a familiar instance, and I only refer to it, because it enables me at once to answer those, who are continually crying out, that artificial culture must necessarily impart a constrained and formal air. Was Demosthenes less natural or less effective, after having given days and nights of labor to this pursuit? Assuredly not. Highly elaborated and chastened as his oratory was, it was withal eminently practical; and in matter, language, and elocution, full of manliness and simplicity. There was no empty wordiness—no false decoration—no rhetorical sophistry. ‘A profound and manifest feeling of truth forked the lightnings of that eloquence,’† which

‘——— fulmin’d over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne!’

And it may be well presumed, that if the ancient critics had possessed the advantage of that extensive and minute analysis of the modes of speech, which has been given by Dr. Rush, and had thereby been enabled to describe, in terms having a distinct and definite meaning, the peculiar qualities of the great Athenian’s manner, when he thundered from the tribunal, we should have derived, from their record of his performances, lessons in elocution, as important as those which his imperishable speeches actually furnish us in composition. It is not to be questioned, that the principal characteristic qualities of his orations would be eminently successful in the hands of a pleader, or parliamentary orator, of the present day; and I have little difficulty in believing, that his manner also was distinguished for those very qualities—clearness, force, and harmony—which captivate, inspire, and control a modern assembly.

This argument in favor of rhetorical delivery, is corroborated by abundant historical and experimental evidence, which

* ‘What would you have said,’ observed Æschines, when his recital of his great rival’s speech on the crown was received with a burst of admiration—
‘What would you have said, had you heard *him* speak it?’

† Letters on the Epochs of Literature, by Thomas Campbell.

the reading and observation of every one may easily furnish. All the great masters of the art of persuasion, among those who use the English tongue, have been indebted, in great measure, for their success, to the aid of elocution. How much of the power of Lord Chatham, and his son William Pitt, may be attributed to their manner! What gave such effect to the accusing eloquence of Sheridan, on the trial of Warren Hastings? Certainly, if we may judge of that celebrated effort by the specimens which have come down to us, it does not appear to have been far beyond the reach of mediocrity; and yet, it was declared by those who heard it, to have eclipsed the most boasted harangues of ancient times. Whence this difference of judgment? It is partly owing, no doubt, to the meagre and imperfect reports which were preserved; but in a greater part, to the fact that we have never been under the spell of that animated elocution, which enchanted and ruled the vast assemblage in Westminster Hall.

It would be easy to invest these topics with interest of another kind, by pointing out the dangers of neglecting this branch. I shall only refer, however, to Addison and Burke—in order to illustrate, how utterly vain and illusory is the notion, that the highest powers of reason can do every thing, and that matter alone, not manner, is to be attended to. Addison could hardly pronounce a sentence of good English, in public, and Burke was so insufferably dull, that his rising to speak was usually a signal for a general flight of the members to the lobbies and coffee rooms—a phenomenon which gained for him the derisive title of ‘dinner bell to the house of commons.’ Now, who can doubt that the former of these great men, if he had labored to overcome his constitutional sensitiveness and timidity, and had prepared himself for appearing in public, by daily exercises in declamation, might have become an agreeable and persuasive—if not a forcible speaker?—or that the gigantic Burke—

‘He, on whose name each distant age shall gaze,
The mighty sea-mark of those troubled days!
He, grand of soul, of genius unconfin’d,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind,
Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardor glow’d,
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow’d’—

had he adopted a similar course of training, might have sway’d the house of commons with more than imperial authority?

In our day and country, it is, above all, important, that he who aspires to take a leading part in public life, should be an attractive and energetic speaker. Demands are continually made upon men of intelligence and active dispositions, to ap-

pear before their fellow-citizens, and give their views and sentiments on matters that concern the general good. Innumerable are the cases, in which the man who is able to stand up and speak his mind, will, in that act, best promote the interests of the state or city in which he lives. It is particularly worthy of the attention of students, that our own most celebrated orators—and we have some who are not surpassed by any in the world—have, on all the great occasions of the display of their eloquence, been distinguished for an animated and impressive elocution. Who, that has ever listened to the tones, in which that accomplished rhetorician, Edward Everett, pours out the most noble sentiments, the most apposite reflections, the most touching appeals to the heart and imagination—or that has ever heard Webster or Clay, in any of their higher passages, will say that their delivery was not a principal part of their eloquence? For myself, in looking back to the memorable scenes of public business, in which I have beheld the two last mentioned great men engaged, in the senate of the United States, I can conceive nothing more glorious in declamation, than some of their bursts of eloquence—when look, gesture, tone of voice were such

‘As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic scene!’

It will be said, perhaps, that these distinguished persons never paid any systematic attention to our art. It matters not. What it is important we should notice is, that in all their most successful passages, they conform to its principles; and that their defects and imperfections are deviations from those principles. And we have a right to draw the practical inference, that other men of equal talents, may, by making their style conform to the same principles, become equally impressive speakers; and that others, of inferior abilities may, still, by a similar process, approach indefinitely near to this excellence. But we stop not here.—Why may we not hope, that by more sedulous training, according to the rules of a comprehensive art of elocution, something may yet be produced not less manly, direct, and energetic, and still more harmonious and highly polished, than what we have been accustomed to consider the finest specimens of American eloquence?

Let me remark, here, that there is one species of oratory very common in our country, to the success of which a proficiency in this branch is absolutely indispensable. I allude to that class of written discourses, comprising eulogies on distinguished men, addresses on great anniversaries, academical discourses, etc., which are either read from the manuscript,

or committed to memory and recited. Were the orator, on an occasion of this kind, an accomplished elocutionist, he would be able to combine the peculiar advantages, which belong, respectively, to written composition and extemporaneous speaking. His speech might have all that high rhetorical finish, which the most sedulous preparation can bestow; and he would be able to impart to it the most earnest and spirited expression. Though 'his fervors' were 'a week old,' he might give them the appearance of being produced at the moment. This power of delivering written speeches, with an extemporaneous air, is an inestimable acquirement; and, with a view to it alone, the study of elocution deserves the serious attention of all, who may ever be called upon to read discourses in public.

This observation applies with particular force to those ministers of religion, who are accustomed to read their sermons, or deliver them memoriter. To them, a captivating and imposing delivery is almost every thing. How can a man discharge his duties at the sacred desk, with satisfaction to himself, and advantage to his hearers, if he is unable to read? It is scarcely too much to say, it is more important to the interests of religion, that the clergyman should have a good elocution, than that he should possess any extraordinary powers as a writer. Certain it is, at least, that if the holy scriptures—and the psalms and hymns—and the service of the episcopal church—were read properly, with the just and efficient expression of those thoughts and sentiments, which fill the heart of the priest, if he be in a right frame of mind,—if they were read so as to make the people *understand* and *feel*, they could not fail to promote the highest ends of the pulpit orator, as effectually as any thing he himself could say.

Besides the purposes of the orator, upon which I have thought it appropriate to dwell, there are others to which a proficiency in this branch may be made equally subservient. It is in the power of a few only to become accomplished orators; but there are numbers who may become agreeable speakers, and almost every one may be taught to read well.—And because you cannot hope to reach the foremost rank, will you be therefore content to retain about you all your faults of indistinct articulation, and inexpressive and discordant intonation? Will you take no pains to acquire the power of reading so as to give a high degree of clearness, force, and elegance to your report, as it may be called, of the thoughts, sentiments, and imagery of an author?—Where is the intelligent christian family, that would not find it highly advantageous to possess a good reader in one of its members?

How much might he add to the resources of the domestic circle in refined and rational recreation! What more delightful and ennobling gratification can there be of a literary kind, than to contemplate the beauties of our English classics in that perfectly reflecting mirror which he would be able to set up?—And higher ends might be served—the highest ends of wisdom and virtue. Is a moral essay or a sermon to be read or discussed at home?—how much more effect will the arguments and exhortations produce upon the mind, when presented in an agreeable and forcible manner, than if they were given by a stiff, languid, and mechanical reader!

But I will not pursue this topic farther. Let me only remark, in conclusion, that it is on grounds of utility I presume to recommend this branch to your favor. For, admirable as elocution is, as a fine accomplishment, and productive as it may be of the no inconsiderable advantage of conferring actual enjoyment of the most refined and ennobling description, I should not have thought of occupying your valuable time so long, if these were its sole or principal advantages. But if the business of a class, conducted on the principles which have been laid down, be faithfully performed, I can assure the student, he will most certainly experience its benefits in the pursuits of science and literature, in discharging the duties of professional and commercial life, and in every situation in which he may be placed.

OHIO LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.

As this institution is of a character novel in our country, it may be useful to present to our numerous list of readers, some account of its mode of doing business; and in doing so we shall comply with the wishes of some of our friends who have written to us for information.

The subject of life insurance is but little understood in our country; but it strikes us as one which deserves more attention than it has received. Referring, therefore, to an article published in a former number of our Magazine, we now copy the substance of a small pamphlet issued by the Trust Company, which will convey a competent idea of its proceedings and character, to those who may feel interested. The tables will always be valuable to any who may desire to make similar calculations; while to a speculative mind, they shew in a condensed view, the calculations which long experience and due observation have pronounced to be just, in reference to the chances of the duration of human life.

A person insures his life with the company, when he agrees to pay annually, for a certain number of years or for life, a fixed

premium, or gross sum, under the condition that if he dies during that time, the company will pay to any person he designates, another and larger sum.

The company proposes to insure lives at the rates specified in the following tables, being the same as are used throughout the United States:

Table No. 1.

Ages.	1 year.	7 years.	For life.	Ages.	1 year.	7 years.	For life.
10 to 14	0 89	1 07	1 88	40	2 03	2 20	3 40
15	0 90	1 15	1 93	41	2 10	2 27	3 49
16	0 96	1 23	1 98	42	2 18	2 33	3 58
17	1 06	1 30	2 03	43	2 23	2 39	3 68
18	1 16	1 37	2 08	44	2 28	2 46	3 79
19	1 25	1 43	2 13	45	2 33	2 54	3 90
20	1 36	1 47	2 18	46	2 39	2 63	4 01
21	1 44	1 50	2 23	47	2 45	2 72	4 13
22	1 46	1 53	2 27	48	2 51	2 82	4 25
23	1 48	1 55	2 31	49	2 61	2 93	4 39
24	1 51	1 58	2 35	50	2 75	3 03	4 63
25	1 53	1 60	2 40	51	2 87	3 13	4 68
26	1 55	1 63	2 45	52	2 95	3 24	4 82
27	1 58	1 66	2 50	53	3 05	3 35	4 98
28	1 60	1 69	2 55	54	3 15	3 47	5 14
29	1 63	1 72	2 61	55	3 25	3 60	5 32
30	1 66	1 75	2 67	56	3 36	3 73	5 50
31	1 69	1 78	2 73	57	3 48	3 88	5 70
32	1 72	1 81	2 79	58	3 61	4 03	5 91
33	1 75	1 84	2 85	59	3 75	4 18	6 13
34	1 78	1 88	2 92	60	4 10	4 57	6 69
35	1 82	1 94	2 99	61	4 27	4 76	6 98
36	1 65	1 98	3 07	62	4 45	5 00	7 26
37	1 89	2 03	3 14	63	4 65	5 24	7 60
38	1 93	2 09	3 23	64	4 87	5 55	7 98
39	1 96	2 15	3 31	65	5 11	5 83	6 36

Thus a person, aged 35 years, in good health, by paying to the company \$1.82, may secure to his family one hundred dollars if he should die within one year. In this case, a new contract must be made every year, and the policy renewed annually, the premium increasing gradually.

Or he may make the contract for seven years, by paying annually \$1.94, which will secure the payment of \$100 to whomsoever he may direct, if he should die during that period. So, for \$2.99 paid annually, during his life, he may effect the

same object. Thus \$29.90 paid annually, secures his family one thousand dollars at his death, or \$100 paid annually until death, will secure to them 3344.48, which sum invested at five per cent. will yield \$167.22 forever after; being a perpetual income of more than one and a half times the amount of the annual premium, which premium may be paid but once or twice.

In such cases this institution operates as a savings bank.

The salaried officer, men in public offices, the clergy, clerks, and every other person whose family is dependent on his personal services for support, may, by laying aside a small part of his salary or earnings, make a comfortable provision for his family at his death and save his wife and children from pecuniary distress.

By an insurance on the life of a debtor, the creditor whose hopes of payment are founded upon that life, will be able to secure the receipt of the money due him.

A tenant for life of another, can be enabled at the termination of his lease, to receive the purchase money originally paid for it.

A person having an estate for his own life, may borrow money on such estate, by having his life insured.

A salaried officer may effect a loan in the same manner.

A husband possessed of an estate which at the death of his wife passes to others, by an insurance on her life, may secure the value of the estate to himself and heirs.

These are some of the cases in which life insurance may facilitate the operations of individuals and give independence to families.

This kind of insurance has provided for many thousand families in Europe, who, without it, would have been entirely destitute.

A policy has no effect until premium is paid, and will be void unless the annual premium is paid on the day it becomes due, but it may be revived within ten days on payment of ten per cent., on the premium unless the risk has changed.

All claims will be settled within sixty days after notice and satisfactory proof of the claim.

A charge of one dollar is made for each policy unless it be a special contract, for which the expense of drafting must be paid by the assured.

These policies may be made payable to a wife, child, or any other person designated by the assured.

There is another species of insurance, by which provision

can be made for a wife or a child—to take effect on the death of the husband or father, as will appear by

Table No. 2.

Rates for insuring one hundred dollars to be paid at the decease of A., provided he dies before B.

AGES.			AGES.		
Life In- sured A.	Expectant. B.	Annual pre- mium.	Life In- sured A.	Expectant. B.	Annual pre- mium.
20	10	\$2 01	50	10	\$4 45
	20	2 03		20	4 50
	30	1 97		30	4 40
	40	1 91		40	4 28
	50	1 84		50	4 06
	60	1 76		60	3 71
	70	1 68		70	3 38
30	10	2 50	60	10	6 42
	20	2 53		20	6 50
	30	2 44		30	6 39
	40	2 35		40	6 27
	50	2 25		50	6 08
	60	2 13		60	5 53
	70	2 01		70	4 94
40	10	3 25			
	20	3 29			
	30	3 20			
	40	3 07			
	50	2 90			
	60	2 71			
	70	2 53			

Thus a father 30 years of age, having a child 10 years of age, by paying annually 25 dollars as long as they both shall live, may secure one thousand dollars to his child, in case it should survive him.

So a husband aged 40 years, with a wife of the same age, by paying annually one hundred and fifty-three dollars fifty cents, may secure her five thousand dollars, should she survive him.

By this means, a man may provide for an aged parent, who may be dependent on him for support, should he die before that parent.

ANNUITIES.

A person purchases an annuity from the company when he pays it a gross sum on the condition that he receives an annual sum as long as he lives.

The company has adopted the following rates of annuity:

Table. No. 3.

For every one hundred dollars paid to the company, it will pay annually to the person depositing as long as he lives.

If 42 years of age \$7 37			If 58 years of age \$10 02		
43	"	7 48	59	"	10 28
44	"	7 60	60	"	10 55
45	"	7 71	61	"	10 87
46	"	7 84	62	"	11 20
47	"	7 98	63	"	11 54
48	"	8 12	64	"	11 90
49	"	8 26	65	"	12 27
50	"	8 40	66	"	12 63
51	"	8 58	67	"	13 00
52	"	8 76	68	"	13 38
53	"	8 95	69	"	13 78
54	"	9 14	70	"	14 19
55	"	9 33	71	"	14 93
56	"	9 55	72	"	15 68
57	"	9 78			

So that an annuity of one hundred dollars can be purchased by a person,

42 years of age for \$1356 85			58 years of age for \$998 00		
43	"	1336 90	59	"	972 76
44	"	1315 79	60	"	947 87
45	"	1297 02	61	"	919 96
46	"	1275 51	62	"	892 96
47	"	1253 13	63	"	866 55
48	"	1231 53	64	"	840 34
49	"	1210 65	65	"	815 00
50	"	1190 48	66	"	791 77
51	"	1165 50	67	"	769 23
52	"	1141 55	68	"	747 38
53	"	1117 32	69	"	725 69
54	"	1094 09	70	"	704 72
55	"	1071 81	71	"	669 79
56	"	1047 12	72	"	637 76
57	"	1022 49			

As annuities are generally for aged persons, the tables begin at forty-two years of age, but annuities will be granted to younger persons if required.

Annuities are peculiarly adapted to the situation of persons whose incomes from investments are inadequate to their sup-

port. By the purchase of annuities, absorbing their capital, their income may afford them comfortable maintenance and without the fear of being reduced to poverty, if they should live to an extreme old age.

A person sixty years of age, having one thousand dollars, may receive one hundred and five dollars fifty cents per annum, during life.

By an annuity, a wife can receive an equivalent for the surrender of her right of dower, and persons having estates subject to dower, can extinguish the claim.

These annuities can be made inalienable or payable only to the order of a wife, without being subject to the debts of her husband, or within his control.

Annuities of this kind are intended for the benefit of those who wish the full enjoyment of limited means or incomes.

They are payable yearly, half-yearly or quarterly, as may be agreed on. If payable half-yearly or quarterly, there will be a small addition to the price.

DEFERRED ANNUITIES.

When an annuity is to take effect a certain number of years after the payment made, it is called a *deferred annuity*.

A young man by payment of a gross sum, or an annual appropriation of a small sum, may purchase a *deferred annuity* to commence at 50 or 60 years of age, or upon the death of any certain person.

Thus a person thirty years of age, by payment of \$468.52 at once, or \$35.14 annually, until he reaches 50 years of age, will be entitled to an annuity of \$100 at that time, or it may be deferred until 60 years of age and proportionably increased.

A person dependent on his labor for support, may, by putting apart a small part of his income, secure himself an annuity in his old age which will be sufficient for his maintenance.

The company will grant annuities on two or more lives and the survivor of them—for a wife after the death of her husband—the child after the death of its father, and indeed in every form of which annuities are susceptible.

Information respecting these kinds of annuities may be obtained on application to the company. A declaration is required from every annuitant, stating his age—and the age, habits, and state of health of every person on whose death an annuity commences, which declaration is made the basis of the contract.

Annuities must be demanded in person, or satisfactory proof that the annuitant is alive.

Every annuity is payable yearly, unless by special agree-

ment made payable quarterly or half-yearly. The annuity ceases with the last quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly payment that may become due prior to the death of the annuitant.

RECEIVING ENDOWMENTS.

A person contracts with the company for an endowment, when he pays a sum immediately, or annually for a certain number of years, on the condition that the company will pay the person that he may nominate to receive it, a larger sum, at a future period, should that person live.

In this way, funds may be provided to place a child in business at twenty-one years, or at any other given age, should he live—or to provide a marriage portion for a daughter, in which case it can be so settled as to be payable to her order only, and not liable for the debts, nor affected by the extravagance or misfortunes of her husband.

Table No. 4,

Will show the sums the company will pay to the person for whom the endowment was purchased, if he should attain twenty-one years of age, for one hundred dollars purchase money, received at the ages mentioned in the table. This kind of contract may be called,

AN ENDOWMENT ON A LIFE.

Ages.	Sums to be paid at the age of 21, if alive.	Ages.	Sums to be paid at the age of 21, if alive.
Birth, “	\$469	Years, 3	291
“ 3	425	“ 4	267
“ 6	408	“ 5	247
“ 9	391	“ 6	231
Years, 1	375	“ 7	218
“ 2	328	“ 8	206

According to this table, a payment of one thousand dollars at the birth of a child, will secure it four thousand six hundred and ninety dollars, on its attaining the age of twenty-one years. A payment of \$213.25 at birth, or \$266.67 at one year old, will secure one thousand dollars at 21.

A declaration respecting the age of the child, is to be left with the company, and is the basis of this contract.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.—*Harvey.*

A RECOLLECTION.

INDIANA, thou art dear to me! for when in the midst of thy dark uncultivated wilds, I journeyed, a stranger, in pursuit of health and ease of mind, I was welcomed with kind smiles and hospitable cheer. And sometimes I have found thy deep shades embosoming cultivated intellect—female elegance—holy, gentle piety. Oh, who can wander o'er thy rich and boundless prairies; or thread thy lofty, awe-inspiring forests; or gaze on thy pure skies and gorgeous sunsets, and not worship their Maker.

* * * * *

Her beauty was not such as would have recommended her to a writer of romance, for she was not fair—combining the ‘rose and the lily,’ nor was she brown, with flashing eyes, and raven curls, and lofty bearing; and yet she was such an one as all would love—for she possessed all the loveliness which youth, and innocence, and gayety—the consequence of youth and innocence, imparts. Whether occupied in the thousand domestic employments which necessarily engage the attention of the eldest in a large and growing family; or pursuing her studies, or tending her plants, she wore the same open, smiling, happy air—an air which wended its way straight to the heart of all who beheld it. She knew every nook, and dell, and mossy rock, for miles around her forest home; for she was a real lover of the cool shade, and rippling stream; and scrupled not at scaling the highest hill, might she but gain for her toil a prospect of some hitherto undiscovered plain, or woody knoll, or perchance only see a tiny, thread-like rivulet, glancing and laughing in its onward course. I surprised her one day, sitting on an old decayed tree, amusing an invalid child, whom she had taken out to enjoy the fresh air, herself as much amused as the child, by floating miniature barks, formed of oak and poplar leaves, down the stream, which at the root of the fallen tree formed a glassy pool. Her bonnet, in the sport, had been thrown aside, and the pure air had dallied with her cheek until its hue resembled the sunny side of a ripening peach. She started at finding I was near her—she exclaimed ‘oh, just come and see how gracefully my little canoe darts and dances down the water;’ and she clasped her hands and laughed with childish glee. ‘Pshaw!’ exclaims some dainty city belle who never drew a breath of country air, ‘what an ignorant little rustic. I sha’n’t read the story of this Housier girl.’ Well, gentle miss, be it so; but Emma Scott was neither ignorant nor rustic. Just, simple, and amiable;—true, she

had never been in a city, nor breathed the hot air of a ball-room, nor could she enter into a scientific discussion on the merits of a sleeve pattern—whether its fashion should be ‘mutton leg,’ or ‘bishop,’ but she knew how to make a child happy; not merely by playing with it, but by entering with her heart into its plays. And she knew a great many other things. She was an adept in all kinds of needle craft; she could make a pair of trowsers for ‘little brother,’ she could cut and make a dress exactly to fit her own round, Hebe figure, nor marvel, though I tell you that the most delicate embroidery on silk, or Thibet, or muslin, or lace, or any other material on which ladies are wont to display their skill and taste, was not beyond her powers. Then she could make puddings, and divers kinds of cakes, ‘a lovely thing in woman.’ Nor think that her literary acquirements were insignificant. Hannah More and Mrs. Sherwood were favorites with her; of biographies and travels she had read many; and an entire set of the then published numbers of Harpers’ Family Library had been presented to her by her father, on attaining her sixteenth birth-day, as a reward for having read Rollin and Robertson. Such was Emma Scott in 1832. The past seemed to her but one ‘bright sunny lapse of summers’ leaps,’ whose brightness no shadow had obscured. Her young heart had known no grief, which a few tears, and a mother’s sympathy, could not efface. In picturing the future, fancy clustered together all that was fair and lovely, coloring it with some brilliant tints in which memory represented the past.

I remember her, as she sat one bright, beautiful afternoon in the front window of the library. The window was shaded by a cluster of aged beech, which had stood for ages witnessing the passing away of successive generations of Indians and deer, until all had disappeared. Beyond, stretched the long, sunny meadow, studded with groups of meditative cows, and gamboling sheep; and still further on, appeared the thickly timbered hill, too distant to render the hues of the varied foliage visible. But her thoughts seemed not to be of the hill, or the meadow, or the trees; nor yet of the book (I know not what it was) which she held in her hand. At first I thought her expression graver than usual; then a light passed over her brow stealthily, as some happy thought entered her heart; then a smile, not mirthful—but such a smile as the young and free of heart feel when imagination has matured some beautiful sketch of to-morrow. ‘Why, my daughter,’ said Mr. Scott, throwing aside his paper, ‘of what have you been thinking so long; what fairy castle have you been rearing now?’ ‘Oh, I will tell you,’ said the sprightly girl, the mirth of her heart

breaking forth in a short musical laugh. 'When Frank comes home this winter, how delightful it will be; how tall he must have grown in two years! I was just thinking how many pleasant rides I would take to aunt Mary's on my new pony. And then we are to review our French, you know. Oh, it will be delightful, won't it, pa?' A smile, such as a father only can wear, lighted up the grave, placid features of Mr. Scott, as his lovely girl ran on enumerating the pleasures of Frank's visit. As she concluded, he laid his hand affectionately on her fair head, saying, 'Well Em. you are a gay child, and never having known a dark day, seem to forget, in your calculations, that the sun cannot always shine. Frank's return home may be the happy season you anticipate, and the laughing, budding spring may find us the same happy, contented, blessed family which summer leaves us.'

The rich mellow produce of field and orchard had been gathered in; all the dreamy, romantic luxury of a Western Indian summer had been enjoyed, and the forest had laid off its robe of many colors. The fire, good, substantial wood fire, which blazed in the chimney of Mr. Scott's mansion, had just been replenished with high round logs, about which the brilliant flames played a thousand fantastic, coquettish pranks; the tea table had been spread, and Emma Scott had walked for the fiftieth time to the window, and looked out as if in anticipation of an arrival. There he is, there he is, exclaimed every voice of the family in concert, as a step was heard on the piazza, and the next moment found the brother and son receiving and returning the embraces of his family. I pass over all the details of their meeting; those, my reader can easily imagine, if he has ever been a sharer in such; if not, I would advise him to leave his home for a short season, just that he may enjoy the luxury of returning; and if you can contrive to meet with some perils during the jaunt; to have a fever, or a sprained ankle, or some such interesting occurrence, it will add great zest to the meeting; and be sure not to arrive at the expected moment; delay just long enough to weary your sisters with gazing out at the window, and to have the father say, as he walks to and fro the parlor, with his hands under his skirts, 'I wonder what keeps the boy;' that is the very moment for entrance; from that moment you will be the most important personage in the circle, for the evening at least. One sister will take your cloak, another your hat and gloves, your mother will lead you to the fire, and as she presses your hand will say, 'Oh, how cold you are;' and the warmest place will be vacated for your lordship, the pleasantest seat at the table will be yours, an additional dish of venison, or cold ham, or broiled

fowl will be brought in because master traveler has returned. For hours every thought of the smiling, happy group will be yours; and you may relate the most trivial incident of your journey without the least danger of tiring your audience. All this, at least, did Frank Scott realize, when after two years' residence at Miami University, he returned on a cold, clear evening in November, 1832, to his father's house.

But I must hasten me to the end of my story. Many a happy evening had been enjoyed by our friends, the Scotts, about the warm, cheerful fire, while the wind was howling, and the snow falling without. Many a ride had Emma taken on her new pony; with the aid of his hand, she could spring lightly into her saddle, and bound boldly forward, like a very Diana Vernon, heeding not 'bush nor brake,' so that the sure foot of her own Cora was beneath her. I could linger long among these happy recollections; like an exile to some cold, uncongenial clime, who would fain pause on his journey, amidst the verdant fields and sweet flowers of his sunny home.

* * * * *

It was one of those peculiarly exhilarating days which sometimes break unexpectedly on us, just in the midst of winter, making all living things glad and merry; occasionally might be heard the clear, cheerful notes of some forest songster, pouring forth now and then a burst of melody, as if to show that it had not forgotten its warbling, notwithstanding old Winter's frowns, and hoarse scolding. Here and there a pale ammore, or lovely heart's-ease, looked timidly up as if half afraid to unfold their petals, lest old Boreas might be lurking behind some neighboring hill, just waiting an unguarded moment, to blast their premature beauty. The bee stole forth, and wended his way 'o'er field and grove,' as if in joy at being set free from his prison hive, while the unwonted gamboling of the lambs in the meadow, testified their hearts' delight because the cold wind and driving storm were over. But the echo of merry shout, and outbreking laugh which was wont to be heard about yonder cluster of dear old beech trees mingled not in the song of melody which rose from all other breathing things. Within a darkened chamber, where nought was heard but the low suppressed sobs of agonized hearts, lay one, whom but a few days since, I had seen full of high health and bounding hopes—Emma Scott was dying. She lay, her eyes closed, her head reclining upon her mother's bosom, one hand—a thin and wasted hand—clasped within both her father's, who stood beside her, his noble head bowed on his chest, while tears which even manhood refuses not to shed, fell over his

cheeks like rain drops. Frank, called to witness death for the first time, sought to shut out the cruel sight; and throwing himself beside her couch, buried his face in its folds.

‘Father,’ said the sinking girl, and she opened her eyes, which seemed to beam with a brightness borrowed from the world with which she had doubtless been communing.—‘Father, I fear not to die. I go to a home where is an exceeding and eternal weight of glory: a city, where are pure and happy spirits. Mother, the Lamb is the light thereof.’ Her eye closed, and so still and low was her breathing, that all thought they looked on the dead. Then a voice, soft and low as an infant’s first lisplings, whispered—‘no more sickness—a pure heart—a pure heart—a robe of light—Mother! Savior! Sav—and her ransomed spirit joined the throng of redeemed, sanctified ones, breathing the name of Him who gave himself to death, that they might have life.

Ye loved and cherished ones, in whose hearts are garnered up many fair and lovely hopes, ‘Be ye also ready.’

TRAVELS IN ARKANSAS.

I WENT to Little Rock, to get some money that was coming to me; and I had some land in Arkansas, and I thought maybe I might sell that. Well, when I got to Little Rock, I could’nt get no money of none of them; and I could’nt sell my land nother. So when I started for home, I was pretty near out of money. I had only five dollars and a quarter, and, you see, that soon run out, and I had to get along the best way I could. Well, I fell in with another fellow, going the same road that I was going, and he was out of money too. So him and me we went on together, and whenever we come to a place where we wanted to get something to eat, or to stay all night, why we just told them how it was with us, and they most always gave us something. But there was one fellow, that showed what sort of a fellow he was.

We come to his house one evening, as tired as we could be. My feet was powerful sore, and the musquitoes!—why there was enough of them to have sunk any steamboat on the Mississippi. Well, the fellow he kept the ferry; so when we got to his house, we sets down in the porch, and directly he comes in from work; and says I, ‘Well, my friend, here’s two poor fellows, out of money, and traveling afoot, and sore and hungry; and we want you to give us something to eat, and the

way we'll pay you, will be to do as much for somebody else when we have a chance.' Well, he did not say nothing, and I thought, as he went into the house, he was going to tell his wife to get us something; so I lays down on the porch and goes to sleep. Well, don't you think the grand rascal goes and eats his supper, and all his hands too, and never waked us up, nor offered to give us a bite! After he got done his supper, he comes out, and hollers out, 'Well now,' says he, 'I'm ready to set you across the river.' Says I, 'I'm not a going any further this night.' Says he, 'Do you think you are going to stay here?' Says I, 'I reckon I will. I guess I'm tired enough for one day.' Says he, 'I reckon you think you are going to do as you please.' 'No,' says I, 'I don't expect to do as I please, but I don't intend to go any further this night.' Well, don't you think the grand rascal never give us a bite of supper, and never told us we might sleep in his house, nor nothing; but there we had to lay, on that porch, that whole night, without our suppers, as tired as dogs, and as hungry as bears; and my feet was so sore, they ached so I could not sleep. There was not no chance to sleep, no how, the musquitoes was so bad.

Well, I laid there, and I kept thinking and studying how I might match him for it; for, thinks I, such a rascal ought to be paid somehow. Well, it comes into my head that I saw a nigger splitting wood before the door, a little before dark; and thinks I, I'll save his axe for him. Well, I laid still a good while before I had a chance; for there was a light in one of the windows, and I thought it would be best not to do it till every thing was quiet. I thought it was best, too, not to let the fellow that was with me know any thing about it; for, thinks I, if they was to get a warrant out against us, and follow us next day, he might get us into a scrape, if he knowed any thing about it; but I knowed I could keep it to myself, and not give them any chance to get a hold on us. So I waited till the other fellow got asleep, and the lights were all blowed out in the house. Then I gets up, and I begins to feel round for the axe, and it was a long time before I could find it; but at last I found it, laid under the side of one of the logs. Well, the ground was highest next to the river, where the house was, and then it fell off lower, back from the river, till it come to the foot of the hill, and there was a swamp; and I heard the bullfrogs hollering there, and so I knowed there was water there. So I takes the axe, and takes my course for the swamp, and when I gets to the edge of the water, gives her a sling, and cusslunge she went into it. The bullfrogs they all stop-

ped hollering; I suppose they thought an alligator had come among them.

Well, I went back to the house and laid down again on the porch, and after awhile I went to sleep. So, in the morning, pretty early, the man he got up, and I saw him and some of his niggers looking for the axe; but I never let on, but I talked very goodhumored to him, and he never suspected me, and after a little he sets us across the river. So we went on, and when I got to Cape Girardeau, thinks I, I'll write him a letter, so sets down, and says I,

'You Grand Rascal—If a dog was to come to my house, hungry, and tired, and sore, I'd give him something to eat, and I'd let him have some place to sleep. Why, if a thief was to stop at your house, and you was to give him something to eat, and treat him like a man, he'd not think of doing you any harm. But if an honest man got treated as you sarved me, he'd make you pay for it somehow, just to match you. Now if you had not acted the dog with me as you did, and give me my supper like a white man, and a bed to sleep in, you would not have lost your axe. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to write you four letters besides this, and in the fourth letter I'll tell you where you'll find your axe; and that will learn you to act like a white man after this.'

And that is just what I intend to do. I'll write him one letter from one place, and another from another, and so on till the fourth one.

Well, I like to forgot.—When I was in Arkansaw, there was a man hung at Little Rock, and I intended to have seed it; but I got there just about twenty minutes too late. I'll tell you how it was. I was about twenty miles from Little Rock, the morning of the day the man was to be hung, and so I started early enough to reach there in time. Well, when I got about four miles on my road, I seed a whole parcel of timber and scantling, all framed ready to put together, for houses. So I asked the man what he was going to do with all that stuff; and he said he was going to take the house frames to Natches, and sell them, and put them up. Then I asked him who framed them, and he said he did. 'Why,' says I, 'are you a carpenter?' 'Yes,' says he. 'What might your name be?' says I. 'My name is G——,' says he. 'Why,' says I, 'I know you.' 'Well,' says he, 'I believe I know you, too.' 'No you don't,' says I, 'you never seed me before, and I never seed you before, nother; but I know you, for all that. And I know your wife, too; though I never seed her, nother.' 'Why, how do you know us, then?' says he. 'Why,' says I, 'I had

a conversation with your wife, once, when you lived in Evansville, in Indiana, through a door, or rather through a window, for she would not let me into the house. I reckon she told you of it—didn't she?—how a man come to the door, and knocked, and she told him she could not let him in, for the man of the house was away from home. And then the man told her to tell you that your brother was at Miamisburg, and wanted you to come after him, and help him to move to Evansville; and so, for fear she would not mind the name of the place, he took some red chalk out of his pocket, and wrote it on the side of the house—*Miamisburg*. Well, that was me,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you must come right with me to my house, and see my wife; she'll be glad to see you, being as you and her is acquainted already, though you never seed one another.'

Well, I went to the house with him, and he told his wife who I was, and nothing would do but I must stay till she could get me something to eat. Well, the woman she got the table sot, and we kept talking, and they seemed as if they would not let me go at all. But after we was done eating, I told them I wanted to get to Little Rock to see the man hung, and I couldn't stay any longer. So I started, and then I had sixteen miles to walk, and it wanted just four hours of the time when the man was to be hung. Well, I poled ahead as hard as I could; but I got there just about twenty minutes too late. They was just taking him down, and I cut off about two feet of the rope, of the part that went round his neck. I brought it home with me, just to show people what folks scratched their throats with in Arkansaw.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

TRAVELS through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee country, the extensive territories of the Muscogulgees, or Creek Confederacy, and the country of the Choctaws; containing an account of the soil and natural productions of these regions; together with observations on the manners of the Indians. By WILLIAM BARTRAM. Philadelphia: James & Johnson. 1791.

It is not often that we are so fortunate as to lay our hands upon a volume of such undoubted excellence, and rare interest as the one before us. Published more than forty years ago, it is now to be met with only in those collections in which valuable books are treasured up with a care proportionate

to their worth. The country over which the author travelled, forms an extensive, as well as a highly interesting portion of the United States; but one of which less is generally known than of almost any other. He saw it at a time when the most considerable part was a mere wilderness; and when it was impossible to anticipate the great changes which have since taken place in those sunny regions.

Mr. Bartram was a naturalist; a devoted lover of the natural sciences, a patient and philosophical observer. His father, John Bartram, was botanist to the king of England, and was a person of considerable repute for his knowledge of that branch of science especially, and for his love of philosophy, and natural history in general. About the year 1723 he commenced a botanical garden in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. It was situated on the west bank of the Schuylkill river, and contained eight acres of ground. We are not aware that any other similar establishment was begun in North America at that early period, except that of Dr. Clayton of Virginia, which, though smaller, contained a great variety of plants. The works of the great Linnæus had not then been published, and Mr. Bartram had no other aid than his own genius to direct his investigations. He soon furnished his grounds with the curious and beautiful vegetables of the vicinity, and by degrees, with those of more distant places; arranging them with system, either in his garden, or his farm, which was large.

The novelty of this enterprise, and the skill and perseverance with which it was conducted, attracted the notice of learned men in England, and a number of them united to encourage the founder to undertake journeys towards the frontiers, to discover and collect the nondescript productions of nature, with a view to have specimens sent to Europe. Thus this excellent garden became the great horticultural emporium, from which the earliest specimens of American plants were distributed in foreign countries.

The indefatigable founder lived to see his garden flourish beyond his most sanguine anticipations, and its reputation extended, at home and abroad. It descended to his son, the writer of the travels before us, in whose hands it continued to enhance in value and repute, and finally to the granddaughter of the founder, whose husband, Mr. Robert Carr, now superintends it.

William Bartram was one of the earliest patrons of Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist; and it was in his garden, and under his advice that this great observer of nature first began to study the habits of birds. If Bartram had no other claim to

the grateful recollections of posterity, his agency in bringing forward Wilson from penury and obscurity, into a career of brilliant usefulness, should immortalize his name.

In 1773, Mr. Bartram was induced, by the request of the celebrated Dr. Fothergill, of London, to undertake the journey which is described in the volume before us, 'for the discovery of rare and useful productions of nature, chiefly in the vegetable kingdom.' The work, therefore, is of a much higher character than ordinary books of travels; and besides containing an interesting recital of the author's adventures, is rich in scientific details. There is no book more frequently cited by our writers upon natural history. In common with most of those who have been distinguished by their zeal in the pursuit of this kind of knowledge, William Bartram seems to have been a man of great simplicity and benevolence. He speaks of animals with the kindness of one who loves them; and describes nature with the fervor and piety of a mind deeply imbued with admiration and gratitude. His language is plain, unadorned, and direct; evincing no ambition to shine through the means of a polished style, but always to the purpose, and sometimes rising into much vigor and eloquence of description. There is, it is true, a quaintness, and an old-fashioned stiffness about it, and occasionally a sprinkling of poetic expletives, which altogether, give it a peculiar character; but these become agreeable when we begin to enter into the spirit of the writer, and give to his style a flavor, which, though unpalatable at first, soon becomes agreeable.

Our author sailed from Philadelphia to Charleston, S. C., thence he sailed to Savanna, and along the southern coast beyond, and back to Savanna. Then he went to Augusta, and back to Savanna. His next expedition was to East Florida, through the whole interior of which he wandered. He then visited the country of the Cherokees and the Creeks, and got back to the ocean at Mobile. Thence he proceeds to Manchac, on the Mississippi—passes lake Ponchartrain, and lake Maurepas—goes to Point Coupee, and back to Mobile. His next excursion is through Georgia, after examining the interior of which, he proceeds to Charleston, and thence by land to Philadelphia.

In following our traveler through a wide region, now traversed by stages and steamboats, but then a vast wilderness, we are struck with the courage and cheerfulness which he evinces in the pursuit of knowledge. He traveled for the most part alone; was often for several days in succession, in the wilderness without a guide, exposed alike to the Indian and the wild beast. Often when encamped on the shores of

the southern rivers, the droves of alligators surrounded his camp-fire, and kept him awake all night by their howling, and other fierce indications of a desire to attack him. Sometimes the wolf stole upon him as he slept, and carried off his provisions. On such occasions his life was preserved by the brightness of his fire, and by his own watchfulness. Once he met an Indian in the woods, completely armed, under circumstances which were highly suspicious. He remarks, 'I never before this was afraid at the sight of an Indian; but at this time, I must own, that my spirits were very much agitated. I saw at once, that being unarmed, I was in his power; and having now but a few minutes to prepare, I resigned myself entirely to the will of the Almighty, trusting to his mercies for my preservation. My mind then became tranquil, and I resolved to meet the dreaded foe with resolution and cheerful confidence.' Such was the man: harmless and inoffensive himself, carrying no defensive weapons, relying on Providence for protection, he passed through fatigues and dangers which would have tried the courage of the hardest warrior.

In his descriptions he is inclined to run off occasionally into the sentimental; a taste that is not peculiar to himself, but runs somewhat in the great family of naturalists. We give the following as a specimen:

'It was now about the middle of the month of May; vegetation in perfection appeared with all her attractive charms, breathing fragrance everywhere; the atmosphere was now animated by the efficient principle of vegetative life; the arbustive hills, gay lawns, and green meadows, which on every side invest the villa of Augusta, had already received my frequent visits; and although here much delighted with the new beauties in the vegetable kingdom, and many eminent ones have their sequestered residence near this place, yet, as I was never long satisfied with present possession, however endowed with every possible charm to attract the sight, or intrinsic value to engage and fix the esteem, I was restless to be searching for more, my curiosity being insatiable. Thus it is with regard to our affections and attachments, in the more important and interesting concerns of human life.' p. 34.

Among his many adventures, he tells of having, when a boy, killed a rattlesnake of immense size. 'I was sorry, however,' he says, 'after killing the serpent, when coolly recollecting every circumstance; he certainly had it in his power to kill me almost instantly, and I make no doubt that he was conscious of it. I promised myself that I would never again be accessory to the death of a rattlesnake, which promise I have invariably kept to.' p. 272.

Our worthy traveller was so great a lover of nature, and had preserved his sensibilities so free from the perversion of artificial tastes, that he even admired the music of a frog concert—a taste which however unfashionable, was far from being inconsistent with *sound* philosophy. He says:

‘The bell frog, so called because their voice is fancied to be exactly like the sound of a loud cow bell. This tribe being very numerous, and uttering their voices in companies, or by large districts, when one begins another answers, thus the sound is caught and repeated from one to another, to a great distance round-about, causing a surprising noise for a few minutes, rising and sinking according as the wind sets, when it nearly dies away, or is softly kept up by distant districts or communities; thus the noise is repeated continually, and as one becomes familiarized to it, is not unmusical, though at first, to strangers, it seems clamorous and disgusting.’

‘A beautiful green frog inhabits the grassy marshy shores of these large rivers. They are very numerous, and their noise exactly resembles the barking of little dogs, or the yelping of puppies; these likewise make a great clamor, but as their notes are fine, and uttered in chorus, by separate bands or communities, far and near, rising and falling with the gentle breezes, affords a pleasing kind of music.’ p. 277.

It is agreeable to travel in company with one who thus extracts enjoyment from all that nature spreads around him. Contemplative, pious, and benevolent, he is grateful for all that is agreeable, and rationally bears with patience the natural and unavoidable inconveniences of his journey. He does not forget that if he meets with danger or hardship, it is only such as might have been anticipated, and is among the contingencies which he voluntarily undertook to encounter. If he meets with unkindness from his countrymen, he seldom records it; and we suppose that one who was so easily pleased, was not often treated with inhospitality. But he is careful to record every act of civility which was extended to him; and he does this in terms of grateful remembrance, which speak well for his head and heart.

to remarks which in our opinion required a departure from the rule which we have laid down to ourselves. The occasional instances in which critics have turned their weapons upon each other, have not contributed much to the peace of the literary world, or its advantage; for such discussions are apt to degenerate into personality, and to be conducted with a bitterness which defeats the true end of criticism.

The tribunals of criticism are self-created, and necessarily independent of each other. They have a concurrent jurisdiction, and may lawfully take cognizance of the same cases, without being responsible to each other for their respective opinions. If facts are perverted, it is proper in any who may feel interested, to correct or expose the error, and the critic has no right to expect impunity, more than another, or to claim to be irresponsible for any dangerous heresy that he may advance. These however are extreme cases; and with regard to the ordinary discussions of literary or scientific subjects, we still maintain, that critics would discharge their office with the greatest dignity and usefulness, by advancing their own opinions with fearless independence, yet without attacking the equally independent opinions of their contemporaries.

A sound criticism is necessary to the purity of our science and literature. To be useful, it must be bold, vigorous, and fearless, exposing with unshrinking fidelity the faults, while it does justice to the merits, of the writer. An honest man, and a good scholar, who performs this office with firmness and impartiality, deserves as much from his country as the judge who displays the same virtues upon the bench, and his opinions should be received with equal respect for the motives under which they are given. It is as unjust to charge a critic with malicious feelings, when he condemns a book, as it would be to affix the same stigma upon the magistrate who passes sentence upon a criminal.

It may be suggested that the judge is bound by law to perform his stern duty, while the office of the critic is voluntary. But we deny the fairness of this proposition. No man is obliged to accept the office of judge, or to assume that of critic; but having taken upon him the duties of either, he is bound in honor and in conscience to be faithful.

The acts of both should be judged by internal evidence. If the opinions of the judge are supported by the law, and those of the critic sustained by reason, it is as weak, as it is ungenerous, to impugn the motives of either. If the decisions should even be wrong, in some cases, corruption should not

be inferred without some stronger evidence than that which only shows a fallibility of judgment.

It is only by sustaining bold and free tribunals of criticism, that there can be any liberal discussion on scientific or literary subjects. If it is admitted to be necessarily unamiable and malignant, to animadvert with severity on a book, by the same process of reasoning, the applause which a critic may award to an author, is equally to be suspected. A personal predilection or antipathy, a mercenary or a selfish purpose, is presumable as well in the one case as in the other.

The temper of the times calls for these remarks. The intolerance of a portion of the public presses is becoming intolerable. The disposition to brand and hunt down an individual for his opinions, is becoming so prevalent, that unless a stand be taken against it, there will be a reaction which will assuredly run into the opposite extreme of licentiousness. The press of the United States cannot be muzzled; and if liberal criticism be discouraged, gentlemen who are competent to conduct our periodicals will be driven from their places, and men of less sensibility will take them, who will be servile or licentious, as interest or caprice may dictate.

We could give some apt illustrations of the intolerant spirit to which we allude, from our own experience. We could point to several journals which have denounced us in no measured terms, for presuming to have opinions of our own; and have dared dishonestly to impugn the motive of the writer, when they have not ventured to answer his argument—thus tacitly admitting his propositions to be true, and substituting personal abuse, for fair discussion. We reserve the majority of these assailants for a more convenient season.

Our present purpose is to examine an article in the *American Quarterly Review*, the writer of which has spoken of us in a manner, as unauthorized by the facts of the case, as it is indecorous. We regret the occasion, because we have ever esteemed that work as among the best, if not the very best, of its class, in the United States, and have admired the dignity and temper, as well as the ability, with which it has been sustained. The article in question is not distinguished by either of these characteristics. We allude to a paper on Audubon's Ornithology.

The examination of the merits of a writer upon a branch of Natural History, could be conducted, and could only be well conducted, without the employment of vituperation against other persons. His merit is a question of fact, and the evidence is to be found in his own works. If he understands the science which he professes to treat—if he states its known

facts and principles accurately—if he has enlarged its limits by new discoveries—if he is sober-minded and faithful, or bold, enterprising, and diligent—and if his style of reasoning or description, be clear and philosophical—all these are circumstances which are susceptible of proof, which may be pointed out with temper, and may be fairly commented upon with whatever eloquence or warmth of panegyric, the writer may be pleased, or be able, to bestow.

The writer of that article has chosen to pursue a different course, and presents himself as the eulogist and defender of Audubon; yet he does not disclose the facts upon which his extravagant admiration of the ornithologist is founded, nor show any reason for the bitterness with which he assails those whose admiration is less than his own.

After some general remarks, he proceeds to his subject as follows:

‘Passing by, for the present, the names of a galaxy of worthies who have long rested with the glorious *dead*, we may confidently refer, as a *living* example, to him the titles of whose works stand at the head of this article; who for untiring zeal, singleness of purpose, and devotedness of heart, has never been surpassed by any devotee of that goddess who disclaims all *cabinet* courtship, and who may be worshiped with success only at the foot of those altars sacred to her own cause.’

Who the goddess is that disclaims *courtship*, but may be *wooed*, we are not informed; it may be dignified and proper in her to observe this behavior; but another part of her conduct discovers but little *sagacity*. As natural history is the subject in hand, we must suppose that ‘*cabinet* courtship,’ refers to those who study this science in cabinets, or collections of specimens, and that the *goddess* may be ‘*wooed*’ with success only, at some other altars, which are ‘sacred to her *own* cause.’ If this be the construction, we must say that this new goddess—she of natural history—has curious notions of her own. It is also very obvious that the writer intends to convey the idea that his favorite, Mr. Audubon, has gained the affections of the said deity, not by *cabinet* courtship, not by studying specimens or books, but at ‘those altars sacred to her own cause.’ In other words, Mr. Audubon, does not avail himself of the labors of other men; the facts which have been accumulated, and the principles that have been settled, by his predecessors, are sealed to him—he chooses to discover them anew for himself,—a determination which may be very heroic, but one which proves him to be as presumptuous, as his eulogist would make us believe him ignorant.

The next flourish of trumpets is after this fashion:

‘The name of Audubon, already enrolled in the annals of imperishable fame, will descend unsullied to the remotest posterity; will live and flourish, when the insignificant few of his contemporaries, whose jealousies urged them to reckless efforts to despoil him of his dearly purchased honors, shall long have been consigned to the oblivion of things that never were.’

We must confess that our ‘ultra-montane’ perceptions, do not enable us to understand the sort of oblivion which is here alluded to. Our dictionary—an imported one, made at Boston—defines oblivion, *forgetfulness*; and we can readily understand that the things *that were* may have been forgotten, and those that *are* may not be remembered hereafter, but ‘the oblivion of *things that never were*,’ is a new idea; the faculty of forgetting that which was never known, must have been conferred on her devotees by the goddess of birds, aforesaid, to make up for the lack of knowledge to which she has condemned them, by refusing them permission to study her charms in books and cabinets. This sentence, such as it is, affords the key-note to the whole article, which contains little else than fulsome eulogy of Audubon, and vituperative abuse of those who have differed from him in opinion. Why an ‘insignificant *few*’ should deserve the notice extended to them in this article, we are at a loss to determine; neither are the ‘reckless efforts’ complained of specified, so as to enable the impartial reader to decide for himself as to their character; while not the slightest evidence is given, that the writers alluded to have been urged by their ‘jealousies.’ All this, therefore, is gratuitous and unphilosophical.

The following morsel is in the same strain:

‘Narrow and heartless must be the policy of such of his contemporaries, whose rancorous jealousies could urge them on to the defamation and persecution of an author, who has been honored with the unlimited confidence of many of the most enlightened men of every civilized community.’

What a persecuted man Mr. Audubon must be! Does not the reader infer from this statement that he is writhing and withering under undeserved reproach—that his sensibilities have been cruelly outraged, and his character fiercely assailed? Yet where is the proof of all this? What scientific man, what reader, in the United States, knows of this defamation and persecution? But we must quote another specimen of the eloquence of his eulogist:

‘And where, we would ask, is there another naturalist, who like Audubon, can follow up the minute details of his subjects, and complete their entire history from personal observations,

not carried on in the cabinet, poring over the exploded lucubrations of his predecessors, but pushed to the very extremities of our widely extended country, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Sea of Labrador—from the Atlantic to the far West.' p. 47.

Here we find the same writer, who so indignantly charges every critic who has decided unfavorably of the labors of Audubon, with defamation and persecution, instigated by jealousy,—modestly instituting a comparison between his idol, *and every other naturalist*, and triumphantly asking whether *any other* can follow up the minute details of his subjects, so successfully? Self-poized in his imagined superiority of acumen, he does not condescend to reflect, that by possibility others may have formed a different opinion of his favorite, nor that in elevating Audubon so far above *all* other naturalists, he may be guilty of the same kind of defamation which he lays at the doors of his neighbors. But let that pass—we can excuse a little flourish of self-consequence. We may fairly inquire, however, whether any of the alleged persecutors of the lauded ornithologist, have perpetrated at his expense so cutting a sarcasm, as that conveyed in the assertion, that he has completed the entire history of his subjects, 'from personal observations, not carried on in the cabinet, poring over the exploded lucubrations of his predecessors.' Is it true that Audubon is so presumptuous, so self-confident, and so weak, as to imagine that he needs no aid from the rich stores of knowledge which have been accumulated in past times? Is he so far above all his contemporaries, in his own estimation, as to disdain any aid from their labors? Is his own judgment so infallible as to require no assistance from the ordinary modes of analysis and comparison? Does he plume himself upon his ignorance of books, and in his contempt for the cabinets of natural science, affect to describe only what he has seen in the woods and swamps, and to be directed in his investigations and descriptions, by the uninstructed light of his own vigorous understanding? If these are the claims of Mr. Audubon, they are such as are specious and arrogant; they evince pretension without merit, and are as invidious in their application to other naturalists, as they are absurd and unphilosophical. The idea that Mr. Audubon is *the* ornithologist of the age, whose brilliant discoveries have exploded the lucubrations of his predecessors, is so stupendously preposterous as to require no comment.

Having thus referred briefly to the merits of this remarkable person, as asserted by his strenuous advocate, we shall pro-

ceed to notice the wicked persecutions of which he is alleged to be the unfortunate subject.

It seems that some years ago, Mr. Audubon was proposed as a candidate for membership, in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and was rejected, because it was gravely asserted, 'that the candidate could not be considered as a man of veracity.' The gentleman who despises cabinets and eschews the lucubrations of his predecessors, had made statements upon the authority of his own personal observations, which the savans of Philadelphia, adhering to the 'exploded' theories of older naturalists, did not believe to be true, and they ventured to persecute the traveling philosopher, by preferring to his uncorroborated evidence, that of the books and cabinets. Since then, the members who opposed Mr. Audubon's admission have withdrawn, and he has become a member; and this fact is triumphantly stated as a proof, that he was right and they wrong, on a question of science, and that he was a defamed man, and they slanderers. Such is the manner after which this writer draws his inferences.

The next offender who is held up as a terror to evil doers, is Mr. William Dunlap, who in his history of the 'Arts of Design in the United States,' has accused Mr. Audubon of copying the pictures of Wilson's Ornithology. Whether he did so, we shall not stop to inquire, but will only remark, that if he has copied Wilson faithfully, his pictures will probably obtain a higher reputation than his own authority could give them.

We now come to the paragraph, in which we are personally interested, and which, standing as it does, upon the pages of a dignified quarterly, is such a piece of impertinence as we have rarely met with. We copy it with its italicisms and notes of admiration:

"Still more recently we have another specimen of "the milk of human kindness" which flows in the veins of a very *disinterested* ultra-montane writer. We refer to the Western Monthly Magazine for July, 1834. Whatever may be the discursive talents of the editor, he has shown himself not quite "a second Daniel" in the present matter. In the article alluded to, he gives himself no trouble in citing the proofs of his assertions, which are entirely gratuitous; but like his brother censors, has found it more convenient to deal in wholesale accusations: and it is no small recommendation of the first volume of the "Ornithological Biography," that this gentle critic was unable to detect in it greater blemishes than such as follow. He asserts the "death of Mason" to be "al-

together fabulous;" that the "booming flood of the Mississippi" is "overdrawn, and calculated to deceive;" that by his description of the "Hurricane," he "forfeits all claim to the reader's credence," and that "Boon was not the discoverer of Kentucky, nor was this pioneer of gigantic stature." Vide p. 347. Such imputations, from a source by no means authentic in natural science, demands from us but a single comment, viz. that a near relative of the editor, in Philadelphia, had republished, and was anxious to sell, *Wilson's Ornithology!*"

We shall proceed to expose the indecency, as well as the untruth of this whole paragraph, and to show that this writer is not more careful in his statements, than the artist whom he is pleased to style a naturalist. In the first place, we would inquire what the concluding statement of that paragraph, if it were true, has to do with the veracity of Audubon? Suppose it to be the case, that a near relative of the editor of this work had published *Wilson's Ornithology*—are Audubon's romances the more or less true, in consequence? Are our denials of Audubon's assertions, the more or less credible? Does Audubon cease to be the great American Munchausen, because the near relative of one who impugns his veracity, has published *Wilson*?

Again, we ask, by what rule of courtesy, of propriety, or of philosophy, does this anonymous writer, find himself authorized, to impute such a motive to an editor whose statements are given to the public under his proper name and responsibility? Was he not aware, when writing this accusation, of its meanness and dishonesty; or has he studied Audubon until the nice perception of truth, which marks the feeling of a gentleman, has been obliterated?

Why did he not deny our statements, or disprove them? If they are correct, it was unnecessary to inquire into the motive which prompted them; if incorrect, it would have been time enough, when this was ascertained, to infer a bad motive.

We are sorry to be obliged to deprive the writer of this slander, of the malicious satisfaction which he seems to have enjoyed when he rounded off his libellous period with the two notes of admiration which stand at its close. Unfortunately for his veracity, the near relative of the editor, alluded to, had *no interest whatever in any edition of Wilson's Ornithology at the time that our article was written, nor did he at that time intend or expect to have any.* His present property in that work, was purchased in May last, and our article was published in the month of *July preceding.* It is true, that he

was one of the original publishers, but he parted with his interest some time after the work was completed, and although he has since repurchased it, we are authorized to repeat, that at the time of the writing and publishing the article in the *Western Monthly*, and for a long time before and since, he had no interest in it whatever. The vulgar and abusive attack upon us, therefore, in the *American Quarterly*, is wholly unsupported by even this slender foundation.

The next sentence to the one we have quoted, is as follows:

• This active little band of brotherly censors have not confined their exertions to our own country; and they have found a faithful correspondent and ally in the person of a certain Yorkshire "Wanderer," ' &c. p. 59.

As this charge follows immediately after the paragraph previously quoted, 'the little band of brotherly censors' necessarily includes the editor of this work. There is not one word of truth in the whole statement. We have made no *exertions* either in, or out of our own country, in relation to this matter; we have had no *correspondent* nor *ally* in reference to it; we have not written a single letter to any individual on the subject, and have received none; all that we have done or written is comprised in the article in our number for July, 1834. What name does that man deserve who makes such charges without the slightest foundation or proof? Is he not proved to be wholly destitute of veracity?

But we must recur to the paragraph which comments upon our criticism of Audubon. Let us first dispose of the sneer—"from a source by no means authentic in natural science." In our remarks about Audubon, we said nothing about natural science. By the showing of the writer himself, we only disputed the veracity of Audubon in the relation of certain alleged facts, included in his personal adventures—none of which have anything to do with the scientific parts of his book. And we ask, who had a better right to do this than the editor of a periodical published in the country which Mr. Audubon has selected as the scene of his personal adventures? We need no knowledge of any science, to refute such idle and clumsy fictions, as those in question.

He says of us, 'he gives himself no trouble in citing the proofs of his assertions, which are entirely gratuitous; but like his brother censors, has found it more convenient to deal in wholesale accusations.' This is untrue. We gave our reasons for denying the veracity of Audubon, in the few cases to which we referred. We did not attempt, as might be inferred from the remarks in the *American Quarterly*, to re-

view Mr. Audubon's book; we made no comment on his descriptions of birds, but confined ourselves to a few instances of exaggeration in his recitals of his personal adventures. We are now called upon to cite proofs; but we disclaim the right of the critic to ask us to prove a negative in any case; and unfortunately Mr. Audubon has put it out of our power, if we were so disposed, by giving no dates or localities to his tales; having laid no *venue* it is impossible, in most cases, to make up an issue. But we assert, that in the west, the adventures of Mr. Audubon, are considered about as authentic as those of Baron Munchausen, or Mr. Lemuel Gulliver; and if we believed that they were seriously credited in any part of the United States, by any but such rash and heated partizans as the writer in the American Quarterly, we would for the credit of our literature and science, expose them more at large than we have heretofore thought necessary.

What we chiefly object to, in this article of the American Quarterly, are, the entire absence of argument, the personalities, the coarseness, and the irritability displayed in it. To give an instance: Mr. Audubon has asserted that the power of smelling exists in the turkey buzzard in an inferior degree and that this bird is directed to its food by the faculty of vision alone. This statement being contrary to all existing theories on the subject, was not credited; there were naturalists who did not choose to yield implicit credence in the mere *dictum* of Mr. Audubon; they desired to see some evidence. They denied the correctness of the theory, as inconsistent with the known analogy of nature. The writer in the American Quarterly says, 'they boldly impugned the veracity of his statements,' and then calls their remarks, 'the foul aspersions of ignorance and malice.' Thus gentlemen are stigmatized with ignorance and malice for believing that which the learned have always held, and declining to yield a theory supposed to be well settled, at the bidding of a single naturalist, and he a person, to say the least, of questionable veracity.

Mr. Audubon asserted, that the rattlesnake was in the habit of climbing trees. This being contrary to the received opinion, was disputed; Mr. Audubon's assertion was supported by the testimony of several gentlemen of high respectability; and the writer seizes upon this circumstance, with the one before mentioned, as sufficient ground for such a tirade as the following:

'In every instance it will be found, on close examination, that all the specified charges put forth to fix the stigma of mendacity to the name of our author, or to convict him of the base attempt to palm upon the public the spurious produc-

tions of a vitiated imagination, for grave truths in natural history, have invariably arisen out of the ignorance or malice of the accusers.'

We know not which to point out as the prominent feature of this paragraph, its bad taste, its bombast, its falsehood, or its impudence. In every instance, the attempts to disprove the statements of Audubon *have invariably* arisen out of ignorance or malice! We are not surprised, that a man who could write such an article as the one before us, should be utterly incapable of appreciating its monstrous absurdity. But we are astonished that such an article should have found admittance into the American Quarterly, and that its editor would suffer that periodical to be prostituted to the work of defamation. Nor is this surprise lessened by the selfcomplacent slander with which the writer sums up his declamatory string of accusations: 'We now trust we have said enough to convince our readers, that no reliance whatever is to be placed on the testimony of this "unholy alliance," who have united for the express purpose of hunting down the unimpeachable reputation of a genius they are unable to cope with.'

We put the question gravely to the editor of the American Quarterly, whether he considers himself in the line of his duty, in giving currency to such barefaced mendacity as is contained in the above sentence? So far from having adduced proof to *convince his readers* of the truth of Audubon, he does not even attempt it, except in two or three unimportant instances, and in these the points at issue are not stated with sufficient fulness to enable any one who has not read the evidence at large, to decide. The whole article is a mere mass of bloated declamation, which proves nothing except the bad passions of its writer. Is there a party of savans in Philadelphia, who are determined to bolster up the fame of Audubon against the sober judgment of scientific men, who are determined to bully those into obedience, and are not disposed to admit the high claims of their favorite?

We have quoted enough of the article in question to show that it maintains that all who have disputed the accuracy of Audubon, are *jealous of him*, that they are *malicious* or *ignorant*, that they have uttered *foul aspersions*, and that they are '*united for the express purpose of hunting down the unimpeachable reputation of a genius they are unable to cope with.*' These are affirmative charges of a serious nature, which should not be made, unless accompanied by the evidence to support them: yet *not one word of proof* is offered to support either of them. It does not appear that either of the persons thus rudely assailed, unless it be the Yorkshire Wanderer, of whom we

know nothing, is an ornithologist, or is engaged in any pursuit which would bring him in competition with Audubon. The charge of *jealousy*, therefore, seems to be altogether gratuitous. Nor are there any stronger grounds for the frequent reiteration of the charge of ignorance and malice; and the better inference would seem to be, that these qualities are so highly developed in the Quarterly writer, that he is jealous of their supposed existence elsewhere.

The charge of alliance and correspondence for the purpose of destroying the reputation of Mr. Audubon, is no better supported. Of the persons attempted to be implicated in this vicious accusation, one is a writer on a branch of the fine arts, at New York; one, an English traveler; a third, the publisher of Wilson's Ornithology; a fourth, the editor of this Magazine; and the others, persons not named, and unknown to us, who are members of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Two of these are said to be related; among the rest no acquaintance nor correspondence is shown; yet with all this absence of proof, or even probability, does this writer dare to institute a criminal accusation—that of a conspiracy deliberately formed, and actively carried forward against the reputation of his favorite philosopher.

We have no words to express our disgust at the turpitude of an anonymous writer, who, shielded by his obscurity, has the effrontry to be guilty of so disgraceful and unprovoked an attack; nor is our respect for the American Quarterly increased by the admission into that journal, of this discreditable piece of wanton and scurrilous mendacity.

The admirers of Audubon are doing him great injury, by the extravagance of their praises, and by their persevering endeavors to exalt him above men vastly his superiors, in patience of investigation, and extent of attainment. He is a good painter, and his beautiful collection of drawings, form a valuable addition to the cabinets which are spoken of with so much disdain. That his pictures are faultless cannot be maintained; the details are in some instances not accurate, and the postures in which the birds are placed, are often extravagant and unnatural. Still the pictures are good, and Mr. Audubon deserves credit for them, and for his enterprize and industry. But he has no sound reputation as a naturalist. His egotism, his pretension, and his numerous exaggerations, throw a shade of doubt over all that he states upon his own uncorroborated authority; while the sensitiveness of his friends in relation to his veracity, and the tenacity with which they insist upon having every word which he asserts, however absurd, implicitly believed, show that they consider this his vulnerable point.

LETTERS ON AMERICA.

[We copy two other letters from the same intelligent foreigner, one of whose epistles we published in our last. It will be seen that although this gentleman commits some blunders, unavoidable in the hasty transit of a tourist, his views are in general sagacious, and his opinions decidedly favorable to us. Proud as we are of Cincinnati, and richly as her active citizens are entitled to the praise bestowed on their enterprize; we think that injustice is done to Pittsburgh and Louisville, in the comparison which he has drawn. But many of our own countrymen make the same mistake. The truth is, that there is less rivalry between these cities, and fewer points of comparison than is usually adverted to. There is as much enterprize in Louisville, as in Cincinnati; but it is directed in different channels. The latter is sustained chiefly by her manufactures, her mechanics, and her trade in domestic produce; the former by commerce. At Louisville there is more capital invested in business strictly mercantile, than at Cincinnati—at the latter, more traffic in the products of agriculture and the mechanic arts. With the same amount of capital, there should be a greater population at Cincinnati than at Louisville, because her business employs comparatively more individuals. Pittsburgh is more nearly assimilated to Cincinnati; but their distance from each other throws all rivalry out of the question; each has an ample sphere. The former has not increased so fast in population as the latter—but it cannot be imputed to an inferior degree of industry, enterprize, or ingenuity. It is difficult to point out the causes of the growth of cities.

Nor is the writer correct as to the origin of our population. The founders of Cincinnati were mostly from New Jersey and Pennsylvania. From them she received her first impulse. Her manufactories are chiefly supplied with ingenious workmen from New England. The great mass of wealth and influence has poured in from various quarters. In our elections we do not discover that the emigrants from any one section have a decided preponderance.]

CINCINNATI.

Natchez, January 3d, 1835.

CINCINNATI has nearly forty thousand inhabitants, including the villages and adjacent corporations. Founded forty years since, its rapid increase has been within thirty years. All nations are assembled there; there are great numbers of Germans and Irish, and a tolerable number of Alsaciens. I have also often in the streets heard French accented as it is on the banks of the Rhine. The body of the population, that which gives tone to all the rest, has come from the northeastern states. What makes the progress of Cincinnati the more surprising is, that the city is the offspring of its own works. Other cities of the United States have been suddenly constructed, to use the phrase, by joint-stock companies. Lowell, for example, is an undertaking of some merchants of Boston, who

after having united their capitals, employ laborers and say to them, 'build us a city.' Cincinnati has been raised and adorned by degrees, almost without foreign aid, by the inhabitants themselves; and these inhabitants had all gone there poor. All the wealth that they brought to their new residence was that clear-sighted, active, and indefatigable industry; that spirit of order and economy that the most of them had acquired under the sun of New England, and which others after their example have adopted. We should say that they have chosen a Franklin as the patron of their city, and the doctrines of the good-natured Richard for their creed and gospel.

Cincinnati I have remarked is admirably situated. This is true as it relates to its topographical situation; but in tracing on the map the meanders of the rivers, and in consulting the resources of the soil, we see that there are on the immense courses of the western streams, a large number of positions as advantageous in a commercial or manufacturing point of view, and some in this respect even more favorable. Pittsburgh, which is filled with manufactories of iron and charcoal, is situated at the head of the Ohio and of steam navigation, at the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, which come the one from the south, the other from the north, and is the centre of a vast system of communications, of roads, of canals, and of rail roads, many of which are now executed, and many more will be. Pittsburgh was designed by nature to be at the same time a grand central manufacturing city, and a commercial magazine of the first order.

Louisville, Ky., built at the falls of the Ohio, at the place where great steam navigation commences, is a natural intermediate place between the commerce of the Upper Ohio and that of the Mississippi and its branches. As to manufacturing resources, Louisville possesses as many as Cincinnati, and if you take from the latter its lovely situation, it would seem to have been destined only to become the magazine and trading place for the productions of the fertile tract which is included between the Great and Little Miami.

But the power of men when they agree to perform any thing, and to pursue it with perseverance, is sufficient to balance and even to conquer that of nature. And notwithstanding the advantages of Louisville as a great storehouse for commodities, and the resources of Pittsburgh as a grand place for manufactories, Cincinnati is enabled to sustain a population which is double that of Louisville, and half as great again as that of Pittsburgh, in a state of ease which equals if it does not surpass the moderate style of living of both the other cities. The inhabitants of Cincinnati have fixed this prosperity

among themselves by one of those instinctive views that their genius eminently practises, and which inspires calculation in the sons of New England. Skilful persons need only a hint. The most skilful of all, the yankees, hear, without saying any thing. They have an understanding with one another, and by a silent agreement they know how to direct all their efforts to the same end. To work like the Bostonians, means in the United States to execute any thing perfectly without talking of it. The object that the New Englanders have proposed to the Cincinnatians almost from the very first, has been no less than to constitute their city a metropolis, that is to say, a great interior market for the west. The indirect means that they have employed have been to build simultaneously a large number of manufactories, inconsiderable when taken separately, but when united they form a large mass, and getting before their neighbors with that diligence which is one of the yankee virtues, they have secured them among themselves. This means has caused them to succeed.

But in regard to provisions, we are much surprised to find that Cincinnati has none of those great inventions, which have made the fortunes of the central manufacturers of England and of France. The Cincinnatians fabricate a great variety of furniture and agricultural instruments, much wheelwright's work, domestic utensils of all kinds, clocks, and a thousand things for current use, soap, candles, paper, leather, ironmonger's ware, &c., that find an unlimited sale among the population of the western states, which are improving in numbers and affluence, and in the new southern states which hold slaves, and which are devoted entirely to agriculture, and especially to the production of cotton, and where it is almost impossible to have manufactures in consequence of slavery. The most of the articles we have mentioned are of a common quality. The furniture, for example, would be rarely chosen by Parisian taste, but it is at a low and proper price. It is thus, because in a new country where, except in the southern part, there is general ease and little opulence, they consider much more abundance, and that kind of comfort which might be called elementary, than the refinements of life. The prosperity of Cincinnati thus reposes on the wants and necessities of the western states.

This is a solid base, independent of the caprices of fashion, which, however, holds in its own power the destiny of the arts, which we most love in France. They are occupied there also by the intellectual. In the first place, there is in Cincinnati a great foundry of types which supplies all the west, and the large number of papers printed there. According to

the English or American method, the labor of man is as much as possible replaced by that of machines, and I have seen among others two little machines, one for moulding the types, the other for shaving them in the manner of the mould, which are probably wanting at the royal type foundry, and at Didat. Consequently there are many presses; and no publications are issued from them except those of general utility, such as journals, books of religious and scholastic instruction.

By the aid of this multiplicity of industry, Cincinnati has gained a position which it would be very difficult to take from her; for it is no small advantage to take the priority in industry. The merchant of the interior, who trades in the most heterogeneous articles, and who unites in his little warehouse all that is saleable on the earth, is sure to find at Cincinnati that his assortment is not quite complete. He goes there, then, to replenish his stores, in preference to any other point. Cincinnati is thus in fact the great central market of the west, and a great quantity of produce is sought there in spite of the superiority which some other localities seem to possess in the hydrographical situation of the soil or the distribution of mineral riches in the bosom of the earth.

To characterize the tendency of the nineteenth century, it has been called industrious feudalism. The human species, some thinkers have said, have quitted one yoke to bear another, perhaps less hard but also less noble. The warlike lords of the middle age have gone; some industrious barons have taken their place—the princes of manufactures, of banks, and of commerce. These new masters will seize upon the aliment of the poor in a less sanguinary manner, but also with less honor. They will increase the wealth of the body, but diminish that of the mind.

To see the great fabrics of England, and some on the continent of Europe, and those to the northeast of the United States, industrious feudalism seems there already formed; here it is gliding under the democratic institutions as the serpent under the plant. Wise men, however, who do not believe that the human race can as a whole retrograde, and who prefer to flatter themselves with hope rather than abandon themselves to despair, while they admit this tendency to be true, think, however, that there is cause to be reassured on account of other facts not less characteristic of this epoch.

If in England, for example, there are in the manufactures a thousand germs of despotism, there are in the working classes a thousand germs of resistance—a thousand means of liberation; there are the *trades unions*, there are the radicals. It is neither the one nor the other of these forces which will de-

cide the destinies of the future. From their diverse impulses, will result another single impulse, different from them both. The power of enfranchisement will do what may seem to some to be feudalism, but which will be merely patronage.

The period of patronage is not yet terminated on earth; it will subsist as long as Providence does not cast men in the same mould. But it is modified successively through several forms, through less and less violent, more and more gentle. The inferior has been enslaved, he has been a bondman; he is now rewarded with freedom. He can, in a length of time, which it is not possible to determine, become a partner, without ceasing to be inferior. However, it may be, there is not at Cincinnati the germ of feudal industry, there are no vast manufactories. Labor is divided there almost as the soil is among us. Each head of a family has his domain there, with his children and some new emigrants for helps and servants.

Cincinnati is then constituted in as republican a manner with regard to manufactures as it is politically. The manufacturer there has not yet felt any inconvenience, because in this vast west, it is difficult to reduce the quantity of produce to the level of the wants of the people.

Who can tell what will happen in a century, or even in fifty years? Will not the industry of Cincinnati suffer then some metamorphosis, or rather will not the whole country in that condition of life, experience an entire transformation, which will cause a reorganization in the laboring community? An arduous and complex question that I have been bound to notice.

The moral aspect of Cincinnati is delightful to him, who loves labor before every thing,—to whom labor holds the first rank. But whoever has a taste for pleasure and expense, whoever would wish to plunge often into amusements and gaiety, would find that this beautiful city, with its pure sky, and its picturesque scenery, is a wearisome abode. It would be even much worse for a man of leisure, desirous of consecrating a good part of his life to the culture of the fine arts and the rest to enjoyment. For him, life would not be there supportable, it would not be even passable. He would be blasted by politics—for there is a feeling in the United States, that men of leisure are so many foundations for an aristocracy; anathematized by religion—for the sects, though so different, all agree in condemning all kinds of pleasures, such as feasts, luxuries, gallantry, even the fine arts; and the United States in this respect, do not resemble any country of Europe, least of all France, where one can brave with impunity religious opinions and the influence of the pulpit. Surrounded, complete-

ly enclosed by habits of labor, and by political axioms, and religious prejudices, it would be necessary to resign himself to an existence analogous to the crowd, or fly and seek an abode less opposed to his tastes in the great cities of Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, or even to Europe.

Thus the class of gentlemen of leisure, living without a visible profession, from funds bequeathed to them by their fathers, or that they have acquired for themselves in youth, is absolutely unknown at Cincinnati, although wealth is not wanting. There are a considerable number of persons owning one hundred thousand dollars, and more.

Everywhere in the United States, except where there is slavery, or in some of the largest cities, there exists towards men of leisure, a rigorous inspection, which obliges them to enter the common ranks, and to labor at least until the time of life when repose is necessary to man. Public opinion is on the watch, to trample down all that could render tolerable, habits of even innocent amusement and make bearable a life of leisure. Some philanthropic and religious societies, instituted under various names are charged to enforce the decrees of this opinion. Like vigilant sentinels, they keep a strict watch over the observance of the severities of the Sabbath, to the repression of inebriety, to the extirpation of the passion for amusement, which among a people devoted to making money, would make, if it spread, dreadful ravages.

These societies and these committees pursue their task with a perseverance more than Britannical, and sometimes with puritanical fanaticism. When John Quincy Adams was President, he had a billiard table placed in the President's house. Such is here the real or apparent condemnation of all amusement, that the political adversaries of Mr. Adams have arrayed this act against him. It has been seriously brought forward as one of the arguments against his reelection.

It was said by his enemies to be a scandalous thing—an abomination. Mr. Adams, whose private virtues equal his profound wisdom, was, if we believe certain opposition papers, a professor of immorality, because he had in his house a billiard table; and without doubt, Gen. Jackson, in taking Mr. Adams' place in the white house, has removed this fatal piece of furniture.

Elsewhere, this rigor would be called intolerance or inquisition. Here it is submitted to without murmuring, and few are encumbered by it, or show that they are. The American can support a constant and unrelaxing application to labor. He does not experience the need of diverting and improving his mind. Silence and the retirement of the Sabbath,

appear to be a more welcome relaxation to him than the gaiety and feasts for which we are noted. Still further we can say that the sentiment of enjoyment is wanting in him. All his faculties are admirably and energetically combined for producing; he is deprived of those without which consummation is joyless, and whose absence changes pleasure into painful occupation. But still for labor, he prefers that which enriches to that which ruins.

Such an organization is precious to a young people. Without this fever for work, this perpetual application of the mind to useful enterprizes and speculations—without these political and religious ideas which imperiously repress all passions whose object is not to labor, to produce, to gain, can we believe that the Americans would have performed the wonders which recommend them to the admiration of the world? With another system, less rigid, they would have it perhaps still before them to cross the Alleghenies. Instead of having this western domain cleared, opened, cut by roads, sowed by farms, villages, and cities, immense in extent and fruitfulness, they would still perhaps be confined to the slip of sandy earth along the Atlantic. We must own that this ardent and exclusive preoccupation with business, casts over the physiognomy of the people of the United States, a strange shade in the eyes of an European. From this cause, it happens, that Americans do not succeed in conciliating the approbation of tourists, and that they please only a small portion of the strangers who visit them. But on the other hand, they are certain of meriting the gratitude of an innumerable posterity, for whom they are preparing with so much energy and sagacity, an abode of plenty—a land of promise. This posterity probably will change the mode of living of their fathers—will adopt new tastes and even different institutions. It does not matter! it is of no consequence to know if the national character, customs and laws of the present Americans will agree with those of the twentieth or twenty-first century. This question is much sooner decided, if the Americans of the present time have not fulfilled with as much perfection as it is given to human nature to attain, the mission that Providence entrusted to them, the mission of a pioneer people to clear the way, to raise up the foundations, and if they do not merit an excuse for having like all individuals and all nations some defects with their good qualities. The question thus put, will be easily answered by whoever attaches any importance to the interest of the future.

THE WESTERN STEAMBOATS.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1835.

THE steamboats of the western states remind me forcibly of the *Vigier baths* on the Seine. Each boat is in fact a two-story house. Two large chimneys, not unlike pillars in their form, pour forth a cloud of black smoke and myriads of sparks. A cloud of whiter smoke escapes with a sort of roar from a third chimney, which is here called the safety-valve. Within, they display the coquettish spirit which characterizes all American buildings. They are richly and beautifully furnished, and the deep windows, with their small green blinds, form a contrast with the white sides, which would excite the envy of *Jean Jacques*.

They are sometimes from 600 to 800 tons, but more frequently from 200 to 300, and their length is generally from 35 to 50 metres; and yet, notwithstanding their size and furniture, they cost but little, comparatively speaking. The largest and most expensive boats generally cost about forty thousand dollars. A pretty little boat of 100 tons and 35 metres long, will cost from seven to eight thousand dollars. The larger ones cost about five hundred francs per ton, the smaller ones four hundred francs. But these boats, though beautiful in appearance, last but a very short time. However carefully built, a western boat seldom lasts longer than four or five years. I remember an old captain speaking to me of a boat of which he had most carefully superintended the building. 'Alas!' he said, 'she lasted but three years.' The magnificent vegetation of the west, those straight vigorous trees which make the European oaks look like so many dwarfs—those trees which have sprung up like magic on a soil rich by the deposits of the fertilizing streams of that region, produce wood which lasts just in proportion to its rapid growth. There, too, may be read the lesson that all grandeur is but dust, and will return to dust. There, too, may we verify that principle of truth, as regards both human glory and the splendor of empires, that time respects only what it has founded.

The number of passengers on board these boats is really marvellous, they are almost always crowded. I have myself been the seventy-second person on board a boat built to accommodate thirty cabin passengers. Formerly a trip up or down these rivers was like the expedition of the Argonauts; now, nothing in the world is easier or more common. You may go from Pittsburgh to New Orleans for fifty dollars, and from Louisville to New Orleans for twenty-five dollars, making

it about 25 centimes per mile. It is still cheaper traveling for the numerous boatmen, who carry rafts down the river, and after disposing of them, are on their return from New Orleans. They are to the number sometimes of five or six hundred, crowded in a separate part of the boat, usually the lower deck, where they find shelter, a bench on which to sleep, and for five or six dollars, food enough to last them until they reach Louisville. Their only mode of payment is, occasionally, at the stopping places, helping to take in wood. The rapidity with which these somewhat uncivilized persons travel, has mainly contributed to the trade of the west. They now take three or four trips during the season, instead of one, which in a country where laborers are wanted, is of vast importance. The lower deck, which they occupy on going up the river, is, on the return, laden with horses and cattle, intended for the south, and with slaves, human cattle, destined to enrich the southern soil, to make up for the consumption of the Louisiana sugar planters, and to make their owners' fortunes. Virginia is the great slave market.

In spite of the beauty of these steamboats, and the important service of which they are to America, one trip in them will be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of a man of education or refinement. Almost all Europeans, and even Americans from the metropolises of the east, on first leaving these floating caravansaries, would, I am sure, amply confirm Mrs. Trollope's account of the sociable manners of the west. In the west, all are equal; but not with a nominal equality, not equal on paper merely.

There every man with a coat on his back is a gentleman; quite as good as his neighbor, and who has no idea of putting himself out for any body. He thinks only of himself, without bestowing a thought upon his neighbor, from whom, in return, however, he expects not the least civility. This is rude, to be sure, but no unkindness is mixed with it; on the contrary, it is done so naturally that you cannot take offence at it. A western man is rough, but not quarrelsome; he is touchy to be sure, and proud of himself, and above all of his country, but yet not disagreeably or impertinently so. Once but penetrate beyond his coating of vanity and egotism, and you find him a man of sense and even of generous feelings. You will find him a close calculator, and yet susceptible of enthusiasm—passionately fond of money, and yet far from being avaricious—nay often very prodigal; harsh and awkward, because he has neither time nor opportunity to modulate his voice, and soften his manners. Rough he may be, but not disobliging; on the contrary, he aspires to be a man of the

world, and for such would like to pass, but unfortunately has cultivated his farm to rather more advantage than his manners. It is quite natural that the first generation of the west should bear the impress of the hard labor amid which it has been reared. These reflections may do very well for the future, but at present they cannot do much towards making a trip in the western steamboats agreeable to a man of polished or even civilized manners.

Besides, a trip down the Mississippi is more dangerous than a voyage from Europe to the United States—nay, even from Europe to China. If as many accidents were to occur in Europe, as constantly do occur on the Mississippi, it would produce the most clamorous consternation. The police and the executive would both think it their duty to interfere. Steamboats would become the terror of all travelers; the public would excommunicate them, and suffer them to pursue their journeys quite empty. So, in some degree, do we find in the eastern cities, where life counts for something, that much attention is paid to steamboat accidents. In the west, the throng of emigrants from beyond the Alleghenies flock into its verdant valleys, chase before them Indians, bears, and buffaloes, and make even the gigantic trees of the forest bend to their wants and minister to their comforts. It reminds one of the invading hosts of barbarians under Ghengis Khan and Attila. The multitude is in every sense of the word an invading army, ruled as armies are; where individuals count for nothing, and the mass is every thing. Wo betide the man, who, in his onward career, stumbles; he is inevitably crushed and trampled under foot. Wo betide the man, who finds a yawning precipice interpose between him and the goal of his wishes; the impatient multitude behind thrust him rudely forward, till he falls into the abyss beneath his feet. He is hardly missed, and soon forgotten, without one sigh even by the way of regret. Each man for himself. Help yourself, sir. The life of a true American, is like that of a soldier; here to-day, to-morrow fifty miles off. He must ever be on the alert, ever in a state of excitement. As is the case in camps, so in the west, quarrels are decided on the spot, with swords or rifles, as it may be. Theirs is a life of strangely blended success and reverses. To-day in abject poverty; to-morrow rolling in wealth; the day after, as poor as ever; according to the success or failure of their speculations; but still, as a nation, their prosperity is gradually, but most certainly increasing. As a soldier, the motto of a western man is 'to conquer or die;' but conquering with him, means to make money; to build up a fortune from nothing, to buy lots at Chicago, Cleveland,

or at St. Louis, and to sell them the next year at the rate of a thousand *per cent.* It is to bring cotton to New Orleans when it is worth twenty cents a pound. So much the worse for those who fail, for those who perish on board steamboats. No one cares about saving people; all that is wanted, is plenty of steamboats; well built or not, is a matter of moonshine, so long as they go fast and cheap. This circulation of steamboats is as important to the welfare of the west, as the circulation of the blood is to the human frame. No one thinks of trying to put a check upon these boats. That day has not yet dawned.

There are some feelings of the human breast which will make themselves known. Control them in one particular, and they burst out upon another. The respect which in Europe was always felt and shown until the days of the revolution towards the sovereign authority, is, on this side of the Atlantic, hardly known; and this is particularly the case in the west. There the authority of rulers and their salaries are on a par. There are governors who do not govern, and judges likely to be indicted themselves. In the constitutions of these states, their chief magistrate is pompously styled commander-in-chief both of the naval and military forces. Now this is a farce, for it is expressly stipulated that he has no more authority than a corporal, either in times of peace or war. And yet the spirit of obedience is here. The authority of the President may be questioned, but not that of an inn-keeper, a coach-driver, or a steamboat captain. With them there is no such thing attempted as selfgovernment. When it suits the landlord's convenience to ring the bell for breakfast, or dinner, or tea, all within hearing must obey the summons or go without. No soldiers were ever more properly drilled. Travelers are expected to eat, without grumbling, whatever is put before them; to stop at the pleasure of the driver or the captain, without testifying the least impatience; to allow themselves to be overturned and bruised by the one, drowned or scalded by the latter, without complaints or remonstrances. Could soldiers do more? It has been often remarked of the founders of empires, from the days of the Romans until those of Buccaneers, that their lives were a strange mixture of absolute independence and passive obedience. The immense empire of the west is another apt illustration of this remark.

MICHAEL CHEVALIER.

THE GREAT RAIL ROAD.

THE most exciting subject now before the public in this city, and probably the most important one that will ever be presented to the consideration of our citizens, is the proposed rail road to Charleston. It is only surprising that this project had not been sooner conceived, and that the city of Charleston especially, should have so long slumbered upon her interests. The execution of this work, will make her the rival of New York, by giving her, in addition to her advantages of climate, the trade of the west.

To the whole south this work will be of immense value. It will bind them to the west. It will enable them to trade with a people, who are enterprizing, liberal, and generous; a people bound to them by many ties of association and memory, and with whom they will be able to transact business in great harmony.

Upon all that part of Tennessee over which the road will pass, it will confer a new character; as it will convert an extensive and mountainous region, into a most productive and easily accessible country. The coal, the iron, and the salt of that district, will become more lucrative than the gold mines of the sister state.

Kentucky will be perhaps the greatest gainer by this gigantic work of improvement. With a rich soil, with great energy of character, and with a good deal of wealth, a single cause has kept Kentucky almost sationary, while other western states were rapidly advancing in growth. This cause has been, the want of facilities for transportation. Nature has done more for her than for most other states; but she has done the least for herself. With her immense line of coast upon the river Ohio, and her narrow breadth from that river to the mountains; and intersected, as she is, by fine rivers, which might easily be made navigable—her inducements for constructing works of improvement are great, and the advantages to be expected from them incomparably abundant.

The Charleston rail road will run for a long distance through Kentucky, and will place every neighborhood which it may touch, in as advantageous a situation for business, as if it was upon the shores of Ohio. It will probably double the wealth of the whole state, by the rise in the value of real property, and by the increased quantity of produce that will be made for market. And this will be done chiefly by the capital of other states—by money brought in by those who shall subscribe the stock. If there were no other inducemen

to Kentucky, to forward this work with all her influence, the actual expenditure of money, which will be made, in its construction, is itself no small matter, for an agricultural state. Two or three millions of dollars, subscribed in Charleston, Cincinnati, and other cities, will be laid out in the interior of Kentucky—a great portion of it for labor, and for the use of carts, horses, oxen, etc. which the farmers can furnish, and for provisions that will be raised for the purpose. So great an expenditure within the interior of any country, must enrich it greatly; and the effects will not be confined to the line of the road, but will flow off to different parts of the state, and be widely diffused.

The rail road, when completed, will afford to Kentucky a double advantage: it will induce the raising of more produce than has ever been raised, and it will give her two markets, instead of one. To the whole country, within any reasonable distance of the road, there will be offered the alternative of carrying their property to Charleston or to New Orleans, and as there will be more markets opened, as well as greater facilities for getting to them, there will of course be more inducement to the farmer to raise produce.

An important consideration connected with this matter is, that we shall not be dependent as we have been upon New Orleans, for a variety of articles of absolute necessity. Charleston can furnish sugar, coffee, rice, in short, all the productions of the South or of the West Indies, as cheaply as New Orleans; and when we have two markets to resort to, instead of one, the competition will insure us favorable terms.

Neither will the South be dependent on New York and New England, as heretofore. Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio will furnish the provisions required for the planting states; and but a few years will elapse before we shall manufacture in the West, all that is now manufactured in the East. New York, and New England, will long continue to supply the growing regions of the Northwest, but the South can be supplied from the shores of the Ohio.

The facilities for intercourse by traveling, afforded by the proposed road, will be immense. At the seasons when the Ohio is impeded by ice, or when the sickliness of the season would render a visit to New Orleans unadvisable, we could go to Charleston with convenience and safety. When this road shall be finished, we shall see our citizens flocking to Charleston in the winter, to spend a few weeks during our most inclement season, in that delightful climate. In the summer, the rail road cars would be crowded with the families of the opulent planters, seeking health and recreation in our higher

latitude. They would linger a few days among the mountains of Tennessee. Then they would pass on to Harrodsburg Springs, and spend some days in exploring the romantic shores of the Kentucky river. The beautiful and hospitable towns of the central region of Kentucky would then attract their attention—Frankfort, Lexington, Paris, Versailles, and so forth, would be crowded with southern visitors, who after a short stay, would move onward to the Olympian, and the Virginia Springs. Some would extend their journeys farther, and, embarking at Cincinnati or Louisville, would take advantage of the June flood of the Mississippi, and ascend that noble and beautiful river to the falls of St. Anthony. Some would linger in our own agreeable city, and others would cross our state to the lakes, or to Niagara.

But we are lost in the contemplation of the advantage of this great subject. The enumeration of the advantages of this work would be endless. It is a *National work*—an enterprize stupendous in its magnitude, and most beneficent in its purposes. We trust that no local jealousy, no party feeling, no mercenary or contracted principle, will be permitted to mingle in the preparatory discussion, or in the progress of the work. The voice that reaches us from the far south, is frank and manly. All that has been said thus far, has been liberal and generous. They have acceded to our proposal promptly; they will give liberally towards executing the work, and they will carry it by the nearest and best route, through their territories. It is enough to say that their conduct has been such as might have been expected from the South, ever distinguished for patriotism and magnanimity, and for preferring the great interests of all, to the little concerns of the few.

Tennessee and Kentucky are the daughters of the generous South, and on such an important occasion will not fail to show their blood. They will yield to no other states in patriotism or liberality, or in that spirit of concession which will dictate the propriety of merging all party and local questions, and the coming forward to this great work, in the undivided majesty of the power of the people.

Whenever this rail road shall be completed, Kentucky and Tennessee, South Carolina and Ohio, advance a step in point of importance. They will cease to be secondary or inferior states in point of wealth and business. From the lakes to Charleston there will be a continuous and eternal stream of commerce—a tide flowing backward and forward, which will enrich and enliven the whole of those states and the contiguous regions. A new bond of union will be formed between the West and South, cementing them by the ties of interest,

and binding them together by the associations of kindness and friendship which this intercourse will promote. A new independence will be declared. The South will no longer be dependent on her more eastern neighbors for a market and for supplies—she will have a choice—the broad and fruitful west will be open to her. The West, by multiplying her channels of commerce, will become independent of either. There was a time, when an insolent foreigner wrote of us—‘they are like the rat that has but one hole to go out and come in at’—alluding to the Mississippi as our only outlet. We have since broken through the Alleghenies, and find easy access to Baltimore, New York, and Philadelphia. We float to New Orleans in steamboats. We shall soon fly to Charleston with cars laden with heavy merchandize; yet dashing through the land with the speed of the Arabian courser. We shall have so many holes to go out and come in at, that in case of another war with Great Britain, it will be altogether impracticable for her so to blockade our coast as to cut off our commerce. The coasting trade will cease to be necessary to the existence of our commerce. There will be a line of interior communication, by which all our great cities, from the extreme north to the south, may communicate with each other, and with the whole interior of our vast continent, without being obliged to expose a vessel on the waves of the Atlantic.

TO SLEEP.

COME, gentle Sleep, come to these eyes,
 And wrap them up in rest;
 And let this heart that inly mourns,
 In dreams, at least, be blest.

But like to nothing on this earth
 Let this sweet vision be:
 Or else it must remembrance bring
 Of something sad to me.

The master-key of all my soul
 Hath felt a fearful blow;
 And every string that chimed before
 With discord frights me now.

Then like to nothing on this earth
 Let the sweet vision be;
 Or else it must remembrance bring
 Of something sad to me.

THE SILENT LOVER.

A thousand, thousand times I seek
 My lovely maid;
 But I am silent still, afraid
 That if I speak,
 The maid would frown, and then my heart would break.

I've oft resolved to tell her all,
 But dare not—such a wo 'twould be
 From doubtful favor's smiles to fall
 To the harsh frown of certainty.
 Her grace—her music, charms me now,
 When joy is on her rosy cheek;
 But fear restrains my tongue, for how,
 How can I speak,
 When if she smiled—the spell of bliss would break.

No, rather I'll conceal my story
 In my full heart's most sacred cell:
 For while I feel a doubtful glory,
 I 'scape the certainty of ill.
 My love is great, my courage weak,
 For should she speak
 Ungentle words, my heart would break.

▲10.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

It is a glorious eve, the round red sun,
 In beauty sinks below the western sky,
 And dewy twilight's reign has just begun
 To dim the blushes that he leaves on high—
 Painted in glory on the clouds that sail,
 All dimly seen, before the sweeping gale.

Freshly comes out from mid the hoary woods,
 Lofty towering o'er the distant hill,
 The welcome breeze; leaving the solitudes
 And daylight haunts beside the gushing rill
 Kissing the flowers, and dew-drops from the grass,
 And crisping slight the river's polished glass.

Hark to that note that rises wild and clear,
 From the broad breast of yonder branching tree,
 Sounding most sweetly on th' enraptured ear,
 And pealing far in one rich burst of melody:
 Now, rising slow with melancholy strain,
 Then sharp and clear, yet heavenly, again.

What little warbler welcomes thus the moon
 Ascending brightly o'er the waving trees,
 And sendeth forth its ever-varying tune,
 Upon the pinions of the passing breeze,
 And wakes to life a melody so sweet,
 Angels might love its soothing charms to greet?

Surely a choir within yon tree must dwell,
All sounds, all notes are rising sweetly now,
The redbreast, and the lark, the concert swell;
Strains without number into being grow,
And every branch with minstrelsy is rife:
What wizard charms such music into life!

No choir is there, no wizard giveth birth
To the sweet magic of this pleasant scene,
Those soothing strains are not of heaven but earth,
A single warbler, on the branches green,
Sits perched aloft, and pours along the glade,
In hallowed notes, its wildwood serenade.

Gay mocking bird, thou sweetest bird of all
The tenants of the greenwood and the air,
Ever is heard thy mellow warbling call;
Then spring is here, when tree and bush are bare.
All times, all seasons from thy little throat,
Unceasing comes thy ever-welcome note.

Oft when at night I've wandered forth alone,
When the clear moon had bathed the sky in light,
I've paused to listen to thy far-off tone,
Faintly proceeding from some woodland height,
Where thou didst sing in solitude rich strains,
That sweetly echoed o'er the distant plains,

And hour by hour, entranced have heard the gush,
Deeming that sure some spirit from the sky,
That wandered down, and mid all nature's gush
Was chanting strains too heavenly to die,
Its evening anthems to its Maker's praise,
In note that fancy whispered, seraphs raise.

And I have sighed that they should cease so soon,
For better far I love to hear thy lay,
Than all the strains the sighing lover's boon,
In fashion's halls that while the hours away,
And strayed away to seek my lonely rest,
With thy sweet memory lingering in my breast.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC, AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, for the year 1836. Boston: Charles Bowen.

THE work maintains its high character for accuracy and usefulness. The present number contains as usual, in addition to the calendar, a large number of valuable tables, and much statistical information.

The number of colleges in the United States, has swelled, we see, to *seventy-nine*; the list published in the same work, for the year 1831, contained only *forty-six*. This larger number is produced in part by the correction of the list, and the addition of some that were omitted; but it shows also a rapid increase of these valuable institutions. Thirteen colleges have been established since 1830, including that year.

The tables of the religious denominations in the United States, are, in this number, much extended, and are, of course, the more satisfactory.

The account of the benevolent institutions of the United States is interesting, as far as it goes; but is exceedingly meagre, as it includes only a few of the most prominent of these institutions. The aggregate receipts of ten of these societies during a year, ending in 1835, is a little over *eight hundred thousand* dollars. It would be exceedingly satisfactory to see a condensed account of the whole of the benevolent societies of the United States, with a statement of the total income.

We recommend the American Almanac as one of the most useful publications of the day.

A COMPREHENSIVE PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; with pronouncing vocabularies of classical, scripture, and modern geographical names. By I. E. WORCESTER. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1835.

THIS is a new edition of a very valuable dictionary. We recognize it as an old acquaintance, in whom we have great confidence, and have no hesitation in recommending it as one that may be safely trusted.

THE MARSDENS AND THE DAVENTRYS. Tales. By Miss PARDOE. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1835.

‘AND it came to pass, that in the morning, behold it was Leah!’ Such is often the character of the feeling, with which an unlucky expectant opens his eyes to disappointment, who, being moved and seduced by the captivating exterior of a new book, and having carried it home in triumph, finds upon inspection that it is nought. Verily, among the many cheating Labans of this deceitful

world, the publishers of books, are not the least adroit in the art of making the worse appear the better merchandize. How cunningly do they practise on the pride of the eye. Confiding in appearances, how often does the unwary lover of polite literature, exchange his coin for a volume of most respectable, and even genteel appearance, which proves to be the merest stuff imaginable.

We took up this volume with the intention of reading it—presumptuous thought! How little did we know the difficulty of the task we had undertaken: how greatly we overrate our own strength and patience. We began the tale of the sentimental difficulties of the heroine, whose father was aged, poor, proud, sensitive, and aristocratic; besides being sadly given to hypochondriac fits, to heaving deep sighs, and to talking the most grandiloquent nonsense to his lovely daughter. As to the lady, she is slender, delicate, sensitive—a perfect snow flake, that melts when touched—continually dissolving into tears, and then becoming recrystallized into her original elegance, and ethereal substantiality. But the most remarkable circumstance is, that the father wishes the daughter to marry a highly respectable and agreeable gentleman who is rich, while the daughter prefers a fascinating youth, who has the double advantage of being poor, and of bearing the illustrious name of Howard. The latter is a young clergyman too—a curate—only think of that—‘the only son of a widow, who, in dying, left him friendless and fortuneless, to the tender mercies of a world which is at best but a step-dame.’ How very uncomfortable—yet how romantic! With such qualifications, together with a love of nature which induced him to stroll frequently in the park where Miss Marsden sauntered, what could be more natural, than that this interesting curate should fall in love with the prettiest and poorest of his parishoners—and that mutual passion, and a mutual propensity for talking all sorts of ridiculous nonsense to each other, should make them mutually miserable. Yet is it not strange that nobody ever heard the like before? What a genius the author must be, who could fall upon a plot so natural, yet so new! What invention, what power of combination, what knowledge of human nature! The only objection to this book, on our part is, that we cannot read it. We opened it with expectation—but it turned out to be a blear-eyed Leah. Instead of the lovely Rachel that we sought, to be the companion of a leisure hour, we found ourselves thrown into a society which we had not courted, and for which we have no partiality. If, however, there are any of our readers who relish a genuine love-story of the old sort—a tender pathetic story—about a love-stricken youth who carries a white pocket handkerchief, perfumed, ready to be applied to the eyes upon the shortest notice, and a slight girl, whose pale cheeks are alternately suffused with tears and blushes, following each other with the rapid transitions of an April day—if they would read of a cruel father who would marry a cherished daughter to a man she hates—and of a gentleman who is resolutely bent upon the ungallant achievement of wedding a lady that would as soon wed a rattlesnake—we say, if there be any who relish these dainties, let them read Miss Pardoe’s volumes. We commend them especially to the sentimental. They are said to be well written, and good of the kind—but being of a kind that we deal not in, we commend them upon the authority of others, to such as relish the sweetest and lightest kind of literary composition.

STATUTES OF OHIO, &c. Edited by S. P. CHASE. Cincinnati: Corey & Webster. 1835.

THE third volume of this valuable work, has been issued, and fully equals in workmanship, its predecessors. We sincerely hope that the editor and publishers, will be amply rewarded by the public approbation and patronage, for their perseverance and successful prosecution of this laborious work. It is the only complete collection of our statutes attainable by public officers, and professional men.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS. Conducted by BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, M. D., LL. D. New Haven.

THE last number of this valuable periodical is almost entirely occupied by an article written by Dr. Hildreth, of Ohio, on the coal formation of the Ohio valley. The article is elaborate and minute in its details; it is full of facts ascertained from actual observation; and those who are acquainted with the writer, assure us that his statements are entitled to confidence. We scarcely know a subject of more importance than that which is so ably treated in this paper—we should rather say, this volume—for it is copious enough to make a volume. Our valley is entirely of the secondary formation, and is rich in mineral treasures. The beds of coal are abundant and inexhaustible. Gypsum, iron, salt, lead, are hid in rich stores in the bosom of the earth. Not a tythe of the mineral wealth of the land has yet been presented to the eye, or has been computed by those who indulge in speculations upon the growth of our country. In our last number we advocated a geological survey. We hope that the legislature of Ohio will take this matter up at its present session, and employ a competent person to make a geological survey of this state—one that shall embrace every county, and shall present the materials for a full and accurate account of the whole formation of our country. A few hundred dollars a year, expended in this way, for a few years, would be of incalculable benefit to science, besides adding greatly to the resources of the state.

Dr. Hildreth's article is not only abundant in its details, but is enriched by a great number of plates and illustrations. The proprietors of the American Journal of Science, are entitled to great credit for their liberality in publishing so expensive a paper as this, with its numerous drawings, must have been. The friends of science in the west, owe their thanks to Dr. Silliman. We tender him ours.

If individuals can afford to do so much for science, what might not a state do? What an honor it would be to Ohio, to have the whole of her broad territory carefully explored, and all its beds of soil, rock, and mineral, described as satisfactorily as detached parts of the country are taken up and described in the work under notice.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BUCKEYE CELEBRATION in commemoration of the day on which General St. Clair named Fort Hamilton; at Hamilton, Ohio, on the 30th day of September, 1835.

THE Buckeyes have had another celebration, which seems to have been conducted with spirit, and to have been numerously attended. It was held at the village of Hamilton, on the site of a fortress of that name, which was a post of some celebrity in our border wars, and one of the many scenes in which the hardihood of the pioneers was displayed. Several of the ancient men who bore a conspicuous part in the conflicts of the early times, were present; and among them the illustrious Harrison, still in the vigor of a green and active manhood. A numerous band of young Ohians, the natives of our state, and the descendants of its brave and enterprising founders, united in doing honor to the deeds and memories of their progenitors. William Bebb, Esq., a native, delivered an oration, which is contained in the pamphlet before us, and is characterized by much spirit, and purity of style. The occasion was fruitful in reminiscences of the olden time, drawn from the venerable gentlemen who were present, or who addressed letters to the committee. We consider this one of the chief advantages of these interesting festivals. The traditions of our land abound in historical incidents, illustrating the manners and adventures of the pioneers, and throwing a strong and characteristic light on the narrative of the settlement of this country. Many of these scattered materials will soon be lost, by the death of those who are now their sole depositories; and if the Buckeye celebrations shall produce no other advantage, than that of inducing our grayhaired veterans to detail the facts treasured in their memories, this desirable result alone should recommend them. Having, however, the additional effect of stimulating the patriotism of the young, by awakening the pride of country, and kindling up a western feeling, they are worthy of all praise. Already they have shown how much of all that is valuable in the moral energy, and personal worth, of our citizens, is of a native growth; and we hesitate not to say, that as these annual meetings continue to be held, and to spread over the land, the confidence of our people in themselves and each other will grow; we shall cease to look abroad for precept or example, and shall rely more than ever on the native talent and indigenous resources of our country.

ERROR.

Since the foregoing sheets were printed, we have discovered that the article on the American Quarterly Review, is placed under the head *North American Review*. The mistake was that of the printer.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

For the Month of OCTOBER, 1835; taken at the Woodward High School,
Cincinnati. By JOSEPH RAY, M. D.

Date. Oct. 1835.	Thermometer.			Barometer. mean height in's.	Course Wind. AM--PM	Char't'r of Wind.	Rain	Char't'r Weath- er.	Miscellany.
	min.	max.	m.tem.						
1	44.0	79.2	61.7	29.987	sw-sw	str. wd.		vari.	
2	41.2	55.3	49.1	29.233	w-w	str. wd.		vari.	
3	32.5	63.5	49.3	29.110	w-sw	str. wd.	spr.	vari.	heavy frost.
4	48.0	67.0	56.3	29.140	w-w	lt. wd.		vari.	Indian sum. com.
5	43.0	49.0	44.0	29.223	w-w	lt. wd.	.61	cloudy.	wet A. M.
6	40.0	49.5	43.4	29.213	w-w	str. wd.	.15	cloudy.	wet day.
7	34.0	49.2	41.2	29.430	w-w	str. wd.	spr.	cloudy.	
8	34.0	61.5	43.7	29.670	w-w	lt. wd.		fair.	beautiful night.
9	29.0	68.0	46.2	29.667	w-w	lt. bre.		clear.	heavy wh. frost.
10	37.1	71.0	51.7	29.567	w-w	lt. bre.		clear.	
11	44.6	73.5	57.2	29.443	sw-sw	lt. bre.		fair.	
12	44.6	79.5	59.8	29.510	w-w	lt. bre.		clear.	
13	44.0	77.0	60.0	29.487	w-w	lt. bre.		vari.	
14	52.0	77.5	60.7	29.400	sw-sw	lt. bre.		vari.	
15	44.0	78.2	59.7	29.337	sw-s	lt. wd.		fair.	
16	56.0	80.5	67.5	29.313	s-s	str. wd.		fair.	
17	66.0	82.0	72.0	29.337	s-s	str. wd.	.57	vari.	wet night.
18	58.1	65.5	62.5	29.293	w-w	lt. wd.	.52	cloudy.	wet day.
19	54.5	62.5	56.8	29.320	w-w	lt. wd.	1.85	cloudy.	very wet day.
20	58.0	71.5	63.5	29.313	se-se	str. wd.	.58	cloudy.	rainy night.
21	58.0	78.5	64.5	29.413	se-sw	lt. wd.		vari.	
22	45.0	79.2	61.3	29.497	w-sw	lt. wd.	.02	clear.	
23	49.0	63.0	57.3	29.507	sw-w	lt. wd.	.05	cloudy.	wet morning.
24	37.1	68.0	49.4	29.693	n-n	lt. wd.		clear.	
25	35.0	66.3	50.4	29.597	n-n	lt. bre.		fair.	
26	42.2	79.0	59.2	29.480	n-n	lt. bre.		fair.	
27	52.0	80.5	63.3	29.497	ne-ne	lt. bre.		fair.	
28	46.8	80.5	60.4	29.460	ne-ne	lt. bre.		clear.	
29	44.0	77.5	59.9	29.360	ne-se	lt. bre.		clear.	smoky evening.
30	48.5	66.0	54.5	29.390	nw-nw	lt. wd.		fair.	
31	37.8	56.5	44.4	29.613	n-ne	lt. wd.		clear.	

Mean temperature of the air, (Fahrenheit's scale) - - - 55° 85

Maximum height of thermometer, - - - - - 82°

Minimum height of thermometer, - - - - - 29°

Range of thermometer, - - - - - 53°

Warmest day, October 17th.

Coldest day, October 7th.

Mean height of barometer, (English inches) - - - - 29.4032

Maximum height of barometer, - - - - - 29.73

Minimum height of barometer, - - - - - 28.96

Range of barometer, - - - - - 0.77

Perpendicular depth of rain (English inches) - - - - 4.35

Direction of Wind: N. 3½ days—NE. 3 days—SE. 2 days—S. 2½ days—SW.
5½ days—W. 13½ days—NW. 1 day.

Weather: Clear and fair, 16 days—variable, 8 days—cloudy, 7 days.

The mean temperature of this month for the present year differed less than half a degree from that of the same month, for 1834.

The range of the barometer was precisely the same.

The quantity of rain was 1.6 inches less.

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